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Rev Sheldon Jackson making a day's  
Canoe trip with Alaska Indians from  
Wrangell Alaska to Port Simpson & Metlakatla  
British Columbia in 1879.



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A CHRISTMAS GIFT TO THE  
SAVIOR.

1878  
BY JULIA M'NAIR WRIGHT.

Wheresoever the gospel of our Lord is preached, breathes a name sweet with the perfume of a box of very precious ointment—the ointment which, almost nineteen hundred years ago, Mary purchased for her Savior, and which has poured forth fragrance during the ages. We know not by which deed of ours, done for duty, and not for fame, in God's providence, we shall live in the hearts and lives of men forever; not, perhaps, in name, but in that better way of doing good, and sending fruit continually into the garner of glory. The poor we have always with us, and our work for them is always at hand; and sometimes a new, important and special work suddenly opens, a *marked work*, of more than usual need and promise. Such a work now offers to the women of the Presbyterian Church, in the HOME FOR GIRLS, which *must be built* at Fort Wrangel.

This Home lies at the very beginning of social, domestic, Church and State life in Alaska. Without purity in personal character, without family bonds, without homes, no social life, no Church and no State can be built up. God himself, in inaugurating human life, with all its multiform extensions upon earth, began with the family tie, with a virtuous, permanent marriage relation as the basis of the whole—the only firm basis possible. A race can not be Christianized, humanized, civilized, where virtue is neglected.

In Alaska women are outcast and degraded. They have no idea of honor and purity, or of marriage law and sanctity. Slaves, and wretched, they sell their young daughters to the same life of vice and woe that has been their own. No son honors his mother, no brother protects his sister. The heart of no husband safely trusts in his wife. The very foundations of social life are out of course. How, out of this mass of cruel corruption, shall we develop a church, or a part of the American commonwealth? Let us leave it to the politicians, it is their business; they

will make laws and enforce them, and some day we shall see morality in Alaska. A Daniel come to judgment! Our politicians are demonstrating the danger to American chastity and civilization arising from an immigration of Chinese, while they ignore Alaska, polluted with tenfold the ignorance, brutality and foulness of the Chinese! How many years have our politicians suffered the grossest polygamy and unblushing murder, in Utah, while assailing bigamy and assault and battery in other States?

We must make a public opinion in a Territory, and create a basis on which law shall intrench itself, before law will avail.

The public opinion, in Alaska, which shall permit and assure law, must be laid, as elsewhere, on the basis of the home. But at present there is no home-making material there. Out of their horrible estate the hand of Christian love must snatch these young girls, who are now on the eve of being sold by their parents to infamy. These progenitors, who have no parental feeling for their girls, say they have neither food nor shelter for them; if they are ill they must be cast out to die; if they are not, to be sold to some brutal man, who will maintain them as long as he may choose. There is nothing that can be done for them!

To rescue these girls, Christian love and missionary enterprise devise a plan. An humble Home shall be built; girls shall be gathered in, fed, clothed, instructed. Morals and religion shall be taught them; the decencies of civilized life shall be opened to them; piety shall woo their souls; they shall learn to be industrious and useful; they shall be taught how to make good homes; to be kind, helpful wives, and wise and gentle mothers.

In these girls, in a few years, a score of good, honorable homes will be possible in Alaska. In their improvement and usefulness, these degraded parents may see early what hope and comfort there is in daughters. The murder of female babes, and the sale of young girls, will almost immediately be looked on with reprehension, when a more



excellent way has been opened. Such a refuge as this shall stand at the entrance of all future prosperity to this far-off, little-known portion of our country.

The cost of this Home will be \$3,000. It will be established and conducted, in the most simple, practical and economical manner possible, by missionaries now on the field.

The Home Board pleads for it; business men, now in Alaska indorse it in its necessity and prospect of success. Now, this Home for Alaska Girls is to be the gift of our Presbyterian women and children to Christ. A Christmas Gift to Him who gave Himself!

Here, in Alaska, we see our Jesus, in the persons of these miserable ones, hungry, thirsty, sick, naked, strangers, and in prison. Shall we not minister to him? We may bestow our gift, and even forget that we gave it. How blessedly shall we be then surprised when he recalls it in the Day of Account! To-day, like Mary, we can come, with a box of precious ointment, a gift of lovely possibilities, of soul and body saving. Thinking only of him, we can pour it out before him. Let the world cry, "To what purpose?" The gracious eyes of the Lord shall be turned in benediction on his servants as he says, "She hath wrought a good work."

Dearly beloved, this is an hour of especial opportunity, of opportunity to recreate a race, to create a State, to build up a Church; and at the very opening of this work lies this *Home*, where our chief work must begin. Come, then, in this season of gift-making, with this *gift for Christ*, brought in sums, little or great, according to your several ability, but each loyally bestowed as unto Christ himself.

#### THE GIRLS' HOME IN ALASKA.

MRS. JULIA M'NAIR WRIGHT.

No benevolent work has ever been laid before the Church, more worthy of stirring the hearts of American Christian women, than this Home for Girls, projected at Fort Wrangel, by Mrs. McFarlane. In no part of the world is the lot of women more de-

plorable than in this northernmost portion of our own land. The human heart, unpermeated by grace, has everywhere the same shocking developments of vice, and it is a conceded fact that if the Northern races have less hasty passions than the Southern, they have more cold-blooded brutality. This icy cruelty presses its heaviest on Alaska women; the very dogs of their land reign as kings, in comparison with their wives, mothers and sisters! So long and so bitter has this bondage been, that one of its most cruel results is now, that the women hope, claim, and believe nothing for themselves or their daughters; the curse of their sex seems to them so great and overpowering that they feel that nothing can ameliorate it. The girl-baby is so sure of growing up to martyrdom that if she is not needed as a slave, her mother feels that she does her no wrong in casting her out in the pine woods to perish; short pain, and few and feeble wails will be her lot there—to live, a long, horrible agony and degradation. For the daughters who grow up, neglect, abuse, and slavery wait, and in early youth their own parents sell them to infamy; a few more years, and they are murdering or selling their own daughters—a little later, and they are tortured as witches, sacrificed to cannibalism, or death ends the awful chapter of a lost life, and the scorned carcass is cast upon the icy sea, less cruel than kindred! Virtuous, loved and loving mothers are now an impossibility in Alaska, and this Alaska is a part of *our own country*. American seamen, fur-hunters, fishers, miners, and those engaged in the increasing salmon trade, are flocking by hundreds to Alaska. Their mothers and wives must face the shameful fact, that with the exception of some half-dozen ladies from the States, who have gone there with their husbands, or as missionaries, these men will not see one virtuous woman on that shore. In Alaska a State is in its crude, formative period. What manner of State will that be, where chastity has been as unknown as in Rome in the days of Juvenal, where there has been no home-life, no mother loving, no loyal honoring of women, where all that makes men worthiest has been unknown in the early training of the citizens?

Mrs. McFarlane purposes, in the most simple, practical, common-sense way, to lay the foundation of *home-life* in Alaska. She proposes to build a plain, decent home, where she can rescue girls from being sold to vice. She will train these girls in religion, morals and domesticity; she will teach



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them to be true wives and gentle mothers, and she will here have a little nucleus for decent social life in Alaska. She will thus show what daughters properly treated can become, and how much better are Christian wives, who can read, cook, nurse and sew, than are the helpless out-door slaves, which women now are in Alaska. Here homes and families will begin; the *family* is the germ of the State and of the Church, and as Christians and as patriots are we constrained to nurture family life in this field. This home is projected by a woman of experience and piety now in that country; the plan has received the approbation of our Home Board and the commendation of business men now in that Territory, who consider it a project of the first importance. It is the only way of rescue for these poor girls, bodies and souls; the only way of inaugurating decent morals. Never was there a more needful, hopeful, reasonable and economical charity set before the Church. The small sum of \$3,000 will establish this Home; \$5,000 would make it a grand success. What! \$3,000 create a State! Three thousand dollars rescue a whole people! Why some one rich, large-hearted woman could give this sum, and present this blessing to Alaska, as her love gift to her Lord, like Mary's box of ointment, making her name fragrant for ages!

O mothers of our Church, every one of you who holds a baby girl on your knee, see in her face the pleading of that babe cast out in cold woods to die! In the name of Him who blessed the little children give something, even if the veriest mite, to this Home. O you mothers of these dear young girls, every one whose home is made fairer by a daughter's face, give something to save these other girls from shame and anguish, something to help us teach those other mothers how great a boon a little maiden may be at her own fireside. The proposal is to make this Home for Alaskan girls the Christian gift of our Presbyterian women to their Lord. Mothers, wives, sisters, daughters, friends, can you now prepare your Christmas gifts for your kindred and acquaintance, and send nothing, not one dollar, to this Christmas gift for our Lord? Ah, better that there should be a little less, and not our choicest guest forgotten. Let us have a grand, warm-hearted response; let each, according to their ability, send to the Home Board a gift marked "For the Girls' Home in Alaska."—*The Presbyterian*. 1878

## ALASKA.

BY LOUIS PAUL.

UPPER CHILCAT.

[Louis Paul and wife are native Alaskans who were educated in our school at Ft. Wrangel.]

The first part of this quarter I was engaged finishing my house, which, with partly coming down to company's store for provisions to take up the river, the cold weather set in. The ice not being strong enough to bear us on that account it detained me and my wife two weeks; and at the expiration of that time we had to take the mountain for it, our only resource to get back; we could not venture on the ice. When I arrived at Upper Chilcat I commenced school. All the Indians say they were sorry a teacher did not come amongst them sooner; that by this time they would know more about God.

All my scholars, as soon as they hear the bell ring, they run quickly to school. Some without breakfast. It shows how anxious they are to learn. Thirty-seven young men and twenty-seven young women come to school. One Sunday morning in particular our house nearly got broke down. There were 276 people upstairs and down, and a lot of people congregated outside. The Indians have held counsel. They come to the conclusion that they want a large school-house. They will not move down to Willard's Mission. They say it is hard for them to move. All the books I have are twelve primers, which Mrs. McFarland gave us. No chalk, pencils or slates; so I am very poorly provided for. You will see by the large amount of scholars I have that twelve primers are nowhere for 127 scholars. Mrs. McFarland has been kind to send us some Sunday-school papers, which was not enough for one Sunday's distribution.

We need a large hand-bell. One Monday morning after Christmas I heard they cut both legs of a woman, so I went and took her away from them and kept her in my house until the trouble was over. I make circuit round to every house three times a week, and if there is any trouble amongst them I talk to them, and they listen to me attentively; and if there is any trouble among them I find it out quick.

While in Alaska we saw the foundations laid and frame partly up of the "Home for Girls at Fort Wrangel." The building is 40x60 feet on the ground, and two stories high, besides basement and attic. Two large rooms in the Home, expressly prepared for the purpose, will furnish ample accommodations for the school. They will also furnish a convenient place for Sabbath worship, until the chapel now building shall be completed.



ORGANIZATION OF THE FIRST  
PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN  
ALASKA.

Sabbath, August 3, 1879, will ever be a memorable day in the history of Alaska. The Presbyterian Mission commenced August 10, 1877, by the arrival, at Fort Wrangel, of Mrs. A. R. McFarland, and Rev. Sheldon Jackson had made such progress during the past two years that Rev. S. Hall Young, the missionary in charge, thought it expedient to form his Christian natives into a church. He had for months been instructing them in a special class as to the nature and duties of church-membership.

The presence of several visiting ministers made a suitable occasion.

On Saturday afternoon, August 2, Rev. Henry Kendall, D. D., preached the preparatory sermon, after which was held the examination of candidates for church-membership. This examination was had through an interpreter, the candidates being unable to speak English, and the examiners equally unable to speak Thlinket.

The services continued from 3 o'clock P. M. to 7, and after a short intermission for supper, until 11 P. M.

On Sabbath morning, at 9:30 o'clock, the church came together for prayer-meeting, Rev. Sheldon Jackson presiding.

At 10:30 A. M., the formal organization of the church was effected. Sermon by Rev. Henry Kendall, D. D.; constituting prayer by Rev. Sheldon Jackson; reception and baptism of members by Rev. S. Hall Young; reading of the Covenant by Rev. A. L. Lindsley, D. D., and benediction by Rev. W. H. R. Corlies, M. D.

At 3 P. M. the church met for the celebration of the Lord's Supper, Rev. S. Hall Young presiding.

The opening prayer was by Dr. Corlies; the address by Dr. Jackson; the distribution of the elements by Dr. Kendall; prayer of thanksgiving by Rev. Mr. Young, and benediction by Dr. Lindsley.

At 7:30 P. M. preaching to the whites by Dr. Jackson, followed with

an address by Dr. Kendall.

Twenty-three members were received into the new organization, of whom eighteen were Indians, and all of the eighteen, save one, received Christian baptism. The following Sabbath five more were received, four of whom were Indians.

Among the six whites received into membership were Mrs. McFarland and Mrs. Vanderbilt from the Presbyterian Church of Portland; Mrs. Young from a church in Northern New York; Miss Dunbar, from Steubenville, Ohio, and Mr. Regner and Mr. Chapman (two carpenters at work upon the church and home) upon profession of their faith.

This is the only Presbyterian and the only Protestant organization in the Territory. Formerly there was a Lutheran organization at Sitka, under Russian rule, but we believe that it has been extinct for some years.

MAIL ROUTES IN ALASKA.

BY SHELDON JACKSON, D.D.

Very few of your readers are aware, that at the commencement of Presbyterian missions in Alaska, there were in all that vast section, equal to one-sixth of the United States, but the two post-offices of Sitka and Fort Wrangel, and both of these in the southeastern corner of that country. Traders and white men at Kadiak, 600 miles to the westward, at Unalashka, 1,200 miles distant, or at Fort Yukon, 3,000 miles from Sitka, are dependent for their mail and news from the outside world upon occasional trading vessels from San Francisco.

In 1881, upon the discovery of gold, a post-office was established at Juneau, about 166 miles northeast of Sitka.

The first mission station was established at Fort Wrangel, because the gospel introduced by British Indians had first taken root there. The second station was at Sitka because it was the central and prominent place in the Alexander Archipelago, and easily accessible by the monthly mail steamer.

But when the missionaries at Sitka and Fort Wrangel had time to become acquainted with the surrounding sections, they found that they were not located among the largest tribes—that to the south of Fort Wrangel was the much larger tribe of

~~1882~~  
1883.



Hydahs, and to the north of Sitka the larger tribes of Hoonyah and Chileat. They also found that these large tribes were open to the introduction of the gospel and their leading men importunate in their requests for teachers. But their locations were inaccessible, the Hydahs being about 200 and the Chileats about 100 miles from a post-office or any communication with the outside world except the tedious and perilous one by canoe. However, the tribes were so urgent, and their needs so great, that the venture was made and the missions established. Brave men and women, self-exiled from love to souls, cheerfully went to these stations and their success justified the wisdom of the missions. But the missionaries, without a chance of securing fresh supplies, receiving or sending out a mail, or even sending out word for months together of the desperate straits to which they were reduced, suffered untold hardships. The family of Rev. E. S. Willard, when a small steamer was chartered and sent to his relief, was found in the last stages of starvation. This raised the alternative of abandoning the mission or providing some way of regular communication.

To save the missions, prevent such suffering in the future, and provide regular communication, I went to some Christian friends in Congress, who secured a bill establishing four additional post-offices in Alaska, including the two outside stations. An effort was then made to induce the Steamship Company that carries the mail to Sitka, to extend their trip to these new offices; but the Post-Office Department did not feel justified in offering a suitable compensation. What then was to be done? The post offices were of no value without a mail. Hon. R. A. Elmer, Second Assistant Post-master General, who takes an interest in Alaska matters, and to whom the thanks of the Church are due for these increased facilities, suggested that the Department could allow a very small sum, which would probably be sufficient pay to Indians carrying the mail in their canoes, and that some one interested should ascertain the lowest sum at which the Indians could be hired, and then make a bid for the service. Accordingly, after full correspondence with the missionaries, in my private capacity as a citizen, I put in a bid and received the contract. The Mission Board is in no way connected with it, but, in common with many others and the public at large, reaps the advantages. I hardly need add that I receive no pecuniary advantage. The supervision of the details has been placed in the hands of the missionaries benefited, and they

will employ their Christian Indians in the work.

1. Thus, the missionaries are able to communicate with and hear from their friends;
2. The Board of Missions are kept informed of the progress of the work, and in case of special distress afford prompt relief;
3. Worthy Indians secure employment, and
4. Fresh supplies can be carried in at a reasonable cost.

DURING the past summer, the steamer Richard Rush, of the revenue marine service, made a cruise to the western extremity of the Aleutian Islands, Alaska, a distance of 2,800 miles west of Sitka. As Sitka is nearly fifteen degrees of longitude west of San Francisco, it will be noticed that the western limit of the United States is over 3,000 miles west of San Francisco.

PRESBYTERIANISM is not to be left alone in Alaska. Three Russian priests of the Greek Church have recently been sent there. The Mennonites have also sent a missionary.

1879  
CYPRUS was no sooner turned over to Great Britain than English Christians commenced planning for the spiritual welfare of its people. One man offers £50 to commence a mission for those "who have lately become our fellow-subjects." How different our treatment of Alaska!—providentially made a part of our own land. For ten years we have had possession of that land, and up to within the past year

CONSECRATION.—Bishop Bompas, of Athabasca, British America, on a visit across the mountains to the Alaska Coast, writes:

From the Pacific Coast a few weeks would have taken me to England or any part of the civilized world; but I preferred to return north, without even visiting the haunts of civilization (except so far as the Indians are cultivated at our Missions), on the ground that such a visit renders the mind unsettled or disinclined for a life in the wilds.

1879  
A LADY writes: "I have been intensely interested in your account of the condition of woman in Alaska, and with a few friends send you —. If our women could only be led to see what the religion of Jesus has done for us, we certainly would do more for our poor unfortunate sisters. May God open our eyes and hearts."

THE address of Rev. H. Corliss is changed from Philadelphia, Pa., to Fort Wrangel, Alaska.

# THIRTEENTH ANNUAL REPORT.

1883.

In presenting to the General Assembly its Thirteenth Annual Report, the Board of Home Missions desires

The tenth empire eclipses all the others in the extent of its territory, magnitude of its rivers, glory of its glaciers, and height of its mountains. Alaska is as large as the thirteen original States of the American Republic, with New York and New England added to them. Its great forests are yet unknown, its mines are undeveloped, its fisheries are hardly heard of, and its seal trade has only begun. What population may yet pour into the Islands on its coast where the climate is mild and the means of subsistence easily obtained, no one can tell. Already there are here from thirty to forty thousand Indians wholly dependent on our Church for their education and religious advantages.

## (b) IN ALASKA.

The Alaska field has grown steadily in importance from its very beginning. Thrown upon our hands in a Providential way, its progress has been natural. The earlier attempts to reach the Indians of Alaska were made in the face of many serious obstacles, which were due to ignorance of the best methods of dealing with the native races. But since we have acquired an intimate acquaintance with their habits, traditions, and modes of thought, the difficulties have been largely overcome. We have found that we can reach the different tribes through four great centers, where year by year representatives of all the tribes gather for trade or fishing purposes. By our occupation of these points we make our influence felt wherever the Indians go, and thus benefit the whole Territory.

When our missionary work first began, it was limited in scope and feeble in its effect. We hardly expected that the work would assume its present proportions, and certainly not in so short a time. When the Indian—Philip Mackay—began to teach the Indians at Fort Wrangel, there seemed little prospect of speedy extension, but year by year the work has grown on our hands, until now we are able to reach through our stations the whole population of south western Alaska, and through one of them a portion of the great interior race. At this place we command the highway to the vast region separated from the sea by the coast mountain ranges, a region of which little is known, and of which much is expected when its mineral deposits are explored. Our missionaries have been singularly fortunate in their work in Alaska. They have taken hold of the hearts of the Indians, and won their confidence to an unexpected degree. The natives now manifest a willingness to do what they can to help themselves. They try to furnish facilities for educational and religious purposes, and matters seem to have altogether changed for the better since our first white teacher began work among them. Prior to her coming the Indians had seen only



the darker side of our civilization. She made them understand that there is a brighter side. Then the Indian was acquainted only with the vice of the whites. Through the missionary he has learned our virtues. The record of our operations in Alaska is a noble tribute to consecrated effort, put forth by heroic, self-denying servants of our blessed Master, in behalf of a poor, outcast and ignorant race.

Six years of faithful work have been done at Fort Wrangel. Mrs. McFarland has been reinforced in her own special work, the "Girls' Home," by several helpers. First went Miss Maggie Dunbar, now Mrs. Dr. McFarland, then the Doctor, and last year Miss Kate Rankin. The "Home" was succeeding finely, but alas! on the morning of Feb. 9, 1883, a fire broke out in an upper room, and in an hour the "Home" was no more. Fortunately all the inmates escaped, but the loss was especially severe at that mid-winter season; but the Lord will cause good to come out of this trial, and in time the Fort Wrangel hill will be covered once more with a Home, larger and better in every way than the one destroyed.

At Fort Wrangel we have another successful missionary. The name of Alaska has in a manner become identified with the name of S. Hall Young. For five years he has labored faithfully among the Indians, visiting the scattered bands, gathering the people more closely together, bravely combating witchcraft, shamanism, and all savage superstitions and ceremonies. The result of his own and wife's work is not easily estimated, some fruit is apparent, but for years the seed so faithfully sown will bring forth fruit—a better state of society—a large, flourishing church, a hospital, and boys' school, these are all due to earnest work, and they are first fruits. To the missionaries at Wrangel is due the complete change in Indian life, testified to by all who are familiar with Alaska. Formerly Wrangel was notorious for a hard lot of natives—quarrelsome, drunken, lewd, dirty, and lazy. Now all is changed, and every sign indicates great advance in true civilization.

Sitka was the old Russian capital and commercial centre, and consequently is the chief capital of the Territory under the new regime. When Mrs. McFarland went to Wrangel a suitable missionary was sought for Sitka, and Rev. John G. Brady was found. He was shortly afterward joined by Miss Fannie Kellogg, now Mrs. S. Hall Young of Wrangel, and both did efficient service for the time they remained. After a time both retired, and new missionaries had to be sought. These were at last found in Mr. Alonzo Austin, wife and two daughters, one, Miss Olinda, is still connected with the Sitka mission, the other, Mrs. Styles, with her husband, Mr. W. B. Styles, is now in charge of the mission among the Hoon-yahs. For a brief time Rev. G. W. Lyons was also at Sitka, but health failing he went to California. The Sitka work has succeeded to an encouraging degree, and while here also fire destroyed the first Home, the new "boys' Home" just completed puts our work in better shape than it was before. The boys are taught not only the rudiments of an English education, but also farming and

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various mechanical arts, and the school will exert a wonderful influence in moulding the future of the whole section tributary to Sitka.

The mission to the Hoonyahs on Chichagoff Island is only two years old, but under the management of Mr. and Mrs. Styles, a good work has been done. This tribe is an important one, and numerically quite strong. As the mission is located at present, many Indians of other tribes come in contact with our missionaries, and much may be expected from this fact.

The Chilkat Mission is one of the most important in Alaska. Located as it is on the Chilkat river, where the natives of the interior find a commercial avenue to the sea, the mission reaches some of the strongest tribes in the Territory, and when it is fully equipped, as we hope it will be soon, its influence on the natives will be second, perhaps, to none. At the Chilkat mission we have Rev. E. Willard and Mrs. Willard, and also Miss Bessie Matthews. A few miles further up the river we have Louis and Tillie Paul, who are the first fruits of the Wrangel school, and natives themselves, are laboring to christianize the poor people of the Chilkat tribe.

The last but not least of our missions is that among the Hydahs. The largest tribe of all, this is peculiarly exposed to bad white influence, and needs faithful, earnest work to save. Rev. J. L. Gould succeeds here Mr. J. M. Chapman, who has been changed to Sitka for a time. He has with him his wife, a sister of Mrs. McFarland, and his sister, Miss Clara Gould. The school is taught under difficulties, there being as yet no suitable building, but in spite of difficulties 165 Indian children attend, and the preaching services are crowded.

The four principal stations are to be equipped so as to provide a suitable education for boys and girls, and all the others will be made feeders to the Wrangel, Sitka, Hydah, and Chilkat missions. Thus we shall soon reach the whole population of south-eastern Alaska, and indirectly through the natives all the people.

The patience, fidelity, devotion, and Christian heroism shown by our missionaries is hardly paralleled in the annals of the church; but brave hearts and consecrated lives are always ready when the cause of Christ demands, and Alaska will never call in vain. All honor to the noble band now there.

## **Alaska.**

### ***The Hydah Mission.***

Some little time since Mr. Gould made the following appeal in one of his letters:

"If some one could see the need of industries here, as a shoe-shop, a cooper-shop, and give the means of starting them, it would be a valuable missionary investment; better first, however, a small blacksmith's forge with a small anvil and a few tools costing \$75 or \$100 to belong to the mission. It would be of great use and could be made to yield employment for the natives, giving them many useful tools and saving them much expense.

"They labor under great disadvantages for the want of tools



which could be made here, and others which could easily be repaired and put in order. Their industry, contentment, civilization, Christianizing, depend much upon their employment and means of self-support, and the growth and influence of this mission must be largely in proportion to the opportunities it affords for these things. I am fortunate in having some knowledge of mechanics, and Mr. Chapman and our merchant, too, have the "use of tools" as carpenters say, so the natives can be taught."

This opportunity of making a "good missionary investment," as Mr. Gould says, has been seized by the ladies of the Utica Branch who have sent Mr. Gould the forge for which he asked, as well as hymn-books and pictures illustrating the life of Christ, of which he stood greatly in need.

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### ALASKA, SITKA.

#### THE INDUSTRIAL TRAINING SCHOOL FOR INDIAN CHILDREN.

The steamer has come, bringing with her a crowd of passengers. Mr. Waadins and his sister-in-law are among the number from Portland. The medicine and books have arrived in safety, and I cannot tell you how grateful I am to you for sending them. Some of our people are sick, and it was so very kind and thoughtful of you to remember us so quickly and send. How can I thank you for the people, and also for myself? I was so glad to get your letter, it was so cheering to me; your letters do me so much good, and I do appreciate them, for I know how greatly you are taxed with letter writing. I am so delighted with the prospect of a new home building, and shall strive to labor with renewed energy to do all I can for our boys and our Indian people.

Since I wrote you last I have had an opportunity to go to Chilcat. I was not gone quite a week from home, the first time I have left home since I came to this country. I found Mrs. Willard in a very feeble state, and I fear she would have died had I not gone to her just when I did. I brought her home with me, where she will remain for awhile. I was glad to be able to go to Chilcat, and was impressed with the sadness the Indians manifested at their missionaries leaving them, although they were assured of their return as soon as possible. I found that sickness had not been confined to Sitka alone, but there had been a great deal of it at Chilcat. We had a large attendance at church, and the visitors seemed interested in the services and the people.

It will soon be time to commence our day school; vacation has nearly ended, and I shall be so glad to welcome all the dear children again. The parents came to us before going to hunt and fish for their winter stores, to ask that we should pray for them while they were absent from us.

The sickness in the ranches has done much for us in the way of gaining the love of the people. We hear from outside parties of their grati-

tude to us for our care of them in their time of trouble. May God prosper our work, and bring this people to a knowledge of the blessed light of the gospel, and may many precious souls be saved, is our prayer.

I hope we shall be able to take many more boys into our home when we have a new one.

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## FORT WRANGEL ALASKA.

*My dear Mrs. A.:* 1883.

Your very kind and sympathetic letter reached me last Sabbath evening. We had been attracted to the windows by a gorgeous sunset, when we spied the steamer in the distance.

I have just been reading your letter to Aunt McFarland, and we are much encouraged by your good offer of assistance and the promise of enlisting the interest of others in our behalf.

Spring is opening up one month earlier than usual, which is much in our favor. Our garden is nearly spaded, and if it does not rain we hope to get in the garden seed which Mrs. Worthington kindly sent us.

*April 28th.*—I have been taking advantage of the sunshine and helping my husband make garden. He and the girls prepare the ground and I sow the seed. We have now beds of onions, beets, radishes, turnips, lettuce, spinage, parsnips, carrots, and peas. You would be surprised at the great change a few days of sunshine makes on our Alaska soil. A miner here has offered us the use of his farm, six miles away from Wrangell. Instead of farming, he intends going to the mines to try his fortune. We will hire the ground spaded for the garden, and Dr. McFarland, Miss Rankin, and I will take the girls out from time to time to work it. Expect to raise cabbage, turnips, and potatoes for winter use. We will travel back and forth by canoe. There is a house and stable there. We are thinking of spending two weeks of vacation there, and shall take the children along. This will give Aunt the much needed rest. Our tents were burned, but if the house will not accommodate us all, we will stow part in the stable.

There are no horses in this country, and the plow is often drawn by Indians.

The school is not large now. I take charge of it myself. I shall be so glad to get the Annual Report of your Board. Will you not ask the Societies sending us boxes or parcels, to always send us a list of the articles, that we may be sure everything

reaches us that is sent?

*May 18th.*—I have sad news to write you again. The reason you did not hear from me last month is because the steamship Eureka was wrecked on the 26th of April, in Peril Straits, a short distance from Sitka. She suddenly struck a sunken ledge, known as "Wyanda Rock." She struck with terrific force, staving a hole in her bow, throwing passengers off their feet, and precipitating everything movable on her deck into the lee scuppers, and then rolled off the rock into deep water. The steamer was headed to shore, and the race for life began. With every ounce of steam her boilers could carry, she started for the shore, and was at last driven far up on the beach, just as the fireman and engineer were driven from their posts of duty by the water. The passengers, twenty-nine in number, were landed safely. All the bedding and blankets and cabin stores were saved. An attempt was made to get the freight out below, but the rising tide drove the men out. The place where the steamer was beached is covered with boulders, and a high bluff rises a few feet above high water mark. Mr. Oakford, Deputy Collector of this place, was on the wreck. It is his opinion the vessel is hopelessly lost. When this sad news reached us, we consoled ourselves that the British boat would be up in a few days—a vessel that runs from Victoria to Wrangell in the summer.

Last Saturday the man-of-war sailed into our bay bringing the news of a dreadful disaster at Seymour Narrows. It was the burning and sinking of the vessel Grappler on Monday night the 29th of April. Out of 106 passengers 70 were lost. The description given by the survivors of the poor, drowning people struggling in the water, and the shrieks of the wounded and dying, is most heart-rending. The cries of the horrified Chinamen added to the fearful confusion. Many clung around the vessel by ropes, which were eventually burned off, when they dropped into



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the water. One of those lost, seeing a comrade striking out for the shore, pitifully called to him to tell his poor brother that he was lost, giving his address. A pocket-book belonging to another was washed ashore, the first leaf containing the following words: "It was in the fall of 1882 that I resolved to go to Alaska the following spring, and I made every preparation for the trip. Was going to school at the time I took the 'Alaska fever,' but left and made the final preparations to go to that blessed land where the limit of icebergs and snow is unknown.

"Friday, April 20th.—Started for the 'promised land.' Never shall I forget my feelings when the time came for me to leave behind my country and friends, perhaps never to see them again."

It is supposed many more would have been saved, but the Chinamen, who came up the main hatch laden with their baskets, completely blocking the way, causing many others to perish in the flames.

The Idaho came up the 14th, discharged freight, and hurried on to the wreck.

Our hearts are much encouraged by the good news from Dr. Jackson. The Christian people are responding all over the land to the call that comes from Alaska. Quite a number of boxes have reached us from Oregon and California, which have been such a help in this our time of need.

A little child was sent here by Dr. Corliss, of the Takon Mission. She came this week and was placed in the care of the home. Although not more than four years old, she was accused of witchcraft, and would have been killed, but was rescued by those good missionaries stationed there. Happy is she to be under Mrs. McFarland's motherly care.

I was made happy when the last mail arrived by the receipt of two handsome clocks from Mr. D. C. Jaccard. They keep time to the minute; have not been injured in the least by the long journey. I also received the news that \$50 had been raised for

us by Dr. Ganse's Sabbath-school. We are so grateful to all these kind friends. Yours in the good work,

MAGGIE DUNBAR McFARLAND.

ALASKA.

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Our work here is still more recent, and we are gradually feeling our way and waiting on Providence to see what devolves on us in this wonderful Territory, of which the civilized world knows so little.

We have two missionaries and two teachers in the Territory, one each at Sitka and at Fort Wrangel.

Rev. Mr. Brady says of his opening services in Sitka:

"Sunday was a beautiful day, and all the scenery was unveiled, for there was scarcely a cloud to be seen. I told the Indians that we should meet in the castle at 11 o'clock. We sang many of the Moody and Sankey hymns, and this drew in the people. The Indians stole in a few at a time. Some with their faces painted black, or black and red, or with the whole face black, and just one eye painted red, as if in imitation of some clown. Nearly all wore blankets, and were in their bare feet. They squatted round the wall, and listened attentively to all that was sung and said. Several of the white men were present.

"I tried to explain to them the advantage they would have if they knew how to read. I told them of God's written book—how I wished them to read it with their own eyes, for it tells us how to live here in this world, and how to prepare for an unending life in the world to come. I felt very much encouraged, for God is surely opening the door to let these people enter.

"Notice was given that school would be opened on Wednesday morning in the soldiers' quarters. The school was opened at the appointed time, with about fifty of all ages and sexes present.

"As I write, it is April 27, and we have held school nine days; during this time, a dozen have learned their letters, and are now reading in the primer. They have learned 'Come to Jesus,' 'I need Thee every Hour,' and 'Hold the Fort.' When the Indians meet in the street in groups, or in the stores, they go over their letters, or sing the tunes. The miners and citizens have expressed to me their astonishment at these people. The attendance has varied from forty-five to seventy-five. On Sabbath morning we had one hundred and ten present, and in the evening seventy-five."

A LETTER FROM MRS. McFARLAND, AT FORT WRANGEL.

"I have felt encouraged by the success of my school, and the great desire of the Indians to learn. I have had a great many visits from chiefs and prominent men from other places, wanting to know when they were going to have a school and church. The great desire of my heart and burden of my prayer has been that God would send us help."

Mrs McFARLAND writes again:

WITCHCRAFT.

"The last three weeks has been a time of the greatest excitement among the Indians that has existed since my coming here. Owing to some of the heathen Indians reviving one of these old superstitious customs—that of witchcraft—they arrested two women, and two little boys charged the women with being witches.

"The women they tied up, and kept them three days and nights without food or water; all this time subjecting them to the most



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cruel tortures, such as dragging them by the hair of their heads over the beach; cutting and bruising their bodies in a fearful manner; throwing them into the bay, etc.; keeping them in the water until they were almost drowned; taking them out at night, making them take off their clothing and lie down on prickly ash; besides many other terrible things. One of the women had attended my school. I plead to save the lives of these women, that they would release them. This they would not hear to. I then begged that some food might be given them, but the leading man would only shake his head and laugh at me. During the night they actually hung the other woman. There is no doubt they would have killed the other woman had not the white man with whom she had been living come home that day and released her. White men have told me that it is no uncommon thing for the Indians to put persons to death who they supposed to be witches, but that they had never known them to torture persons as they did these."

She continues:

NEW FIELDS—DEADLY FEUDS.

"Last trip of the mail-ship I went to Sitka for a little visit. I found our Missionaries there have a great deal of trouble with their Indians about making and drinking so much hoochinoo (native whisky). The night we were there the Indians got drunk and had a terrible fight among themselves. They killed four men. Brother Brady returned while I was there from a visit to the Huneah Indians. He thinks there is a great field there for missionary work. One day on our way back the ship stopped at "Klawack," (the new fishery). The place itself is not very attractive, but it is certainly a place where much good could be done. I was besought by some of the prominent white men to know when we were going to send them a teacher. If our church does not soon occupy such important points as this some other church will. Our new Deputy Collector of Customs was aboard the steamer, and remarked to me when I came back from the town, I should think you feel like exclaiming 'Truly the harvest is great, but the laborers are few.' Yes, there is work enough here for many more Missionaries."

H. KENDALL, } Secretaries.  
CYRUS DICKSON, }

O. D. EATON, Treasurer.

MORE RECRUITS FOR ALASKA.—

The Board of Home Missions has commissioned, for Alaska, S. Hall Young, of the Senior Class at Allegheny, and George W. Gallagher, of the Senior Class, of Princeton. Mr. Young is one of the ablest men of his class, and is a son of Dr. Loyal Young, of Parkersburg, W. Va. The action of the Board is none too soon, as the Jesuits are also entering the field.

ALASKA.—S. Hall Young, son of Dr. Loyal Young, of Parkersburg, and Geo. W. Gallagher, have been commissioned by the Board of Home Missions for Alaska. The Church is none too soon in entering upon the work. The Jesuits are also reported as organizing missions in that section.

DURING the past summer, the steamer Richard Rush, of the revenue marine service, made a cruise to the western extremity of the Aleutian Islands, Alaska, a distance of 2,800 miles west of Sitka. As Sitka is nearly fifteen degrees of longitude west of San Francisco, it will be noticed that the western limit of the United States is over 3,000 miles west of San Francisco.

PRESBYTERIANISM is not to be left alone in Alaska. Three Russian priests of the Greek Church have recently been sent there. The Mennonites have also sent a missionary.

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CYPRUS was no sooner turned over to Great Britain than English Christians commenced planning for the spiritual welfare of its people. One man offers £50 to commence a mission for those "who have lately become our fellow-subjects." How different our treatment of Alaska!—providentially made a part of our own land. For ten years we have had possession of that land, and up to within the past year nothing was done. Ten years rolled away, and thousands of immortal souls, whom we criminally left without a knowledge of the Savior, pass into eternity unsaved. Ten years come and go, and tens of thousands have been left to grow up in ignorance and superstition. Is it any wonder that even the long-suffering God himself would no longer wait on his organized church, but must raise up other agencies? He took a young man from the degraded fetish-worshiping natives and raised him up to be the apostle to Alaska. Without education, barely able to read a little English, Philip McKay, baptized by the Holy Ghost, commenced a school that was attended by sixty natives, many of them adults, and three times on the Sabbath preached to hundreds of his countrymen. It was not the old, old story of Jesus and his love, for Christians had never told them the story. It was the new story, for the first time heard in that section. God's Spirit was present with power. Scores of them believed, and hundreds renounced their heathen dances, incantations, and other religious rites. Let us awake to the work of God, and send those who shall teach these new converts from heathenism more perfectly the way.

FROM the despotic rule of Turkey to the enlightened government of England was a great blessing to Cyprus. But, strange as it may seem, the change from despotic Russia to the enlightened United States has so far proved a curse to Alaska. Russia gave them government, schools and

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the Greek religion. But the United States has denied them all these. With the exception of the five teachers sent by the Board of Home Missions of the Presbyterian Church, Alaska has neither courts, rulers, ministers nor teachers. The only thing the United States has done for them has been the introduction of whisky; so that the Alaskan can answer, as did the Chippewaian when asked if he was a Christian Indian, "No; I whisky Injen." The great Christian heart of the country goes on planning, praying and laboring for others, but may not these, the "children," at least, have some of "the crumbs?" Will not some eye pity, some heart be burdened, and some hand be stretched out to save these 50,000 dying heathen, for whom we, as a Christian people, are responsible? Let us with great vigor redeem the past.

THE history of Christianity in the Islands of Samoa is no less wonderful than in the Sandwich Islands. Thirty-six years ago the Samoans were 34,000 barbarians; now the group contains 80,000 people, nearly all professing Christianity. A theological seminary has 60 students, and 20 missionaries sent out by the natives are preaching the gospel in neighboring islands. There are few brighter pages in the history of missions. The same thing can be repeated in Alaska. Let the Church reach forth the hand and receive the blessing God is ready to give.

THE Wesleyan Methodist Church of Canada has 44 missions among the Indians, 30 missionaries, 10 native assistants, and 3,013 members. They have six ministers and a number of teachers among the Indians between Puget Sound and Alaska. Their membership is very earnest in telling others the good news. The same great work can be done among the same people in Alaska.

THE Stickines, of Fort Wrangel, are casting gold rings, silver bracelets, furs, blankets, fish and labor into the treasury, to secure a comfortable house, where they may worship the true God. Let the Church of God, all over the land, come promptly and liberally to the help of these feeble ones.

AN Indian came two hundred miles to Fort Simpson, B. C., to attend meeting, saying: "I have been a very wicked man—a very bad man. I went to Burrard Inlet last summer, and an Indian asked me to go to church. The first time I went I came out making fun. I went again, and the words stuck fast to my

heart. I then went away to my home and tribe, and built a house, and called my people into it, and told them about Jesus Christ. And now I am come here to know more about Jesus Christ and go back to tell my people. My new house is now a house of God."

On the Naas River, near Alaska, hundreds of the natives are leaving their heathenism and coming to the Savior. The Church should enable the Board of Home Missions to greatly enlarge the work in that section; the reapers should be sent where the harvest is ripe.

FROM far up toward the Arctic circle a Canadian Methodist missionary sends down the good news that "From many a wigwam [where, but a few short months ago, idols were worshiped and demons invoked, ascend, with unfailing regularity, the songs and petitions of awakened men." The reports from both Canadian and American sources all agree that the native races of the far North are prepared, in a wonderful manner, for the coming of the missionary. Let the Church listen to "the sound of a going in the tops of the mulberry-trees." The Lord is in advance; let the Presbyterian Church arise and follow.

A LADY in Sherbourne, England, sends \$2.50 for Alaska.

THE mail brings us "\$32 for Alaska, from a fund which was donated to the dear Lord, after he had called to the fold the little lamb to whom it had belonged. May the Savior own and bless it, so that, through his early death, many may come into the life everlasting."

SEVERAL children, in dying, have asked that their savings might be sent to Alaska; and many parents are touched to give and pray for Alaska and the Pueblos, that the children may be saved.

THE extreme Southeast responds to the distant Northwest. Florida extends a helping hand to Alaska. "A little colored girl brought me seven cents to-day, and hopes to make it ten, to place one brick in the Alaska Home. A young white girl brought me sixty cents. My Bible class of young ladies is preparing a parlor fair for Alaska. So you see we have made a beginning."

A mist was falling as we landed at Fort Wrangell, but donning wraps and overshoes we went ashore, resolved to see all there was to be seen.

Our first visit was to the mission-school for native children, conducted by Mrs. A. R. McFarland and her assistant. Here we were cordially greeted, and after inspecting the premises, which were all in the best of order, we wandered into the school-room, gazed at the remarkable pictures which adorned the walls, twirled the globe to ascertain our whereabouts, and propounded questions betraying more ignorance than erudition. Desiring to witness some of the progress of the scholars toward culture, we begged Miss D. to favor us with a little exhibition. She kindly complied, and summoning about twenty-five scholars, who were remaining through the vacation, put them through their accomplishments for our benefit. Considering the limited time the school has been in operation, their progress is remarkable. Contrary to my previously-formed ideas, they learn very rapidly and are docile and affectionate. They sang a number of songs in English, then repeated some of their own dialect, and recited the Creed in the same manner; then read, spelled, and went through their calisthenics. Some have quite intelligent and pleasing faces, and all were neatly dressed.

From the Mission we made a pilgrimage to the Indian burial-ground to examine their grotesque totem poles or genealogical trees. Some of these poles were from 75 to 100 feet in height, embodying as many as six or eight figures of birds, animals, or fish, more or less distinctly traced, and each standing on the head of the other. The Indians cremate their dead, and over the ashes erect a small house, three or four feet square. On one of these tombs stood the form, carved in wood, of an immense animal resembling an alligator.

We then pushed on to visit one of the Indian villages, situated on the beach, as near the water's edge as the tide would permit, and consisted of wooden huts or tents, facing the channel. On the doors of many were inscriptions, one of which runs thus: "Auatlash: Let all who read know that I am a friend to the whites. Let no one molest this house in case of my death, as it belongs to my wife." They will sell anything they have for money, and you cannot be so inquisitive that they will resent it. They are as sharp at bargaining as the Chinese, and as perfectly conscienceless in a bargain. One of us having mastered a little "Chinook," propounded various questions on the subject of curios to a hideous old squaw, the upper part of whose face was smeared with black paint, and an alleged ornament of bone pierced her nether lip. She raised her grimy paw and pointed to a hut near by, uttering the one word, "Klatawa." The hut was one of the best of its kind, and had over its door an attempt at a gilded eagle. The interior of the habitation consisted of one large room, into which we descended by half-a-dozen steps. Upon a square place in the centre, covered with gravel, a fire was burning, the smoke ascended through a hole in the roof. The whole interior presented the appearance of having been well oiled and smoked. We discerned the forms of several Indians in the gloom, in all



their array of paint, blankets and silver ornaments, squatting about the room. After our party had purchased one or two rings, of little or no value, we retraced our way to the open air.

Before our return to the ship we called upon the the family of Rev. T. Hall Young, who is doing a very good work at Wrangell, and then at the office of the Deputy Collector of Customs.

As our ship moved away from the wharf a concord of sweet sounds reached our ears, and looking up to the Mission we beheld the Indian girls singing and waving us a farewell. We bore away with us the missionary, Mr. Young, and two young lady cousins.

The next morning found us landed at Sitka, on one of the most beautiful of bays. In the afternoon part of our company visited the mission school, which had been established in the old Government hospital by Captain Glass, in connection with the Presbyterian Board of Missions.

Late in the afternoon of our first day we attended Vespers at the Greek Church, which was built by the Russians, in which a sparse congregation of Russians and Indians stood or knelt at the back part of the Church. After the close of services we were welcomed cordially by Father M., who showed us through an inner department, in the middle of which stood an enormous bucket, used for Indian baptism. We also visited the castle occupied during the Russian rule by the governor of the territory.

The sun went down behind that glorious landmark, Mt. Edgecombe, which rises a solitary cone nearly 3,000 feet high. The upper portion is of a pinkish violet color. At the east of Sitka, mountains rise abruptly to a vast height, their precipitous sides covered almost to the summit with an impenetrable growth of evergreen. Beyond and to the south are snow-capped mountains, and numerous small islands dot this apparently land-locked bay.

Early the next morning we were up and on our way to the fishing-ground by a slender trail running along the sides of the mountain. Down in the clear stream, scores of dog-salmon were plainly visible, but their flesh is too rank for pleasant eating, and we were looking for trout. By four in the afternoon we had secured a hundred trout, and were ready to return to the ship.

On our way to Harrisburg, a day's journey farther north, and the termination of the ship's route, the grandeur of the scenery was greatly increased. We moved amid a world of snowy peaks, and the whole universe seemed bound in blue and silver.

During the afternoon we overtook a tribe of Indians on the move. They occupied three immense canoes with sails. As we passed them they waved a friendly greeting and rapidly disappeared. Later in the day we obtained a fine view of a glacier, only a few miles away.

We were now but a short distance from Harrisburg, but obliged to make a long detour, as the western passage into the strait heading to the village is too shallow to admit a steamer. Arrived at Harrisburg, we sallied out to view the town. Along the narrow beach were a few straggling huts, belonging to a small band of Sitka Indians. The town is little more than a mining camp, and lies in a sheltered nook at the foot of the mountains. This little camp, whose site a year previous to the time of my visit had never been visited by white men, now consists of nearly a hundred



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houses, and bids fair to double its size before another year.

The Awk village, on the opposite side of the hill, formerly occupied the site upon which Harrisburg now stands. We had observed, as we went farther north, that the type of Indian seemed to improve in appearance. The Awks are a strong and hardy race, possessing both industry and intelligence. The bulk of labor is not thrown upon the women, and almost without exception, domestic harmony reigns in their families, which might serve as an example to more civilized races. Their strength is immense. We wandered through their village, which was much like others we had seen. We paused before a tent to watch an Indian manufacturing silver bracelets out of coin. He beat them to the desired shape on a small anvil, and then carved them quite artistically by means of a jack-knife. They also make very handsome gold bracelets — [*From the San Francisco Examiner.*]

### AN ALASKAN IDOL.

THE "totem," or idol, of which an illustration is given on this page, is one of the divinities of the natives of our northern possession, Alaska. The inhabitants of this cold country were, and perhaps are, as truly pagan as the negroes of Africa. The field is a large one, and fully ripe for missionary enterprise. The Rev. Sheldon Jackson, in his work on Alaska, gave us some information of what little had been done to Christianize these beings, but much remains to be accomplished, and it is to be hoped that the day is not far distant when paganism will be abolished from the North American Continent.



AN ALASKAN "TOTEM," OR IDOL.

### ALASKA.

Proceeding still farther north we come to the most distant outposts of our mission—on the shores of Alaska. The year just past has seen much to cheer as well as to sadden our missionaries. Mr. J. L. Gould and his family reached Fort Wrangell early last spring, and he proceeded at once to his station among the Hydah Indians, where Mr. Chapman had already opened a school. Preaching and singing services largely attended, and a school of 165 pupils.

In 1877, Clah, or Philip, a converted Indian, first preached to large congregations of his country-people at Fort Wrangell, and secured several converts. In August of that year Mrs. A. R. McFarland was induced to open a school at Fort Wrangell with Philip as her assistant. After the death of this latter the following year, this remarkable woman was alone in charge of the mission and performed the duties of teacher, minister, governor and judge. In 1879 Rev. S. Hall Young arrived and organized a church of twenty-three members. Mrs. McFarland, feeling the great need of a home and protectory for the young girls in her school, took several into her family and appealed to the Christian public for a building in which to shelter them from lives of shame and train them to useful Christian womanhood. August, 1880, witnessed the fulfillment of her hopes, when a modest, but comfortable, wooden building was opened, with suitable exercises.

Last summer Miss Kate Rankin was sent out as her assistant, and since that time we have received the most encouraging reports, until one sad day when the intelligence was flashed over the wires—"McFarland Home burned February 9th, with all its contents. No one injured."

We trust that ere long another and better "Home" will arise on the ruins of the old one, and that the school will move on with new life, endeared as it is to all our hearts by the sympathy and labors called forth on its behalf.



The condition of Alaska and its people seems so incredible to the American people, that we take occasion, from time to time, to present the testimony of various witnesses, that the Church, realizing that these things are indeed true, may arise to the rescue. The latest of these is Captain Ebenezer Morgan, a retired Christian sea-captain who spent many years with his ship in Alaska waters, and who has visited almost every port around the world.

At one time, by the divine blessing on his labors, all on board of his ship were converted. He has recently contributed \$1,000 to the Baptist Telegoo Mission; \$1,000 to the Freedmen's Work, and built three Baptist churches in Kansas. Besides his money, he largely gives his time to mission work. He was the first one to raise the American flag on the Seal Islands, and his son has for years had charge of one of them. Captain Morgan is also a member of the celebrated "Alaska Commercial Company," that has a monopoly of the seal-skin trade. His familiarity with Alaska, and appreciation of the urgent need of Christian work there, led him to consent to visit New York City and address a ladies' meeting in behalf of Alaska. His remarks, as taken down by a short-hand reporter, were published in the New York Evangelist. With much earnestness and warmth of manner he said:

*My Dear Sisters in the Lord:*

I have read all that my Bro. Sheldon Jackson has published concerning Alaska, and I know of but one mistake he makes. *He does not say enough. He has not told you one-half the degradation of those Northern Indians,* and I do not know where the suffering comes heavier than on the women who are slaves and beasts of burden. He should say more. Without knowledge we can not have feeling. These people are *there*. With the knowledge it is impossible not to feel "I must help them." I have been there. I have seen and heard these things. For forty years, ever since I was converted, I have been in mission work. It has become so engrossing that I have no time left to play, no time to rest, no time to do anything that I would naturally do. And if you take hold of this work it will bring you in a revenue of glory. There is no question about it. These bands and tribes will not come by twos and threes. They will come *en masse*. These people will tell one another. As fast as the knowledge of their degradation comes to you, the responsibility is laid upon you. Ten, eleven years ago, in March, I was talking with General Jefferson C. Davis about the Indians. He thought there was no doing them any good, they had become so dis-

gusted with broken promises and were so beyond all influence. I told him the Lord's truth could reach them. "Oh," said he, "if the Lord himself takes hold of them, that is another thing."

I went on, and went to Alaska, and found a mixture of Russian and Esquimaux and Indians. *They* would go to the service in the house of God and then go to their cups and be drunk in less than two hours. One thing, I would say, is certain: the Lord has honored you in lifting you up and giving you this work to do for these northern tribes of our Northern Indians. *These pictures our brother has given are not strong enough.* You would blush that the human family could be brought so low.

#### ALASKAN NEWS.

Salmon Canneries—Sitka Deserted—The Mines—An Odious Minister—Three Men Drowned—Lost in the Wilds etc.

FORT WRANGEL, March 25.—The mail steamer Eureka arrived here to-day, after making a voyage all through southeastern Alaska. She landed men and material 20 miles north of Cape Fox, to build a salmon cannery, and also landed a large gang of men and material at Chillicat river, to build a very large cannery. There will be a very large business done this year in Alaska, in canning salmon.

The mines at Harrisburg are beginning to look up. The steamer landed several miners there this trip.

Mike Powers and his gang are working on Treadwell's claim, on Douglas island, and took out \$1,500 last week.

Sitka is completely deserted. Nearly everybody has gone to the Harrisburg mines.

The United States steamer Adams will leave Sitka next month for Harrisburg. Everybody has got the gold fever. Fifteen miners start for the headwaters of the Yukon river, by the way of Chillicat, on the 1st of April.

It has been a very open winter, and the snow is disappearing very fast.

News reached Fort Wrangel last week from Cordever bay of the drowning of Mr. Purdy, with one other white man and one Indian. Mr. Purdy was the traler for the Northwest Trading Company at Cordever bay. He was out in a sail boat, with one other white man and two Indians. The boat capsized and all were drowned but one Indian. Purdy was a young man liked by all who knew him. He leaves a wife in the eastern states.

All the Cassiar miners left last week on the ice.

The Wrangel citizens are going for Captain Arnold's scalp, for they blame him for bursting up their custom-house, although there is nothing there for a custom-house officer to do.

P. D. Campbell left Juneau February 7th, in company with two miners, for the purpose of hunting deer on Admiralty island. On the morning of the 15th he left alone, for the purpose of hunting. As he did not return by the morning of the 16th, his companions became uneasy for his welfare, and a vigorous search was made for him, but without avail. They returned to Juneau and reported the loss. Two scouting parties were immediately formed for the purpose of search. After 16 days they returned without finding any traces of him. On the night of the 15th quite a heavy snow fell, obliterating all traces of the course taken when he left camp. Fears are entertained that he has met with foul play at the hands of the Indians, as on the grounds where he was supposed to have gone it would be impossible for him to lose his way. He is a native of Canada.

Deaths in Alaska during the month of February: H. Peterson, J. T. Galleher and Jas. Edwards, all of Juneau.

L. PRANG & Co., the Boston house distinguished for the production of valuable chromos, hearing of the opening of the school at Fort Wrangel, by Mrs. McFarland, forwarded through the Bureau of Education a selection of their natural history chromos for the school. These beautiful representations of natural history will be a rarity to the eyes of the young Alaskans.



## ALASKA AS A MISSION FIELD.

Please read the following. It will abundantly repay perusal. It shows what our Presbyterian friends have done for that land—far toward the setting sun—in four years. A year ago we heard Bishop Gilbert Haven pleading in his inimitable way for one thousand dollars appropriation from the Board for a mission to Alaska. The man for the work has not yet been found. Well, the Presbyterians began theirs with two women. Where are our women for this work? Has our W. F. M. Society overlooked Alaska?

## THE COUNTRY ITSELF.

The name Alaska, given to the territory recently purchased from Russia, is derived from a native word, which signifies “a great country;” and it is by no means inappropriate. It covers a space equal to the whole of the United States east of the Mississippi and north of Alabama, Georgia, and North Carolina. The extreme breadth of Alaska from east to west is 2,200 miles, and from north to south it extends 1,400 miles. It has a coast line of 25,000 miles, which, if straightened, would belt the globe. It has a chain of eleven hundred islands lying off the coast, leaving a deep sea channel between them and the mainland entirely protected from the rolling waves of the open ocean, at least a thousand miles in length. In some districts the climate is excessively severe, but in others it is not more severe than in many parts of England and Scotland. It has immense prairies of grazing lands, with a soil capable of general cultivation, except for wheat and corn, and sufficient in extent to supply the whole Pacific slope with meats, butter, cheese, and the smaller fruits. It has an enormous trade in furs. Two of the smaller islands have been leased by the government to an incorporated company, for the period of twenty years, at a rental of \$55,000 per annum, reserving a royalty producing upwards of \$260,000 a year. These two islands are wholly devoted to the business of capturing seals, and of supplying the world with their skins. Within nine years that company has actually paid into the United States treasury \$2,500,000 for the privileges conferred. There is also a very extensive trade in the furs of land animals. The country abounds with fur-bearing animals, such as the beaver, otter, ermine, musk rat, and the arctic fox and wolf. Its salmon, halibut, and cod fisheries are far more promising and important than those of Newfoundland. Its timber for ship-building is sufficient to supply the entire world, for centuries to come; and its mineral resources would seem to be inexhaustible.

## POPULATION.

So large a portion of the country is yet unexplored, that it is impossible to form any just estimate of the number of its inhabitants. The Russian officials estimate the population at 66,000. It may be, and probably is, at the present day, much above the highest estimate. The country contains a few Russians, a small number of the English-speaking race, and some 1,500 half-breeds, or creoles. The residue of the population is made up of a large number of small Indian tribes, greatly differing in manners and customs, and in their superstitious beliefs. The worship of evil spirits, however, seems to have been very general among them; and the practice is still continued, except among the few who have been either wholly or partially reclaimed from absolute barbarism. In some of these tribes the women are mere beasts of burden. Husbands treat their wives as slaves, and claim the right of putting them to death. Polygamy is tolerated, and a man's social rank is determined by the number of his wives, much as was done by the ancients, by the number of their flocks. It is no uncommon thing for mothers to destroy their female offspring, to save them from a life of misery. Others, however, sell their marriageable daughters to the miners for the purposes of prostitution. There are other tribes among which the women fare much better, being relieved by the men from the drudgery of providing for their households. Some of the tribes are exceedingly degraded, and even brutish, while others are quite bright and naturally intelligent. Unlike the denizens of our so-called Indian reservations, the Indians of Alaska have no hereditary or personal hatred of the whites. On the contrary, they have a general and abiding impression that the whites are possessed of some knowledge of a future life which they earnestly covet. Most of them are hardy, industrious, and enterprising.

## A REMARKABLE PROVIDENCE.

It is true that the Russians, while they possessed the country, sent a few priests of the Greek church to establish missions and schools at one or two of their trading stations, by means of which a few of the elements of an evangelical civilization were imparted to a very limited portion of the people. Yet the great mass of the population was uncared for, and without any knowledge of the true God. For ten years after the purchase of this territory by the United States, the Evangelical churches, although frequently appealed to, for missionaries to be sent there, by such men as Major-General O. Howard, by the Christian wives of army officers, and by many clergymen, slept on without an effort. But the providence of God did not slumber. In the spring of 1876, eight converted Indians from British Columbia were driven by



necessity to Fort Wrangell, in Alaska, to seek employment. On arriving there, they found immediate employment, and at once established a weekly meeting for the study of the Bible and for devotional exercises, to which the natives were invited; and so great an interest was created that they established Sabbath services for reading and expounding the Scriptures. These meetings were well attended, and many were awakened to a sense of their needs, and some were converted. By the time the secular contracts of these Indian laborers had expired, the interest had become so general that two or three of them remained at the post to continue the services, and to conduct a school for children and adults, at which the attendance was large of both classes. It was, of course, generally known that these Indian teachers had received their education, limited as it was, from the whites, and a most remarkable conviction that the whites had some knowledge of the future life which they needed, became so widely disseminated that an earnest cry for missionaries and teachers was heard almost simultaneously from every part of the territory. Yet it was apparently unheeded.

#### THE NEXT STEP.

The next step in this remarkable history is still more wonderful. God put it into the heart of a private soldier at Fort Wrangell—himself not a Christian—to write a most stirring and urgent appeal to Major-General Howard, asking that missionaries and teachers might be immediately provided to continue and extend the work inaugurated by these poor Indian laborers. This letter was put into the hands of Rev. Dr. Jackson, an efficient agent of the Presbyterian Board of Home Missions, who furnished the Board with a copy. In June, 1877, the Board appointed a missionary for Alaska; but he did not accept the appointment. In the mean time they had directed Dr. Jackson to visit Idaho, Oregon, and Washington Territory, on a special mission. On arriving at Walla Walla, his progress was arrested by an outbreak of Indians, under Chief Joseph. Foiled in his special mission, he turned his attention to Alaska. At Portland he found Mrs. A. R. McFarland, the widow of a deceased missionary, a woman of wide experience and remarkable powers, awaiting his arrival for the purpose of being assigned to a new field of labor, who immediately accompanied him to Fort Wrangell, where they arrived on the 10th day of August, 1877, and inaugurated a Presbyterian mission in Alaska. When Dr. Jackson left, Mrs. McFarland assumed the entire direction of the mission. For seven months she was the only Protestant missionary in the whole territory, and for twelve months the only one at Fort Wrangell. During all that time her labors in the day school and upon the Sabbath were literally heroic. Besides all this, she was held in such confidence by

the natives, that she was generally called upon as a "peacemaker" and arbitrator, to settle disputes and controversies between individuals, and not unfrequently between contending tribes; and her decisions were always accepted by all parties as eminently just and conclusive.

"CRAZY TO LEARN."

Before the arrival of Mrs. McFarland, the schools established by these poor Indian workmen from British Columbia had borne much fruit. Notwithstanding their lack of books and other appliances,—for they had but four small Bibles, four hymn-books, three primers, thirteen first readers, and one wall-chart—these schools were habitually attended by from sixty to seventy adults; and their assemblages upon the Sabbath, held three times a day, numbered from two to four hundred. "These people," exclaimed a passing sailor, "are crazy to learn. Going up to the beach, last night, I heard an Indian girl spelling words of one and two syllables. Looking in, I found that, unable to procure a school-book, she was learning from a scrap of newspaper she had picked up." While Mrs. McFarland was the sole directress of this mission, it is stated that "great chiefs left their homes and people, and came long distances to enter the school of 'the woman that loved their people,' or to plead that teachers might be sent to their tribes." During her administration the average attendance at her day school was thirty. She had no accommodations for a greater number.

Mrs. McFarland had not been long at Fort Wrangell before she found that the brightest girls in her school were liable, at any time, to be sold by their heathen mothers to the miners, for the basest of purposes. One or two of them had already fled to her for protection. But she had neither room for them nor money for their support. Yet something must be done, and that without delay. Relying upon God to supply her needs, she resolved to open a home for the protection of such of her pupils as were thus exposed; and God put it into the heart of a Mr. Vanderbilt to hire a building for that purpose and to pay the rent thereof in advance for a year. The home was opened, and she soon had girls of the brightest character, to the number of twenty, who were thus saved from a life of infamy. This being a temporary arrangement, she appealed to the Christian public, by numerous letters, for the funds necessary to erect a permanent home, which were soon supplied to the amount of \$12,000. A home has been erected, and is now opened as an industrial school.

OTHER STEPS OF PROGRESS.

The Rev. John G. Brady and Miss Kellogg were sent out in 1878 as missionaries to Sitka, the old capital of Russian America, where they



were publicly welcomed by the chiefs and by the people. A school was immediately opened with a class of fifty, who began with the alphabet. Public services and the preaching of the Gospel, by means of an interpreter, were commenced at the same time. Mr. Brady says: "It is a real pleasure to teach these people, for they are anxious to learn, and take right hold. They have bright intellects." He also represents the people as "hungering and thirsting after light," and making a progress which amazed him. This is a very promising and prosperous mission. In 1878 Miss Kellogg was married to the Rev. Mr. S. Hall Young, and removed to Fort Wrangell. Her place in the school was temporarily supplied by Mr. A. E. Austin, and in January, 1880, this mission was strengthened by the addition of the Rev. G. W. Lyon, and Miss Olinda A. Austin as a missionary teacher. At Sitka, and along the coast, the climate is quite mild. During Mr. Brady's first winter there, but little snow fell, and no ice was formed thicker than a knife blade. Food is abundant and very cheap. In June, 1879, the mission at Fort Wrangell was strengthened by the addition of the Rev. W. H. R. Corliss as missionary physician, and his wife as a teacher. In August of the same year, just two years from the commencement of the mission, a Presbyterian church was formed at Fort Wrangell, including eighteen converted natives, to which four more were added on the succeeding Sabbath. This mission had also been strengthened, in 1878, by the addition of the Rev. S. Hall Young, who became a zealous and successful worker. But four years have elapsed since the establishment of the first mission in Alaska; and during the first of those four years the entire work was committed to Mrs. McFarland, with insignificant means and little help. Its progress, under the circumstances, has been wonderful. It is manifestly the work of God.—*Evangelical Messenger.*

Miss Linda Austin, writing from Sitka, July 10, says: "There is a great work to be done here, and I hope we will be able to obtain means to carry it on. The Indians, even the very oldest, are like children; you have to show them how to do every thing, even to keeping clean. The ranche is very dirty indeed, and I intend to go in every house and help them to clean them up as best they can, as they do not even own a broom. I wish I were able to make every one of them a present of one and a pail of whitewash, for I know they would profit by it, as they are very anxious to live differently; in fact, one of them told me that the Indians had been talking among themselves, and they said they wished I would keep the boys and girls all the time, so that they might grow up like white children.

I earnestly pray that God may waken up some of the people, who live in pleasant homes, to try and help these poor little children who are so

anxious to learn and live like we do, and who have so few advantages. Some of them come to school with only a blanket, and a shirt made out of salt bags."

## FAITH MISSION AMONG THE TELUGUS.

The second number of the MISSIONARY TIDINGS contained a thrilling account of the introduction of the Bible among the Telugus in India. Subsequent numbers have described the wonderful progress of the work of God among that people. A year ago, the South India Conference appointed Rev. C. B. Ward a missionary to them. He felt called to the work, and that he must be supported in it on the faith plan, asking money of none but the Lord. The following, from the *India Methodist Watchman*, shows the fruits of his labor the past year, and the demands and prospects for the future.

Early last year, soon after the Lord led us to begin the work that now is known as "the Christian Orphanage," the prayer for a native church rose up in our hearts. Thank God, we have now what we will call "the Church in the Wilderness," Curreemnugger. Since our last, in which we noted the professed conversion of about forty of the orphans, the good work of daily nurturing in "the admonition of the Lord" has been wonderfully blessed and tried early in the month of July. It seemed as if Satan was turned loose among the children, bent on utterly destroying every vestige of the good work of grace begun in their hearts. I believe as never before that he is a "roaring lion, going about seeking whom he may devour." Suddenly there arose such a disposition to be quarrelsome, and in other respects to manifest evil dispositions, that we scarce could credit the facts before us. This battle between the Powers of Light and Darkness lasted about a week, during which a spirit of disaffection ran so high that eight of the larger boys proposed to run away, and even started. We let them go, and, the river being high at the time, they soon came back and wanted pardon. So we spent the better part of an afternoon in investigating, and then decided that, as a last resort, the leaders should be severely punished, and each of the others in a less degree. Our decision was carried out that eve in the presence of all. During all this week of trial, it seemed clear that it was a device of the wicked one to subvert all good work and discourage the workers. But God sustained us in much prayer and gave us the victory; for, from the day of the punishment of these eight boys, we have had another spirit ruling among us, and the last three weeks have witnessed greater deepening of the work of grace than any previous like number of weeks.





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## A CHRISTMAS OFFERING FOR ALASKA.

BY REV. SHELDON JACKSON, D.D.

*To the Mothers and Daughters of the Presbyterian Church:*

Far-off Alaska stretches out her hands to you for help. Her daughters, despised by their fathers, sold by their mothers, imposed upon by their brothers, ill-treated by their husbands, cast out in their widowhood, living lives of toil and low sensual pleasure, untaught and uncared for, crushed by a cruel heathenism, with no hope for this world, and no hope for the world to come, have nowhere else to turn for sympathy and help than to their American sisters. Shall they turn in vain? It is the mute appeal of great need and sore distress. This need has already touched the hearts of Christian women here and there, and the suggestion has been made to establish a Home at Fort Wrangel, Alaska, where a beginning can be made in rescuing, educating, elevating and Christianizing the girls coming up to womanhood.

From the very commencement of the mission the need of such a Home has been felt. Again and again Mrs. McFarland has had to interpose to save her school-girls from lives of sin. One time she rescued one of her scholars, a girl of not over eleven years, from a white man, who had his arm around her on the street, and was trying to force and coax the girl to his house. At another time a white man went to the home of one of her pupils—an orphan girl—and holding out a handful of money rattled it before her eyes, saying that she could have all the money she wanted to buy nice clothes with if she would go and live with him. Upon another occasion one of her pupils came to her with tears, telling how her mother had sold her for fifteen or twenty blankets, and besought Mrs. McFarland to intercede with her mother, as she did not wish to live such a life.

For a few blankets a mother will sell her own daughter, for base purposes, for a week, a month, or for life. Since the introduction of a little light at the mission some of the school-girls, having been thus sold by their mothers, have frantically clung to the lady-teacher, imploring her to save them. But a crisis came necessitating immediate action. Katy, one of the school-girls, fourteen years of age, that had attended the school from the commencement, was about to be taken up the river and sold to the miners by her mother. Mrs. McFarland hearing of it, took

Mrs. Dickinson (a native Christian) with her and started to visit the family, who lived over on the island. When they reached the point where they usually crossed the tide was so high they could not get over. By signs they attracted Katy's attention, who came across in a canoe. She was sent back for her mother, who came over. There for an hour and a half, seated on a rock by the shore, in a pouring rain, Mrs. McFarland plead with that heathen mother until she promised not to take Katy away. But the next week the mother broke her promise, and tried to compel her daughter to accompany her to the mines. The canoe was prepared and the mother took her seat, but the little girl lingered on the shore. The mother ordered her in, threatening her with all manner of terrible things. The child hesitated, crying and begging most piteously. Finally, when they would have put her in by force, she exclaimed, "You may kill me, but I will never go!" And then ran away and claimed the protection of Mrs. McFarland.

The Home was commenced. Then came a bright-eyed little girl of twelve years, who was about to be sold, but having learned better things in the school, she came begging Mrs. McFarland to save her, and thus a second was added to the Home. Without furniture and without means, it has commenced in the house kindly rented by Mr. Vanderbilt, the leading merchant. And now the necessity is upon the Church to build and furnish a house for the Home that the mission can control. To raise the funds for this it is proposed that on Christmas you set apart a certain sum of money, large or small, according to your circumstances, *a gift to the Savior*, to build this Home—not only contributing yourself, but also collecting what you can from your family and immediate friends. This is a very appropriate suggestion. It is the season of gifts. And while husband and wife, parent and child, are remembered, why not also the Savior, the dearest friend of all? "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." What more acceptable gift than to make his name known in Alaska? It is the season of rejoicing, but while you are rejoicing in your happy Christian homes, your family reunions and Christmas gatherings, remember that a portion of your countrywomen are shrouded in a moral gloom and spiritual darkness deeper, darker, and more appalling than the natural darkness of their long arctic night.

Said an Alaska chief, as the tears rolled



down his cheeks, "Me much sick heart. My people all dark heart. Nobody tell them that Jesus died. By and by all my people die (pointing down). Go down, down, down, dark." Yes, their lives go out into utter darkness, for we have denied them the light of life. The glad Christmas evangel of "Unto you is born a Savior, which is Christ the Lord," has never reached them. He indeed came over 1,800 years ago, but they have not yet heard it. "The good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people," has not brought joy to that people. Their ears have never heard nor their hearts felt the glad news. For how can they hear unless you send? How your joy will be increased by contributing that which will bring to those northern homes a joy like unto your own.

It is the season of gratitude. And how can you better testify your appreciation of all that Jesus has done and is doing for you than by conferring the same blessings upon others? Mothers, as you look with fond joy into the eyes of your babe, make a thank-offering to the Lord that the Alaska mothers may be taught to save their babes, whom now they sometimes destroy. As you look upon your daughters growing up to womanhood comely, intelligent, virtuous and affectionate, have compassion upon these poor mothers whose love is turned into cruelty as they force their daughters into lives of sin. Alas! they know not what they do. As you remember who made you to differ, extend a helping hand. There are some who read these lines, who, passing through affliction, have found the Savior unspeakably precious—a great comfort and a strong support. With all this comfort fresh upon their minds, they surely can not turn a deaf ear to the woes of those who pass through many deep heart-sorrows unrelieved by the Comforter, of whom they have not heard. There are others who have with great joy during the past year seen their children become Christians. Next to their own conversion, this is the greatest blessing God can confer upon them, and should call forth a suitable thank-offering. What more suitable thank-offering can you render than provide a home where girls may be saved and grow up to become Christian wives, mothers and teachers?

To build this home and the accompanying church will require only the moderate sum of \$3,500. To raise this sum would require only *one cent* from each member of the Presbyterian Church. But it has been found by experience that not one in twenty-five will pay any attention to the

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appeal, therefore it will be divided up into shares of stock at 25 cents a share. This sum is so small that every lady or girl whose heart is interested can contribute one share. It may be you are pledged a certain amount to help support a girl in the schools of Utah, or in Persia, or New Mexico, or China, or you may be pledged to assist in the support of a lady missionary in some mission-field. This will not interfere with such pledges; you can do that and this, too. This is an extra offering in addition to your regular contributions—a *Christmas gift to the Savior*. But while the gifts are placed so low that all can have a share, yet we hope there are many ladies who will feel it a privilege to contribute \$1, \$5, \$10, \$25 or \$50—that there are some who will send checks for \$100, \$200 or \$500.

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#### THE VALUE OF ALASKA FROM A BRITISH STANDPOINT.

The Hon. Mr. Bunster, in the British House of Commons, seconding a motion for information concerning the boundary line between Alaska and British Columbia, said:

"It would have afforded him more pleasure if the motion had been made for the *purchase of Alaska*.

"Honorable gentlemen might laugh, but, looking at the matter from a national point of view, he fully meant what he said from his knowledge of the country, that the territory of Alaska possessed a more genial climate than Ottawa, notwithstanding its latitude, while its natural resources and capabilities were more valuable than people any idea of.

"When honorable members of this House sneered at Alaska, he had a right to speak from *his own personal knowledge*, and tell them that they were mistaken.

"Let the House see what a mistake Canada made during the Crimean war in not laying hold of that country. . .

"*It was the best investment the United States ever made.*"

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The House Committee on Territories, who have had under consideration a bill to organize a judicial district in southeastern Alaska, to-day recommitted the bill to the sub-committee (who had reported favorably upon it) with instructions to prepare a bill providing a civil form government for the entire Territory, omitting the section which provides for a delegate in Congress.



## SITKA, ALASKA.

A Letter from Mrs. C. M. Willard to the Sabbath-schools.

*My dear young Friends:* Why yes, indeed, I will tell you about Sitka! It is situated on a beautiful harbor bearing the same name, and indenting the western coast of Baranoff Island. Great mountains to the east and north stand guard over the little town nestling at their feet, sheltering it from the cold winds and snow, that blowing from the far icy inland, strike these old protectors, and turn their stern heads white.

And seaward, too, island fortifications, thrown up in the long ago, shield this favored child-city from the roughness of the waters.

It is not cold here. At the foot of the mountains there is indeed enough ice on the little lake (whose waters, flowing down, keep turning the great wheel of the saw-mill in town) to make skating for some days—at least, during the short Winter—and snow enough falls to make a hand-sled quite a pleasure on the long, smooth street. The little folks, aye, and the big ones too, enjoy it hugely. The little Indian boys ride just like white boys, only, do you know, I have never seen them going “grinders”! They do slide in every other way, and on every conceivable kind of sled; but boxes, bits of boards, and shingles, are the most common. Everybody has to be quick about enjoying it, for it doesn't stay long. The ground may change in an hour, from its native gray to the snowy white, made gay with noisy children, and in an hour more all the snow may have vanished, and the rain be pouring down.

The town itself is a little old tumble-down affair, more remarkable for its mossy Russian ruins than for anything else, and yet there is a feature made more strikingly prominent by these very things, a fact which is very sweet to Christians—that striking far beneath this heap of social rottenness and the decay of earthly splendor, there is a root which, springing up, shall one day bear the white flower of immortal life. We saw the blade in the first mission-school started here, and which developed into the first Home for boys. The building, which was a part of crumbling Russia, was destroyed by fire in January, 1882. And now we see not only a fresh green blade of promise, but the “ear,” in the great new building for a hundred boys and girls, which Dr. Sheldon Jackson erected last Fall.

You, and those whom your means sent out, work together with the Lord of the harvest for the filling of the “full corn in the ear.” Let us labor together with prayer, that at the last there may be a great and joyous gathering in and rendering up of the precious grain.

The new mission building is at the extreme eastern edge of the town, with old Pop-off Mountain behind—almost overhanging it. At the western end of the long town, in a part from which, during Russian rule, the main town was barricaded, is the native village, with its front open to the bay, and with a higher ridge of ground close behind, and which is almost as thickly built with little houses for the dead. As a natural barrier, great rocks push out from this ridge towards the

bay. Just at the entrance of the village, and there where water and rock fail to meet, is the builded barriade, with a single opening into the smooth, green common.

The common is used for such outdoor games as are played by young people, and as a parade-ground by the marines. It seems, however, to have been in the old days a park, whose picturesque music-stand still remains. But the trees, together with the cottage residences occupied by the Russian officers, and which surrounded two sides of the park, were burned down long ago. A stone wall on the third side, with cannon, kept the law between land and sea. Along the fourth side, and directly opposite the barriade, still stands the Custom House and barraeks, between which, guarded by mounted brass cannon, is the double gate entrance to the castle, built on a high rock, overlooking both town and harbor, and reached by wearisome flights of stairs. This immense old log structure, with the arched windows of its high, gabled-centre roof looking out to sea, is the third building which has occupied this rock top. The first was destroyed by fire, and the second—a brick building—by an earthquake; but all three have been scenes of much magnificence, as the residence of the ruling Prince.

The hewn logs of this building are fitted into each other like round-bottomed troughs, with moss and clay between, and dove-tailed at the corners, through each of which passes a great copper bolt, from roof to foundation. During Russian reign Sitka was full of life and gaiety, having beside the Prince's family his suite, Government officials with their families, and the Russian navy of the Pacific. There were also the officers of the Greek Church, from a bishop down.

The Church at that time was rich—magnificent with its pictures, its gold-wrought and jewelled frames and hangings, much of which wealth was stolen, it is said, by the soldiers of the United States. There were also at that time several schools. There were also shipping-yards, with “ways” for launching vessels of a thousand tons. After the transfer of the country to the United States, and the consequent removal of nearly all the better class of Russians, civilization sank to almost native rudeness, without one saving hand. Schools ceased, industries failed, and depraved Americans introduced whiskey and vice, which running riot is rapidly reducing a once rugged race to extinction. In front of the Government buildings, passing through the common, is the hard, smooth avenue running directly through the town, from the wharf back of the barraeks to the “Sheldon Jackson Industrial School,” and for a mile beyond through the evergreens, which, opening here and there, give lovely glimpses of the bay.

There are no horses and carriages to travel this road now, though in Russian days they were both numerous and fine, I have heard. The nearest approach to such an equipage now, is a heavy dray drawn by a team of mules, which were brought here for work in the mines. There are, besides, of four-footed travellers, three or four cows, several goats, two sheep, and dogs innumerable. The stock of vehicles includes a hand-cart,



a water-barrel on wheels, a baby-carriage or two, and several wheelbarrows.

The two-story mission building, one hundred feet long and fifty wide, stands on an eminence which slopes gently to the beach, and commands a view of ocean, bay, islands, and mountains, that is unsurpassed. The house is a frame, plainly and substantially built, containing, besides the teachers' apartments and those of the children, a large room for the accommodation of the day school

and Sabbath services. The present building is but the nucleus for several other hoped-for buildings, to be grouped about it as the ways and means increase. For it is hoped that this will grow into the central training school, where the children can be taught trades.

Sitka, as you know, occupies the central position, geographically, among the Presbyterian missions of Alaska. And although a Home, and a good home, at each of the stations seems a necessity to the best progress of the work, yet it would seem to be a wise economy to concentrate so far as to provide the best facilities for the teaching of trades in the one and centrally located school, to which all may have access as the peculiar tastes and aptitudes of the children are discovered in each mission by its own teachers.

CARRIE M. WILLARD.

March 12, 1883.

*THE Christian Union* well says:

If the threatened rising of the Indians of Alaska shall have the effect of calling the attention of the American people to the shameful condition of affairs in that far-off Territory, the few Americans who are so unfortunate as to live in that neglected portion of the United States may be thankful for the present distress. Ever since we became by purchase the owners of that mine—for it is a rich country, that for a purpose has been shamefully misrepresented—we have disregarded our treaty obligations with a coolness which could not have been exceeded if the Alaskans had been Chinese and we had all been hoodlums. We promised them protection and all the privileges of American citizens, and there is absolutely no law; no law-making power; no courts; not a judge; not a sheriff or marshal; not a single officer of any kind to enforce the rights of person or property; nobody but a customs officer and a petty troop of soldiers to represent the United States; and no justice except that sort which such a bereft people are apt to extemporize. 79

THE school at Fort Wrangel, in charge of Miss Dunbar, commenced the fall session with thirty-five pupils.

Two of the carpenters engaged upon the church and home at Fort Wrangel have, since the work commenced, made a public profession of their faith in Christ and united with the Mission Church. Let much prayer be made that the girls being trained in the Home may all become Christians.

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Some seventy families of Aleuts, descendants of laborers brought to the islands by the Russians, do the work of killing and skinning the annual quota, or 100,000 seals, their employment having been made compulsory with the lessees. Being allowed forty cents for each skin, they labor on the co-operate plan, every member of the community sharing in the total receipts, whither able to work or not; but the participants are divided into four classes, according to efficiency and requirements. The following extract from the company's books will give a clear idea of this peculiar but commendable system of working:

RECORD OF THE DISTRIBUTION OF MONEY ON THE ISLAND OF ST. PAUL, IN 1878.

*Amount Distributed.*

For 81,270 skins, at 40 cent .....	\$32,508 00
For 730 skins [damaged] at 20 cent .....	146 00
For 258 sealion skins at 60 cents .....	154 00
For 5 lbs. intestines at \$6 .....	30 00
For 3,200 sea throats .....	10 66
Total .....	\$32,849 46

*Distributed as Follows:*

To 65 first class shares at \$427.98 .....	\$27,812 85
To 5 second class shares at \$335.11* .....	1,925 55
To 5 third class shares at \$342.31* .....	1,711 53
To 2 fourth class shares at \$299.52* .....	599 64
To 5 orphans at \$100 .....	500 00
To 2 chiefs at \$150 .....	300 00
To the church [odd cents] .....	47
Total .....	\$32,849 46

*Basis of Shares.*

First class—Church at St. Paul, 2; Priest at St. Paul, 2; Priest at Ounalaska, 2; 59 laborers, 59 at 100 per cent. 65	
Second class, [90 per cent.] .....	5
Third class, [80 per cent.] .....	5
Fourth class, [70 per cent.] .....	2
Total .....	77

\*Sick men and widows.

The above list does not give the amount paid for labor outside of the sealing season, and for fox skins, which foot up \$3,653, making a total income of \$500 for each family, after providing for the support of church, pastor, widows and orphans; and all this is the result of the work of sixty men for two months in the year. As the law requires the lessees to furnish the natives with houses, fuel, salt fish and salt meat free of charge, they may justly be considered the most prosperous laborers in the world. M. 22

THE church building at Wrangel was also well under way, the walls being up and inclosed. The first large contribution toward the erection of the church was made by the Indians themselves, under the leadership of Rev. Thos. Crosby, Methodist missionary at Fort Simpson, B. C., in the spring of 1877. The second large contribution was made in response to an appeal in this paper by Eastern parties and sent on to Alaska in the winter of 1877-78. The above funds were held in reserve until this season, when some Presbyterians of Portland, Oregon, added about \$500 and the work was commenced.



All the Alaska Indians are held in abject fear of the conjurers or medicine men. Some of the scenes to be constantly witnessed, on that coast, are thus depicted by Mr. Duncan, of the Church Missionary Society, British Columbia:

The other day we were called upon to witness a terrible scene. An old chief, in cold blood, ordered a slave to be dragged to the beach, murdered and thrown into the water. His orders were quickly obeyed. The victim was a poor woman. Two or three reasons are assigned for this foul act. One is that it is to take away the disgrace attached to his daughter, who has been suffering for some time with a ball wound in the arm. Another report is that he does not expect his daughter to recover, so he has killed this slave in order that she may prepare for the coming of his daughter into the unseen world. I did not see the murder, but immediately after saw crowds of people running out of the houses near to where the corpse was thrown and forming themselves into groups at a good distance away, from fear of what was to follow. Presently two bands of furious wretches appeared, each headed by a man in a state of nudity. They gave vent to the most unearthly sounds, and the naked men made themselves look as unearthly as possible, proceeding in a creeping kind of stoop, and stepping like two proud horses, at the same time shooting forward each arm alternately, which they held out at full length for a little time in the most defiant manner. Besides this, the continual jerking of their heads back, causing their long black hair to twist about, added much to their savage appearance. For some time they pretended to be seeking for the body, and the instant they came where it lay they commenced screaming and rushing around it, like so many angry wolves. Finally they seized it, dragged it out of the water and laid it on the beach, where they commenced tearing it to pieces with their teeth. The two bands of men immediately surrounded them and so hid their horrid work. In a few minutes the crowd broke again, when each of the naked cannibals appeared with half of the body in his hands. Separating a few yards, they commenced, amid horrid yells, their still more horrid feast of eating the raw dead body. The two bands of men belonged to that class called "medicine men."

To such men and such superstitions these people are bound body and soul. And to rescue them from this, ameliorating and elevating their condition in this life, and presenting to them a glorious eternity, through a crucified and risen Savior, is the work of the Board of Home Missions.

#### ALASKA.

The native population of Alaska is variously estimated from 26,000 to 70,000. In the northern and central section of the country they are evidently of Esquimaux descent; in the southern and island region of Indian descent. They are, however, in civilization far in advance of the blanketed Sioux of Dakota. In the northern country they reside in permanent underground houses called Topeks. On the southern coast they have large plank barrabara or houses above ground.

They have also, to some extent, adopted European styles of dress. Many paint their faces with oil and lampblack, which gives them a repulsive appearance. Polygamy is common among the rich. Feasts are given on the erection of a new house, marriages, births, naming of children, deaths, etc. These feasts consist of dancing, singing, and feasting. A summary cure for crying babies is to hold them in the sea until they cease crying. Children on the coast are bathed in the sea daily and learn to swim about as soon as they do to walk. The incurable sick and old are sometimes killed. They have a great variety of household utensils made from horns of mountain sheep and goats, from the fossil ivory of their country and from wood. Some of these are elaborately carved.

In their villages is a large kaguskeemi or dance-room, that is also used as a town-hall and for public assemblages generally. The dancing is mostly done by young men. Naked to the waist, they wear seal or deer skin pantaloons, decked out with the tails of wolves or dogs. They also bind feathers around the hair. The elderly men sit around the sides of the room smoking, and the women look after the refreshments—berries and fish. More or less, religious rites are mixed up with the dancing.

In some sections the dead are burned and the ashes carefully preserved. In others they are doubled up and packed away in boxes, which are raised from the earth on four poles and sur-



rounded by various household utensils or symbols of their religion. Among some tribes the women are denied a burial and cast out as dead dogs.

They are in religious matters fetish worshipers, completely under the control of the shamans or sorcerers, whose religious rites sometimes consist in cannibalism in its most disgusting forms.

Sebamanism is belief in spirits that will come or go, afflict or relieve, at the bidding of the sorcerer. They are consulted in all private and public matters.

The purchase of Alaska created much excitement and heated discussion at the time. Senator Sumner's speech advocating the ratification of the purchase was one of his masterpieces. It was crowded with facts and figures with reference to the country. Major-General Howard, U. S. A., who was sent by Government to ascertain the condition of the people, providentially made a portion of our own land. But, very strangely, nothing was done, and Alaska was left worse off under enlightened Christian United States than under despotic Russia.

Russia gave them government, schools, and the Greek religion, but when the country passed from their possession they withdrew their rulers, priests, and teachers, while the United States did not send any others to take their places. Alaska, to day, has neither courts, rulers, ministers, nor teachers.

The only thing the United States has done for them has been the introduction of whisky. So that the Alaskan can answer, as it is said the Chipewa did, when asked if he was a Christian Indian, "No, I wishky Injen." The great Christian heart of the country went on planning, praying, and laboring for Asia, Africa and the Isles of the Sea, but no eye pitied, no heart was burdened, no hand stretched out to save these fifty thousand dying heathens for whom we as a Christian people are chiefly responsible.

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"NEARLY two thousand churches of the American Presbyterians contributed *nothing* to their Home Mission Fund last year!" Can this be true? We fear it is, because the affirmation is made upon the best authority.—*London Paper.*

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REV. DR. KENDALL TO THE  
GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

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But some one says, "Why go to Alaska? The man who labors in the obscurest place in Illinois or Iowa will accomplish more than any man who goes to Alaska. Why," he adds, "you

can do nothing with those Indians who are fed and brought up on train oil. They can never understand the Catechism." Well, sir, we have something to set over against such statements. We are not the first to begin that work. In the British Possessions, just this side of Alaska, there are fifteen English missionaries at work among these same people, and they have reaped a great harvest of souls among them. Why should not we? They are a weak people, easily tempted and overcome. They want instruction in the law and Christian morality. They are like the South Sea Islanders — very docile, but very weak. They need lifting up and strengthening, and if there is anything that will put backbone into a man, be he white or black or red, it is the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ. "But it is such a dreadful country," we are told; "the earth," they say, "freezes from six to ten feet deep in winter." But the question is not how deep it freezes in the winter, but how deep it thaws out in the spring; for if it thaws out fifteen inches deep, that is as deep as you need to plant potatoes or sow wheat or barley—for if you go as low as that, you will get no crop even here. But we put against that statement two fresh facts, namely, Mrs. McFarland, who has been teaching all winter at Fort Wrangel, complains of the great quantities of rain that have fallen there during the winter past. I never knew the ground to freeze very deep while there was rain falling most of the time. The other, is that one of our missionaries wrote that at Sitka on the 17th of March gooseberry bushes were in full bloom! I doubt if any man here, north of Mason and Dixon's Line, and east of the Rocky Mountains, can say as much. We had appeals made to us years ago from Alaska, to send a missionary there, and now those that we have sent seem to be well received by Americans and Russians and Indians.

And as to the value of Alaska and its capacity to support a population, I agree with Dr. John Hall, who said, in our Board, we do not know what Alaska will do. It is too soon to determine that question. One thing is certain, Alaska can furnish ice for all California—which furnishes none; and if you ever go there you will want ice—and enough to supply the whole coast down to the equator and below, and all cities down on the Asiatic side of the Pacific. It can furnish coal for those countries on the American shore that are equally destitute of coal. It can furnish timber for all the navies of the world, if navies need timber any more. Its fisheries and its fur trade



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have a capacity that has never been tested, and the amount of grazing on those unnumbered Aleutian Islands has never been estimated. Its resources may demand and richly reward a sea-faring people. While the whales abound in the Northern Ocean, and fish and furs are marketable commodities, we need not despair of Alaska.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF PORT TOWNSEND.

BRIEF LOCAL ITEMS.

From Friday's Daily.

A LETTER to a gentleman in this city from Capt. J. M. Selden, U. S. R. M., residing for some time at Seattle, brings the very gratifying intelligence that the Captain has fully recovered his health, and that he has moreover a strong desire to return to Port Townsend. Capt. Selden resided here a long time, and nothing would gratify his many friends here more than to enjoy his genial society again.

THE steamship Idaho arrived last night from Alaskan ports. She reports bad weather on the way up, but a splendid trip down. Two fish canneries have been started in Alaska lately, one at Pyramid Harbor and one at Fox Narrows. Indians all quiet. Too early yet for much activity in the mines. The Idaho will leave again for north about May 5th. She has 700 tons of coal on board for Astoria.

WE commence a new year with an appeal for Alaska. We would call the attention of all our readers, and particularly of pastors, to the large amount of information furnished concerning Alaska. Please read and pray over it. 1879

SPECIAL ATTENTION is called to the extracts made from the reports of Messrs. Crosby and Green, missionaries of the Wesleyan Methodist Church of Canada. Their field of labor is in British Columbia, adjoining Alaska. A similar condition of things exists among the people on the Alaska side. They are stretching out their hands to the Presbyterian Church for teachers. Such a preparation for Christian instruction has never been seen before in the history of our native population. It is something wonderful. Surely such an opening can not be left unimproved by the Church. If you read nothing else in this paper, read those testimonies to the power of divine grace among the Northern tribes—then assist the Board of Home Missions in their effort to occupy that country.

A COLLECTION, of from \$3,000 to \$3,500, is asked of the Presbyterian Church to build a Home and chapel at Fort Wrangel, Alaska. It is proposed to take up this collection on Christmas—a gift to the Savior.

CERTIFICATES OF STOCK are now printed:—

1. For the Pueblo Building Fund, at ten cents a share.

2. For the New Mexico and Utah Chapel Fund, at twenty-five cents a share.

Send the money, as *special*, for the above funds, to Jonathan Ogden, 23 Center Street, New York City.

For certificates send to J. M. Reigart, Esq., Box 2813, Denver, Colorado, specifying the kind and number needed.

3. For the Home and Chapel Fund, Fort Wrangel, Alaska, at twenty-five cents a share. Send money and apply for certificates to Mrs. James L. Graham (President of the Ladies' Board of Missions for the Presbyterian Church), 48 West Tenth Street, New York City.

ALASKA girls sold by their own mothers! Spared in infancy, the lesson of inferiority is early burned into their lives. While mere babes they are sometimes given away, or betrothed to their future husbands. And when they arrive at the age of twelve or fourteen years, among the

Tinneh, the Thlinkets and others, they are often offered for sale. For a few blankets a mother will sell her own daughter, for base purposes, for a week, a month, or for life. Since the introduction of a little light at the mission stations, some of the school-girls, having been thus sold by their mothers, have frantically clung to the lady-teacher, imploring her to save them.

You can answer that wail of distress, and save some of them, by assisting to raise the money to build a Home at Wrangel.

THE Ladies' Board of Missions has secured several scholarships in the Home at Fort Wrangel. They also have sent out an organ and several boxes of clothing, bedding, etc.

THE Ladies' Board of Missions of the Presbyterian Church, who have from the very first taken a deep interest in Alaska, will receive the offerings for the "Home" at Wrangel, and issue the certificates. Send checks, post-office money orders, etc., to Mrs. James Lorimer Graham, 48 West Tenth Street, New York City, New York.



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THERE is no happy girlhood in Alaska, and will not be, until a Home is established, where they can receive Christian care and love. We ask you for a Christmas contribution to secure such a Home.

For all through that vast land wretched woman is systematically oppressed—made prematurely old in bearing man's burden as well as her own. In some sections all the work but hunting and fighting falls upon her—even the boys transferring their loads and work to their sisters.

Said a great chief, "Women are made to labor. One of them can haul as much as two men can do. They pitch our tents, make and mend our clothing," etc.

#### SLAVES.

And, as if their ordinary condition was not bad enough, the majority of the slaves are women. The men captured in war are usually killed, or reserved for torture; but the women are kept as beasts of burden, and often treated with great inhumanity. The master's power over them is unlimited. He can torture or put them to death at will. Sometimes, upon the death of the master, one or more of them are put to death, that he may have some one to wait upon him in the next world.

Let notice be given in all the Sabbath-schools of the Presbyterian Church, that on Sabbath, Dec. 29, a collection will be taken by classes to build a Home in Alaska. When the collection time arrives, let each class, as it is called upon, send to the superintendent's desk an envelope containing the money contributed by the class, with the names of the contributors, also an appropriate motto or text of Scripture. Let the treasurer send the whole amount to Mrs. James L. Graham, 48 West Tenth Street, New York City, stating the number of certificates of stock that he wishes returned to him. 1878

ALASKA is full of the habitations of cruelty. Polygamy, with all its attendant evils, is common among the Kaviaks. These wives are often sisters. Sometimes a man's own mother or daughter is among his wives. If a man's wife bears him only daughters, he continues to take other wives until he has sons. One of the Nasso chiefs is said to have had forty wives. After marriage they are practically slaves of their husbands. Their persons are at the disposal of visitors or travelers, guests of their husbands. They are sometimes, in Southern Alaska, sent to the mines, while the husband lives in idleness at home on the wages of their immorality. If ill-behaved, excessively lazy or bar-

ren, they are sent away. Sometimes they are traded off by the husband for something he may desire. In child-birth, when needing the most tender care, they are driven out of the house as unclean, and kept for ten days in an uncomfortable hut, without attention.

Among the Nehaunes and Talcolins when a man dies his widow is compelled to ascend the burning funeral pile, throw herself upon the body, and remain there until the hair is burned from her head, and she is almost suffocated. She is then allowed to stagger from the pile, but must frequently thrust her hand through the flames, and place it upon his bosom, to show her continued devotion. Finally the ashes are gathered up and placed in a little sack, which the widow carries on her person for two years. During this period of mourning she is clothed in rags, and treated as a slave.

Among the Chuckees the old and feeble are sometimes destroyed. This is done by placing a rope around the neck, and dragging them over the stones. If this does not kill, then the body is stoned, or speared, and left to be eaten by the dogs. Occasionally the old ask to be killed. Then they are taken, stupefied with drugs, and, in the midst of various incantations, bled to death.

Among the Tuski and many of the Orarian tribes the bodies of good men are burned, and the ashes carefully preserved. But in some sections, where wood is scarce, the bodies of women are not considered worth the wood that would be consumed in the burning, and they are either cast out, to be consumed by the dogs, foxes and crows, or cast into the sea as food for the fishes. They are also in bondage, all their days, to a most degrading and superstitious Shamanism, or belief in spirits, mainly evil.

These cruelties of heathenism in the United States can only be prevented by the introduction of the gospel. The establishment of this Home will be a commencement. Do not fail to make a contribution, no matter how small.

A ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH in Cincinnati, costing \$90,000, was built by a great number of small contributions. It is said that no one contribution was for a larger sum than \$1. And yet, in the aggregate, the large sum of \$90,000 was raised. Let none refrain from contributing to the "Home" because they can give but little. The many littles make the large sum.



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COMPETENT AUTHORITY.—Wm. H. Dall, who spent years in Alaska, in connection with the United States Coast Survey and Smithsonian Institution, and who has spent the past summer in Europe, writes:

SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTE, Oct. 15, '78.

*My Dear Sir:*

On my return from Europe I find several publications awaiting me, for which I am indebted to you, and desire to express my thanks. I come back convinced, from personal inspection, that Alaska is a far better country than much of Great Britain and Norway, or even part of Prussia. I shall always be grateful for a copy of anything you may print about Alaska, where there seems to be at present a dawn of better times.

Yours sincerely,

W. H. DALL.

EXTRA copies of this paper can be had at three cents each, by inclosing stamps to Miss Abbie A. Potter, 178 Elm Street, Cincinnati, O.

DURING family worship, on Christmas morning, after the reading of the Scriptures, let the leader send one of the children around the circle to gather up the offerings of the family for the Home at Fort Wrangel. Then let the offering be laid before God in the prayer that follows, and a special petition be made that his blessing will follow it

THIS in the hundredth anniversary of the discovery of Alaska, by Captain Cook. For one hundred years the population have been permitted, by American Christians, to live and die and go to the judgment-seat without ever hearing of the Savior. Let us mark the opening of a new century by hastening to furnish them the long-withheld gospel. As a step in the right direction, remember the Christmas offering.

MASKS.—An idea prevails among the Alaskians, that during their religious dances, the spirit, or "power," descends into a wooden idol, and that to look upon him as he descends is certain death.

Hence they veil their faces with these masks. The Schamins in some sections have a different mask for each spirit personated.

THE Wesleyan Methodist Church, of Canada, has been remarkably active and successful in carrying the gospel among the tribes of Northwest British Columbia. And Rev. Thomas Crosby, of Fort Simpson, B. C., is their pioneer missionary. Among the illustrations is a picture of his church and mission house. They are building several mission stations along the coast.

MOTHERS offering to sell, to the highest bidder, their daughters to lives of shame is a common sight in some of the villages of Alaska. Let the Christian women of America build a "Home" where these girls can be saved from the cruelty of their own mothers.

It is a strange thing that hundreds of Christian women will read concerning the degradation of their sisters in Alaska, and not feel sufficient interest to contribute one dollar toward their rescue. Saved themselves, they will make many excuses for not reaching out a helping hand toward others.

THE larger number of our readers are Christian women. We would commend the contents of this paper to their thoughtful and prayerful consideration. As you read these brief sketches of the condition of the native women of Alaska, and remember that there are thousands thus situated in your own country, are you content to sit still and let them perish? Who caused you to differ? Who saved you from their fate?

As you realize, even feebly, the horrible fate from which you have been saved, gratitude should lead you to make earnest efforts to save them. Do you ask what you can do? You can think of these things, pray over it and talk about it, until your heart is all on fire—then some of your friends will catch the fire. Then you and they can organize a Woman's Home Mission Society, or enlarge the powers of the existing Sewing Society, so that, in addition to the usual "box of clothing," you can raise money to support missionaries. And, as the first act, you can go among your friends and collect for the Home at Ft. Wrangel.

THE people of Alaska are passing into eternity without God and without hope. They have consciences accusing them of sin and guilt so that death is deadened, but they have never heard of Jesus, who takes away the sting of death. In the judgment they can truthfully say:

We were placed under the care of a great Christian nation, which had tens of thousands of missionary societies, and hundreds of thousands of consecrated hearts, that labored and prayed for Asia and Africa, and the Isles of the Sea, but never sent any one to tell us that Jesus died for us as he died for them. They forgot us, and we are lost.

And how will you answer to God for their loss? The Board of Home Missions has already entered upon the work, and



will send men and women to Alaska, as fast as the Woman's Home Mission Societies will furnish the money.

To sustain a lady missionary will cost about \$500 per annum.

Address Rev. Drs. Kendall and Dickson, post-office box 3,863, New York City.

THE news that gold had been found in California stimulated the immense emigration to that distant Territory on the Pacific. Possibly our new and unpeopled Territory of Alaska may have its sterile and inhospitable region populated by the same attractive power. Gold and silver have been discovered near Sitka, and great excitement pervades the mining population on the Pacific coast. Gold is an irresistible loadstone, and will draw the hardy and adventurous pioneers of colonization even to the icy shores of the frozen North. — *Christian Weekly*.

## The Evangelist

THURSDAY, JUNE 7, 1883.

### A VISITOR FROM ALASKA.

Among the pleasures of having a home is that of being able to exercise hospitality. Those who entertain strangers often find that thereby they entertain angels unawares. We always feel it as a kind of benediction to have a good man come under our roof. In this way we have been blessed by the visits of missionaries from different parts of the world, converse with whom has revived delightful memories and quickened the heart. The latest of these pleasant visits has been one from Rev. S. Hall Young, whose name is familiar to our readers as that of one of our correspondents, who has furnished some most graphic pictures of ALASKA, which, though a part of our own country, is less known to most persons than Turkey or India. Mr. Young has been stationed at Fort Wrangel for the last five years, during which time he has made frequent excursions along the coast in his canoe. As he describes it, Alaska, in its natural features, is one of the most wonderful countries in the world, its mountains and glaciers recalling those of Switzerland; while it has, in addition, what Switzerland has not—the sea rolling at the base of the mountains, the glaciers descending directly into the deep, and casting off immense icebergs, whose frequent fall is like the roar of the avalanches among the Alps. The coast is like that of Norway in the numerous fiords which run up into the land; while at the distance of what might be a range of foot-hills, is a chain of islands extending a thousand miles, which forms a mighty breakwater against the

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inrolling Pacific, enclosing waters as smooth and tranquil as those of the most sheltered bay. His descriptions have excited in us a strong desire to add to our journeys elsewhere, one to this bold country of the North. More interesting still is his story of Missions in Alaska, which shows what can be done even in the most unpromising field by a small band of devoted men and women. The work has not been without its trials, and even its dangers. There have been times when the missionary had need not only of all his wisdom, but of all his courage. But those days are past, we trust, and now there is a degree of success which is most promising and hopeful. But all this Mr. Young will tell himself much better than we can tell it for him. He is to spend the Summer in the East, and many of our churches will have the opportunity to hear him. Of very modest presence, one needs to know him well to realize that this quiet, unassuming man is an enthusiastic lover of nature, a daring voyager and an intrepid mountaineer, as well as a faithful missionary. We commend him to ministers and churches as "a brother beloved," sure that in many homes he will leave the same pleasant impression which he has left in a home among the Berkshire Hills.

SO MUCH INTEREST has been awakened among our readers in behalf of Alaska, that they will be pleased to learn that a semi-monthly paper has been established in San Francisco to advocate the interests of that distant section of our wide domain. Those who would keep informed as to the important movements now going on in that direction should subscribe for the *Alaska Appeal*, 424 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California, at \$1.50 per year.

1879

AN OLD INDIAN in Alaska was a household servant in the family of a Jew. The lady was suffering severely with neuralgia in the face. To her cries for relief, "Harry" turned up his face in a supplicating attitude, saying, "Pray to Jesus, pray to Jesus—you no more ache." To her reply, "I have prayed to God, and it aches yet," he said, "You pray again; by and by all well."

MRS. DR. CORLIES, of Fort Wrangel, has a very interesting school upon the beach, among what is termed the wild or visiting Indians. Gospel seed sown among them is carried to many a distant camp to bear fruit for the Savior.

1879

GEO. W. GALLIGHER, of Princeton, who was commissioned for Alaska, has been transferred to the mission field in Utah.

1878



## EXTREMES UNITE.

### FLORIDA SENDS GREETING TO ALASKA.

The young ladies of my Bible class started with the determination to raise five dollars for the Alaska Mission, but they found even that small sum difficult to make up. The sale of flowers brought us in about two dollars, and the sale of other articles, with some donations, gave us more than five. Now we have \$27, and my girls are not willing I should send that amount till it reaches \$30. They are deeply interested. One dear, energetic, whole-souled young girl has collected in the last week \$15 of the above-named amount. Now, their heart is in the work, they must and will succeed.

We hope to send Mrs. M. E. Boyd, Treasurer of the Woman's Executive Committee on Home Missions, \$30 next week for this very interesting and needy mission. The little colored girl is not now content with giving a brick, but wishes to have a share, and has sent to our class twenty-five cents.

The Lord loveth cheerful givers and willing workers. May God greatly bless the Mission of Alaska and its self-denying, earnest missionaries.

SAN AUGUSTINE, Florida.

Woman's Missionary organizations can not more efficiently promote the work in their respective congregations than by placing in every family a copy of the *Rocky Mountain Presbyterian*.

### SAVE OUR OWN LAND.

A plea, which has urgency in it, comes to us from the Board of Home Missions. We beseech our readers to turn to it and give it a careful perusal. Ninety thousand dollars was the debt on the 1st of January, a large sum, which must awaken deep solicitude in the minds of those who administer this great trust fund. But this is not all. Sore anxieties and disquietudes will be felt in many missionary homes scattered throughout the land, and the burden of debt, of painful embarrassments, will oppress many hearts which ought to be left free to preach the gospel.

The plea is one which has not been unheard before, and it is one which is quite likely to be heard again. It

ought never to be heard without some quickening of conscience for failures in the past, and a renewal of effort in the great task set before the church. For though we may forget the work, and at times grow weary in the labor, the task is the same and the duty is a constant, ever-present one. *We must evangelize this land.* The Church must subdue this continent for Christ. The living minister, with the glorious gospel, must go into every nook and corner of this country, and be found in the front rank of the advancing host of emigrants. And the Church of God in the land must do this work. It will not be done from outside. It can not be done save by the Christians of this country, and it must be largely done by the Christians of this generation. For very much, we must remember, of this work does not admit of postponement—it must be done now, or the foundations of States and commonwealths will be laid in ignorance and vice. We can not defer the evangelization of this country—it must be accomplished in the present time, or the land surrendered to error, skepticism, or to a godless indifference, which will be almost as destructive as the rule of Rome or Infidelity.—*The Presbyterian*.

### SALE OF WOMEN IN ALASKA.

#### BOSTON MONDAY LECTURE OF REV. JOSEPH COOK.

[From the Boston Advertiser.]

Alaska is under the direct control of Congress, and yet women are sold there into slavery and other conditions to which death is preferable. The Alaskan mother not infrequently takes her female infant into the fields, and fills its mouth with grass and leaves it to die, and justifies herself by saying before God that she wishes she had been treated in the same way. Alaska, as most of us may have pictured it to ourselves, is so cold that it can have no interest to us, and no importance to the nation. Mr. Dall, of Boston, who has written the standard work on Alaska, tells us that on half the coast of the Territory the thermometer never has been known to fall below zero. He thinks no polar bear ever came within a thousand miles of Sitka. (Dall, Alaska, p. 242) Mr. Sumner was accustomed to cite the experience of navigators who would moor their barks along the Alaskan shore and through the whole winter never find the ice strong enough to make a bridge from their vessels to the land.

The isotherm of 50° of average annual temperature runs through Sitka. It passes also through Lake Superior and Quebec. Captain Cook, who, one hundred years ago last year, saw and named Mt. St. Elias, said that cattle might subsist in Oonahaska all the year round without being housed. The mean temperature of winter in Alaska, as estimated by the Smithsonian Institution, is 32.30°, while that of sum-



mer is 53.37°. The Washington winter is 33.57°, and the Washington summer 73.07 degrees. The winters of Alaska do not differ much from those of Washington, although the summers are colder. The winter of Sitka is milder than that of St. Petersburg, or Berlin, or Boston. (Compare Sumner's works, vol. xi., p. 281, with Dall, "Alaska," p. 437.) On the upper Yukon, in midsummer, the thermometer sometimes stands at 112 degrees, and the traveler blesses the transient coolness of the midnight air.

The westernmost territory of the United States lies farther beyond San Francisco toward the sunset than the easternmost does on this side toward the sunrise. As Guyot has said, San Francisco is the middle city in the United States. Take the meridian line running through San Francisco, and follow it northward to a point on the same parallel with the island of Attou, in the Aleutian Archipelago. Measure the distance from this meridian westward to that island (illustrating on Berghaus' chart of the world) and you will find it greater than that from the same meridian eastward to the Bay of Fundy. The island of Attou, which belongs to the United States, is further toward the sunset beyond San Francisco than the coast of Maine is toward the sunrise. When this morning I covered Alaska on my globe, and then plucked up the screen which had its four corners at Mt. St. Elias, and on the Arctic Ocean, and at Behring's Straits and at the island of Attou, and put down the screen upon the United States, I found all our Union covered east of the Mississippi and north of the Carolinas and Alabama. Take what there is of the United States east of the Mississippi, and cut off the Gulf States and, all that is left is no larger than this Territory of Alaska.

Your Charles Sumner had no views of a grandiloquent sort concerning Alaska.

Your Seward estimated correctly the importance of this region, and so did the nation when, under his lead, the Government paid for it more than seven million dollars. The Pacific coast is singularly destitute of harbors. It can no longer be said, now that we possess Alaska, that three gunboats can blockade our whole Pacific seaboard. The natural route to China and Japan, after the completion of the Northern Pacific Railway, will be through the North Pacific. From San Francisco to Hong Kong by the way of Honolulu, the distance is 7,140 miles; but by the way of the Aleutian Isles only 6,060.

You will pardon me if I call attention to the reasons why Alaska is so warm. Everybody understands that the continents are tally-ho coaches driving toward the sunrise, and that the wind blows in the faces of those who sit on the front seats of coaches. The wind that bore Columbus across the Atlantic and Magellan across the Pacific blows in the faces of the tally-ho coaches of the continents driving out of the sunset into the sunrise. As the trade winds in the tropics blow from east to west at a speed often reaching fifteen or eighteen miles an hour, they produce a current in the ocean moving in the same direction across the tropical

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zone. When that current strikes the east side of a continent it divides, and part goes north and part goes south. As the portion moving toward the pole flows away from the tropics, it of course reaches a part of the earth moving with less rapidity than that from which it came. Everybody sees that the equator must revolve with far greater rapidity than the arctic circle, simply because it is larger and must turn around in the same time. The motion of the earth decreases from the equator to the pole. As the warm current passes from the equator to the North Sea in our Atlantic basin, it is constantly transferring itself to parallels that move less rapidly than those which it left at its last place of departure. The water does not at once lose the speed of eastern motion it had nearer the equator, and so slips eastward faster than the northern water it meets. Thus arises a translation of a great body of water toward the sunrise, in this way originates the Gulf Current, the cause of which was a mystery for ages. So in the Pacific Ocean under the sweep of the trade winds and the influence of the difference of temperature between the torrid and the northern waters, there is produced an enormous equatorial current moving from east to west. On reaching the Asiatic coast and islands a part of this vast stream goes north and a part south. The portion which goes north is of course always dropping into latitudes where the motion of the earth is less rapid, and therefore there is a translation of the waters toward America. Thus springs up a Gulf Current in the Pacific. (Guyot, Physical Geography, p. 65.) It pours out of the East Indies as ours does out of the West Indies. It laves the coast of China and Japan, as ours does that of America. It is called the Japan Current, or Black Water, and farther on has the name of the North Pacific Current. It divides at the westernmost end of the Aleutian Islands. A part of it runs through Behring Straits. That is the reason why the ice never drifts through those straits into the Pacific, and why the transit of steamers between China and the United States is likely to be free from icebergs. The larger part of the current goes south of the Aleutian archipelago and strikes our continent first on the coast of Alaska. As the Gulf Cur-

rent warms England, so does the North Pacific Current warm Alaska and Oregon. But the Atlantic is more open to the Arctic Sea than the Pacific is, and so the latter current is less cooled by cold water from the north than the former.

The climate of Alaska is so wet that you can not burn the forests on the mountain sides near Sitka. Naturally enough the trees of the region attain a gigantic size. Some of you have put your hands on the Alaskan canoe, exhibited in the collection of curious objects at Philadelphia in our Centennial. The boat that I saw there was fifty or sixty feet long, and made of a single tree, and it was said to be capable of carrying sixty or seventy men. Travelers tell us that sometimes trees in Alaska are cut down out of which boats can be made large enough to carry one hundred men. You find a sound tree,



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cut it down, hollow it, then fill it with water; put canvas over the structure, and make the water boil by throwing in hot stones. That softens the wood; then you spread apart the sides, and produce a form of beautiful symmetry, and thus you construct the famous Alaskan canoe.

"Lo! to the wintry winds the pilot yields  
His bark careering o'er unfathomed fields;  
Cold on his midnight watch the breezes blow  
From wastes that slumber in eternal snow,  
And waft across the waves' tumultuous roar  
The wolf's long howl from Oonilaska's shore."  
—SAMPBELL, *Pleasures of Hope*.

The wetness of Alaska produces not only fat forests, but a great river system. The Yukon stream, which we rarely notice has more water in it than the Mississippi. It is not as long as the Mississippi and the Missouri, taken together, and yet it is two thousand miles long, and is navigable for fifteen hundred miles from its mouth. In portions of its lower course it is so wide that one of its banks can not be seen from the other. It freezes in October and opens in May.

The warm Pacific current striking against the half-arctic shore produces abundant fogs and rains. The Alaskan climate is that of northern Scotland—very wet, sometimes frosty, but on the whole not such as to clasp the forest in any deadly embrace, nor to destroy pasturage. I am not recommending Alaska, however, as an agricultural region. The money obtained in the seal fur-trade among the islands along the Alaskan coast is more in amount than the interest on the sum we paid for Alaska. A shallow sea skirts the Aleutian Archipelago, and there are in it fishing banks more extensive, and likely to be more profitable, than those of Newfoundland. The timber is an important source of supply to ship-builders over half the world. Go to Sydney and Melbourne, go to the ports of South America, go to San Francisco, go to the West Indies and to some of the British provinces in the East Indies, and you will find ship timber marked as coming from Alaska. There are important mines of coal and copper in this gnarled, dripping land. The forests, the fisheries, and the mines have already attracted to Alaska a hardy population. The fur trade is a copious source of wealth. It is more than possible that the fisheries may be as important as those of our eastern coast have been as a nursery for the American marine.

What is the moral condition of Alaska? Its religious wants were not neglected by Russia; how have they been met by the United States? The Russian Greek Church had a chapel, several schools, a seminary, seven missionary districts, eleven priests and sixteen deacons in Alaska. The American Church finds it hard to raise the pittance needed to maintain two or three teachers there at this hour. Not long ago, out of a school managed by an American lady in Alaska, a white man captured a girl, and when the mother of the girl exhibited her willingness to sell her for twenty blankets, the teacher interfered, but the parents insisted on removing the pupil from school, and dragged her down to the river and told her she must take her place in the canoe. The girl drew back and said, "You may

kill me. I shall not leave my teacher." And yet you leave that teacher in want of food and shelter, and thus leave hundreds of these pupils—they number nearly hundreds now—to be drawn back into paganism, and drawn down from paganism into something yet more horrible! The Russian Fur Company spent \$6,000 a year to support Christian missions in Alaska, and there were other sources of income there, such that \$10,000 a year came from Russia and the Greek Church into this Territory for educational and religious enterprises. After Russia left the Territory the benevolent schemes of the Greek Church came into our hands as a sacred trust. General Howard, sent by our Government to investigate the religious condition of the Territory, made a powerful appeal to the nation to send teachers and missionaries to Alaska. Roman Catholics have endeavored to take possession of the Territory. I believe, however, that all told there is not more than the sum of \$3,000 in all going to Alaska now to promote the religious interests of the Territory. We are three times more penurious toward Alaska than Russia was under the Greek Church. (See documents by Rev. Sheldon Jackson, D.D., editor of the *Rocky Mountain Presbyterian*, Denver, Colorado.) I read of a chief forty-five years old coming from the interior, the other day, to school and saying, "Teach me the English language that I may read the Bible. You teach these tribes nearer the coast, but my people in the interior are dark, dark, and in a little time they will all die, and they will go down, down, dark;" and the strong savage burst into tears, asking only for a little light to lead his tribe out of witchcraft, sorcery, the burning of widows, the maiming of the aged, the killing of decrepit parents, and all the barbarisms, down to cannibalism, that belong yet to some of the descendants of the Eskimo and Indian tribes in Alaska. The worst tribe in the Territory is made up of unprincipled white men among the miners. There are about seventy thousand Indians in Alaska, and about thirty thousand whites and half-breeds. We are not increasing the numbers of the schools, but we are of the population—and of the half-breeds!

Charles Sumner's ghost stands on the Pacific coast, and from under the shadows of Mt. St. Elias points out to us that in Alaska we have the key to the Northern Pacific. Seward's spirit hovers along the Aleutian Islands, looking upon us through the smoke of the ten volcanoes that there belch their fire and ashes toward the sky. John Eliot, through the clear northern azure, spreads his hands above the men of the Yukon. When I turn that way, I see behind these historic spirits the angel that appeared to one of old and said, "Come over into Macedonia and help us."

#### OUR BROAD DOMAIN.

Webster's eloquent description of the British empire is familiar to every reader, but we doubt whether it is generally realized that we, too, have a dominion on which the sun never sets. It will



scarcely be believed, perhaps, without an examination of the maps, that San Francisco, instead of being at the western limit of this dominion is only about midway between our eastern and western limits; and yet it is a fact that the farthest Aleutian isle acquired in our purchase of Russian America is as far to the west of that city as Eastport, Maine, is to the east of it. Between the northwestern limit of Washington Territory and the southeastern limit of Alaska there is a break of a few degrees, but, with this slight deduction, our territory extends through 197 degrees of longitude, or seventeen degrees more than half way round the globe. Hence when the sun is giving its good-night kiss to our westernmost isle on the confines of Behring's sea, it is already flooding the fields and forests of Maine with its morning light, and in the eastern part of that State is more than an hour high. At the very moment when the Aleutian fisherman, warned by the approaching shades of night, is pulling his canoe toward the shore, the wood-chopper of Maine is beginning to wake the forest echoes with the stirring music of his ax; and by the time this fisherman has crawled into his hut, the operatives of eastern factory towns are emerging from their cottages or tenements, and, by many converging ways, are hurrying along toward the whirring hives of industry in which by scores or hundreds together they pursue their daily toil.—*Selected.*

#### EDUCATION AMONG ALEUTS.

An Aleut living at Borka Village or Onalashka Island keeps the store and manages the Alaska Commercial Company's business at that place. He is a good penman and a careful book-keeper. He delights in relating to visitors the circumstances of his promotion to office work, which happened many years ago. In 1840 Nikolai Krukoff was an inmate of the school maintained by the old Russian Fur Company's agent at Onalashka. One day the superintendent of the district visited the school and told each boy to write a brief composition, and in half an hour he returned and looked the writings over, one after the other. When he came to Krukoff's paper he pocketed it without any remark and then went on examining the others. The following morning Krukoff was told to go to school no longer, but report at the agent's office, where he occupied a desk

from that day until the company suspended business, after the Territory had been transferred to the United States. Aleut youths of the present generation have no such opportunities to learn, and though very intelligent, they are now thrown back upon their own resources and almost forced to relapse gradually into savage life.

It is greatly to be hoped that Rev. J. V. Milligan, who has offered himself for work among the Aleuts, may yet be sent out this season. 1879

ALASKA.—Stanley had not reached the shores of Europe on his return from Central Africa, before missionaries were on their way to that land. A striking contrast to the action of the American churches with reference to Alaska.

Ten long years, freighted with the loss of thousands of immortal souls, have passed away, while the Church sat at ease in Zion. Ten years ago, Rev. E. D. Sanders, D.D., brought the question of the evangelization of Alaska before the Board of Domestic Missions. Even then it was considered Home Mission ground. But the question was dismissed with the attempted witticism that Dr. Sanders wanted "seals of his ministry," just as now it is ridiculed with "train oil."

But, after all, the stubborn fact remains, that there are, in that section of our land, 26,000 immortal souls for whom Christ died, and yet we are allowing them to remain ignorant of that great saving truth. They may, or may not have a great future, but this is certain, the blood of their souls is upon us and our land, if we withhold the gospel from them.

In the great day of judgment, when we are called to an account for their sins, there will be no joking about "seals to our ministry." In that great day we would have the honor of having taken some humble part with Dr. Lindsley, Mrs. McFarland, Messrs. Brady and Young and McKay, in having given these home heathen the gospel. 1878



## Alaska.

### *Letter from Mrs. Gould.*

HYDAH MISSION, Alaska, October 2, 1882.

You probably know that we left Wrangell early in July for this place by canoe, fully expecting to reach it in a week at the farthest, but the winds and weather being unfavorable, we were abroad on the waters in our frail bark twelve long days, camping at night where we could find fresh water. We were tossed about at, what seemed to us at times unused as we were to such experiences, a frightful rate, and at one of our camping-places were storm-bound for thirty-six hours, during which time we could not leave the tent, though we greatly feared it would leave us, as its strength was sorely tried. We reached our journey's end on a Saturday evening, and were met on the beach and warmly welcomed by many of our people. We, as yet, have no home of our own, but are tolerably comfortably fixed for the winter, though you will understand that two small rooms do not furnish *very* commodious accommodations for a family of six. The second Sabbath in September was rather an eventful one with us here. Many of our people were sick with measles, among them a member of Schooltka's family (the chief in whose house we hold all our services), and on this account we could have no meetings, but the morning was devoted to attending to the wants of the sick. I wish I could tell you just how some of those houses looked that morning. It was raining very hard, so that all were crowded into the houses around the fire, sick and well together, while before it hundreds of fish were suspended to dry, as well as wet clothing. The wonder to me is that the people are not sick all the time, but we have great hopes, now that our saw-mill has really come, to have them all, in time, living in very different houses, though it will not be possible now to have the mill in operation before spring. At noon of that Sabbath day the steamer was discovered, and at once, among the Indians, everything was excitement. It was fifteen miles away when first seen, and I assure you it seemed a very long time to us all before it got here. Dr. Jackson spent a few hours, and quite a large party of excursionists came ashore, so for awhile things were very lively for our quiet little village. Our great regret was that it was the Sabbath day. We have the promise of a steamer some time during this month, and as we cannot tell when it may come we are trying to get our mail all ready. We have strong hopes that by spring we will be able to get regular monthly mails, if not a steamer. Every time we do hear from the outside world we are strengthened and encouraged to know that friends in the far East are learning of our work and becoming interested in it. We find the Hydah language very difficult to acquire. A few weeks ago it was necessary for Mr. Gould to be absent a week in the interests of the Mission. We were then the only white persons on the island, and when night came, try hard as we might to feel *brave* we were somewhat nervous, and very glad indeed to have him home again.

HYDAH, Alaska, November 7, 1882.

When I wrote you last month we confidently expected the



steamer to come into our Mission, which to our very great disappointment it failed to do. So our letters were put aside, but this evening, just before dark, word was brought to us that a canoe would start to Fort Wrangell in the morning, so, as we have not time to write fresh letters, we will add to those already written and send them. If my time were not so exceedingly limited, I would like to give you a full description of a "feast of reconciliation" which we attended yesterday, given by some of our chiefs who had been bitter enemies for a long time. Our work is full of encouragement. As the winter approaches, more of our people are coming, and the school, already large, promises to be much larger. The days are rapidly growing shorter, so that much has to be crowded into a few hours. I have succeeded in getting two washings done since I have been here, but both times wished I had done it myself. The women have everything to learn. Except that, I have all my own work to do, and as our family now numbers seven, it makes my hands pretty full. Sister Clara is a great help and comfort to us all, and enters into the work with true missionary spirit. Our letters are a real treat when we get them.

Mr. Gould adds :

We must have more night meetings for music, for prayer, for teaching, and to keep the people from their wild way of employing their long winter evenings, as they cannot read, have no industries, and like to be idly social, they have nothing to do but seek methods of lazy enjoyment. Mrs. G. has now in training an Indian girl whom we hope she will succeed in making of some use, if she will pay her enough. Our people have been spoiled on that question by the belief that every one, like the trader, is here to make money out of them, and by the fact that the Klawack fisheries in the busy season began by paying extravagant prices.

If there are discouragements and disappointments in our work there is very much to encourage, so we can go into the long dark winter with a "big" lamp of hope. The number of pupils is constantly increasing; we are having more people at church-sings, etc. Sometimes when wild ones come in from abroad the best of order may not prevail, but they are by no means uncontrollable. They are respectful in the main, and soon learn to be friendly.

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***What Mrs. Young is Doing for the Boys at  
Fort Wrangell.***

I cannot do half as much for my boys as I want to, because they are in another house. I have not the influence on their morals, minds or manners that I should have, and I am frequently driven to my knees in renewed supplications for a real home for them. When boys come to me whom I cannot receive for lack of room, it just makes my heart ache. Sometimes my young men—I have two—are present at these interviews; they say to me: "*Clah* (mother), you had better take these boys, and let them sleep on the floor; bye and bye they will be lost." We have been several times so pained to see our young men die, and we not able to do anything to save their lives, only do what we can to point them to the Cross and to try to save their souls. These

poor young fellows fall into temptation, grow diseased, and die before they are twenty years old. But now the larger boys are busy putting on a floor and making an up-stairs, so that I shall be able to take a few more. We can now see how much these boys can do for themselves and also for the Girls' Home—work the girls cannot do. Mrs. McFarland used to pay two or three hundred dollars a year for her fish, but she has not bought any fish now since last July when the salmon commenced to run. My boys go out in the bay every evening after school and in two hours can get a barrel full of nice fat herring, supplying the Girls' Home, the hospital, themselves and us. They go out hunting, camping just one night, and return with about twenty ducks. Last week Mr. Young returned from a hunting expedition with twenty-one deer, a few of them weighing over two hundred pounds, but we had to give eight of them as hire for the large canoe; we only own a small one as yet. We sold one and gave six to Mrs. McFarland. So we have been very busy corning, making dried beef, etc. The skins, with the deer we sold, netted the institution \$18, which we applied to our gun account. A gentleman in Portland sent us a very good gun which we were to pay for as we could, and we mean it shall pay for itself. Mr. Young has selected a very good garden spot, and we intend Mrs. McFarland shall pay only for the seed, and the boys will do all the work, raising potatoes, turnips and cabbages for the three establishments—the two homes and the hospital. Sometimes the work for my own little family and constant mending for nine boys makes an appalling pile before my eyes, but as I am the music teacher for the Mission, and am giving seven girls lessons on the organ, they will sew for me in the evening whenever I ask them. Two or three of the girls are able now to play at our church services at a moment's notice. I am also teaching both schools the *Tonic Sol Fa*, and they will soon be able to read their own music, and I mean soon to start an old-fashioned evening singing-school. I am able sometimes to spend a half-hour at the organ with my boys. I have two very good singers—one tenor and one bass. For several reasons I feel as if I am working as much for my Master then as in any other way. In the first place we have partially to fill a space which was formerly very large with them, devoted entirely to amusements, of which they are as fond as children. These boys were great dancers, dancing every night, Sundays not excepted, and danced all night, sleeping consequently nearly all day, and were not in school half the time. Mr. Young has succeeded in breaking up the dancing and many other foolish and worse practices. And then they are passionately fond of music and will catch any tune they hear. These boys sing very nicely as an anthem, "How Beautiful Upon the Mountains," from the fifty-second chapter of Isaiah. Do not think I weary of my work. I never do. I just

Build a little place of trust around to-day,  
Fill the space with loving work and therein stay.

FANNIE E. YOUNG.

FORT WRANGELL, November 22, 1882.



## SITKA, ALASKA.

BY MRS. EUGENE S. WILLARD.

### THE NEW HOME—MARRIAGE CUSTOMS— WITCHCRAFT.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS: The two story mission building, one hundred feet long and fifty feet wide, stands on an eminence which slopes gently to the beach. The house is frame, plainly and substantially built, containing besides the teachers' apartments and those intended for the home of the children, a large room for the accommodation of the day school, and which is also used for the Sabbath services.

There are now 24 boys in the Home, whose ages range from eight to seventeen years. Most of them are quick to learn and some show quite an aptness for trades. They were very much interested in the progress of the new building, going out in squads last season under Mr. Styles' direction, to cut and tow in logs for lumber and for the foundations. Two or three have done well on the carpenter work. They patch their own shoes, do their own barbering creditably, and many carve, in spare moments, their favorite and odd figures of fish, crows and ducks. Miniature ships, too, they get up with much ingenuity, full rigged, and little Indian canoes.

The boys are growing ambitious, too, it seems. I heard of a council they held alone one night, just after the old Indians had been trying to prevail on Rudolph (who is about sixteen years of age) to become the husband of the old widow of his Uncle Chief, that he might inherit the property.

Rudolph could not be persuaded, and that night there was a very free expression of opinion by all the boys. Archie seemed to speak for all, however, when he said very seriously, "I would never marry dirty old Injun; for \$1,000 I never marry her. When I'm a man I want to take a good clean girl for wife. I want her to know books and to house keep like Boston girl. I not like it, my house all dirty, my children not washed."

Several of the boys have selected their wives to be, and are very anxious that Mrs. Austin should take them into the family and train them to "house keep." And now that they are in the new house, it is the intention to admit girls also.

Some of the boys in this Home have been rescued from the pangs of witchcraft-torture, others from illnesses, which, without the missionary's care, must have proved fatal. The most notable of the latter is the case of Lawrence, nicknamed by the boys "sick man." In my first letter from Sitka, almost two years ago, among other requests was that for articles which would make a sick room pleasant and comfortable, and I spoke of a little boy whom the physicians said could not get well.

He was a great sufferer, and it was probable that he would soon be an in-

mate of that sick room, for he was dying inch by inch from a terrible abscess. Well, that boy, cured under the missionary's care, was the very boy who, most probably, saved both life and property on that fearful night of the burning of the Home. All had been sleeping soundly, when a boy, arousing, smelled smoke. He turned to his neighbors and asked what it could mean. Concluding that it must be morning and was the smoke of the breakfast fire, they dozed again.

But again they awoke, and this time hastened to see what the trouble really was. The building was then in flames. By this time little Lawrence awoke, and seeing the danger, ran hastily and alone to the great mission bell; and ringing it fast and loud awoke the missionary's family and the people of the town, who came rushing to their aid. This boy is now one of the strongest of his age in the school and is one of the main workers.

Allen, too, has a history. His mother (a woman of the Hoochinoo tribe, living about 90 miles north of Sitka) was under torture for witchcraft, having already been for some days without food, in that terrible crouching, tied-down position, with the head drawn back and lashed to a short stake in the ground. One night Allen at last completed his secret arrangements for her deliverance. Stealing softly out into the darkness, he cut loose all the thongs that bound his mother, and hurried her with her little babe down to the water's edge, when, stowing them into the canoe which he had secured for the occasion, they pushed off and paddled for their dear lives, hunted to the death all that long night. Against the tide and waves, in hunger, pain and weariness, they reached Sitka in safety, where the mother found at least a temporary shelter with the Indians, and her brave little son, I am glad to say, a home in the mission school.

Moses Jamestown is another boy to whom this "Home" has been as a "City of Refuge."

Having been left an orphan and to an Alaska orphan's fate, he fled to Sitka from Hoonyah and from slavery. But the curse (which proved at last a blessing, as so many curses do) followed him, and he was accused of witchcraft. His tortures had begun, and the hour for his execution approached. He was tied to a stake, the musket leveled at his breast, the gun fired, and he was shot through the shoulder. But the noise of the gun brought speedily to the spot the guard of the U. S. man-of-war Jamestown, who rescued him. He was taken on board ship and cared for until his wound healed, and then was placed in the mission school. Other rescued boys and girls too have since been added to the "Home" which you have built, and your missionaries ask you to continue to work and pray for them.



We have interviewed Mr. J. M. Cooper, a very intelligent Alaska miner who arrived on the Idaho this week. Mr. C. went from Montana to Alaska a year ago last March, and is well known through the mines of the latter region as "Montana Cooper." He has prospected the country over, made important discoveries, and says that those who pronounce Alaska mines poor have never remained there long enough to see what there is. His latest find is a fabulously rich ledge of silver ore, discovered some three weeks ago, and he is now getting assays and preparing to develop his claim early next spring. He brought a sack of specimens of quartz rock found at different points; in several of these specimens free gold can be plainly seen with the naked eye. He predicts a grand future for Alaska in more ways than one. Specimens of coal, marble, iron, galena, lead, copper, silver, etc., that he brought down bespeak a country rich in those products. He says the miners are quiet and orderly, and have their own police officer, mode of justice, etc., but that they want civil government very much. The present insecurity is keeping out capital that would otherwise be available in developing the rich quartz mines. One proposition, he says, that is much talked of, is petitioning for the annexation of south-eastern Alaska to Washington Territory—all other prayers for civil government having thus far failed.

Mr. Wm. Moore, who has been in Alaska about four years, was also the victim of an interview by us. His enthusiasm over the future of that country is unbounded. He declares it wonderfully rich in all the precious metals, while its furs and fisheries would supply the world. He owns the Monitor quartz ledge in the basin near Juneau, and favored us with a great mass of information which want of space compels us to lay aside for a future article. Both these gentlemen will remain here and at Victoria all winter, when they will return in advance of an unprecedented migration of hardy, adventurous spirits in search of the untold wealth that but remains to be extracted from earth and stone.

THE Hon. J. M. Vanderbilt, leading merchant at Ft. Wrangel, Alaska, has offered Mrs. McFarland a good house, free of rent, for her "Home," as a contribution from his wife. The Alaska Mission has been indebted to Mr. Vanderbilt for many facilities from its commencement. 1878

REV. JOHN G. BRADY, of the last class of Union Theological Seminary, is now on his way to Alaska. The Board of Home Missions has also commissioned Miss Kellogg as missionary teacher for Sitka. The Church is beginning to realize their responsibility toward the tens of thousands of immortal souls in Alaska, who have never heard of a Savior. 1878

Young ministers of ability are offering themselves for the work, and special contributions are being sent to the Board for that field.

THE death of Philip McKay, the Tsimpshecan Evangelist, mingles sadness with our rejoicing at the onward progress of the Church in that distant section of our land. When the Church forgot Alaska and its dying thousands, and church-members sat at ease in their pews—indifferent to the fate of its population—God, as if in rebuke of the Church, raised up from among that degraded, fetish-worshipping people, Philip McKay, to whom he gave such power, that hundreds of his countrymen hung on his preaching, and scores were brought to Christ. The effect was secured. The Church woke up to the claim of Alaska. But with the waking, God removed the instrument. But a few months since his name was spoken by the Church—and now he is not. What a change from the barrabara of Alaska to the "mansions of glory!" Will our young

ministry hasten to lift up and bear forward the flag dropped from the hands of our fallen standard bearer?

PHILIP MCKAY, in dying, committed his wife to the Savior and the Church whose mission he established. Would it not be appropriate and just for some lady, or ladies' society, to pledge the moderate sum necessary to clothe, board, and educate her at the mission school at Wrangel until she was prepared to be an assistant teacher?

Two thousand five hundred dollars has been sent in for the Alaska Home, leaving \$1,000 to be yet contributed to make up the \$3,500 needed. 1879

THE Ladies' Society for the Southwest has pledged the support of Miss Dunbar as their missionary to Alaska.

A FAREWELL missionary meeting was held on Sabbath evening, June 9, at Parkersburg, W. Va., to bid "God-speed" to Rev. S. Hall Young, who was leaving for Alaska. 1878



## HOME MISSIONS.

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**Alaska.***News from our Hydah Mission.*

The following letter, received recently from Mr. James C. Chapman, gives the latest news from our Hydah mission.

On the 25th of August Dr. Jackson left me in charge of the mission. The Indians appeared very glad that after so long a time you had sent them a teacher, and very anxious for a minister and Christian workers. Chief Schootka was willing to give us the use of his house for a school-room until we build. I accepted his hospitality and began work at once, asking some of the smart-looking Indian men to go to Klawack for a canoe-load of things that were left there for the mission. They hesitated in regard to pay, but when I told them that the Lord would certainly pay them in a way we might not now understand they agreed to go without saying anything more on the subject, provided I would go too. We had not gone far when we fell in pursuit of a sea otter, which one of our men shot. The skin was sold for \$100, and furnished a good illustration of the truth I had told them. We reached Klawack on the 27th, and the following day, Sunday, the 28th, we had a most pleasant and profitable meeting, several tribes being represented. Several white men also were present. Matthew, a Fort Wrangel Indian, a member of the Rev. S. H. Byng's church, made an address and a prayer in Chinook that were most admirable. We returned on the 30th, and the next day went into the woods to cut planks to fix up for winter. With the material we collected we extended our floor over the fireplace and built on a room for myself. This material I have to return when we have a mill. Just at this time the United States Surveying steamer S. S. Hassler arrived, which was a most welcome sight. Captain Nichols and his party remained a week, and after surveying and making the necessary soundings informed us there was no difficulty in any vessel coming into our bay and finding good shelter and anchorage. We also find a good beach, with four small streams of water, which with a little ditching might be brought together so as to make a good mill site. The timber—

hemlock, spruce, red and yellow cedar—is better than the average in Alaska. Captain Nichols tells us that four vessels have been through this passage already. I visited the Hassler with a canoe-load of Indians. The officers treated them with great attention, playing for them on the piano and violin and showing them many new and curious things. On September 12th I began school with 35 scholars, and soon numbered 80. On December 1st the villages of Suynam, Koinglas and Klinquan joined us, so that we numbered more than 400 part of the time. I have taught them the Lord's Prayer, so that several can repeat it, and many will soon read quite well. The Bibles, charts and flag Dr. Jackson gave me have been most useful. The eagle over our door holds the flag in its mouth faithfully each Sabbath and during the holidays. On Christmas we decorated our walls with mosses and ferns, with pictures from the *Christian* and *Harpers'* weeklies. I told them I had nothing for them but a warm welcome and a little Bible talk; but they were perfectly satisfied. Usually we have service three times a day on Sunday, but during the shortest days we came together in the morning and remained while daylight lasted. During one of our meetings one of those most interested came forward and said that Jesus was knocking at the door. To satisfy him I went to the door, when he said that I did not go soon enough, that He had gone. Here is work for the minister, and I am glad to learn that the Rev. J. L. Gould is appointed to this place, and I think he will like his work.

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FORT WRANGEL, Feb. 6.—I left my Hydah friends with a sad heart, feeling I had done so little good; but coming here and visiting the church, the home, the schools, and seeing the great improvement among the children I am encouraged to hope my labors may not be lost and to make one plea for the Hydah Indians. Let the far-reaching arms of your Christian love and sympathy stay about us. We will not ask for the good things of this world, but only that at the last great day we may be known and accepted of Him who gave His life for us. I expect to return in a few days, and shall do the best I can until further orders.



This letter from one of our Fort Wrangel scholars is a gratifying evidence of the progress made by the Indian girls.

FORT WRANGEL, Alaska, Jan. 17.

MY DEAR FRIEND: I send these few lines to you to let you know that I am well and happy. We have a nice new home and we had a good time on Christmas. We had Christmas tree in the school. We have nice things from the tree. Mr. and Mrs. Young was there and Dr. and Mrs. Corlies, Mrs. McFarland and our teacher, Miss Dunbar, and a lady. The girls staid in the school-room. We sing and play, and after we go up stairs and we hung our stocking, and early in the morning we get up and we look—our stocking full with cakes, candy and nuts. On New Year we had a good time; we go to see our friend and we are very happy. The school-boys dress like soldiers. It was very nice to see the boys, and we have prayer-meeting in the different houses, and some time we go take walk with our teacher, Miss Dunbar, and we go to school every day. We have a kind teacher, Miss Dunbar. I wish you pray for me. On Tuesday we had a canoe ride. We have so much fun. From your friend,

KATIE ROCHESTER.

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Some time since a beautiful communion service was sent by our friends in Auburn, N. Y., to the little church at Fort Wrangel, Alaska. It will be a gratification to all to know from the following letter that it has been received.

FORT WRANGEL, Alaska, Jan. 25, 1882.

OUR DEAR FRIENDS: Last Sabbath we held our quarterly communion. It was a time of blessings. Four influential persons were received into the church by baptism, and the hearts of the church members were revived to more earnest life than ever. When the cloth was lifted from the table, pastor and people—all save Mrs. McFarland—were greatly surprised to see a beautiful communion service, graceful, chaste and rich, in which the elements were set forth. The love that prompted the gift found a response in the gratitude of the recipients, adding a joy even to that sweetest of all feasts, and in spirit we communed delightfully with the generous givers. The illuminated pictures, illustrating the life of Christ, have both pleased and instructed the

Indians and have been of great service to me. I am giving a series of sermons upon them every Sabbath morning, and use them also in Sabbath-school. The people unite with me in most hearty thanks for these favors and the many other tokens of kind remembrance of the Fort Wrangel mission. The Home, school, church and mission in general are in better condition than ever before.

S. HALL YOUNG.

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## Utah.

OGDEN, Feb. 22.

We are working on. Our school has greatly improved the last year; and though our numbers are not as large as we should like, yet it is cheering to see the progress some of our pupils have made. We have several Mormon children who have been with us from the first. One of my girls (not a Mormon) has recently confessed Christ. But one must learn from bitter experience and disappointment how to work in this country. You think you have secured a family. The children come regularly to school and Sunday School. The parents receive you kindly, but the "Elders" hear of it and immediately they are taken away.

A dear little girl, one of my pupils, died a few weeks since. Her parents had allowed her to attend our school and Sunday School for two years. She belonged to us; but when her father saw that she must die he sent for the "Elders" to lay their hands upon her. I was sitting up with her, and it was very hard to see those vulgar men pouring oil on her dear head and praying with her.

F. CAMPBELL.

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RICHFIELD, Feb. 24.

So many of my letters are lost or withheld that it is very trying. I have no doubt the most of them are interviewed at the post-office. The passage of the "Edmunds bill" will make a great change throughout the country. Still, if the people of the East think the polygamists are going to yield without a struggle, they





## "STARTING A SMALL BREEZE."

FORT BENTON, MONTANA, May 15, 1883.

*Dear Evangelist:* I have made a change of base since my last letter to you, and have journeyed north about two hundred miles. I am away up where some people (down East) say the blizzards come from. Now some folks would think it must be a terrible country, this being true. But they lose sight of the fact that blizzards, like many other things, good and bad, have a very small beginning. These blizzards are infants up here in the mountains, but when they reach the Dakota plains, they have grown and gathered strength, and by the time the States are reached, they are terrible.

Now I would like to start a small "breeze," and would like to have your help in the matter. I don't want to have it grow into a blizzard, for then it might do some harm. I would like to have it pursue a rather peculiar path across the country. Suppose it traverse the country along the Northern Pacific Railway, then on to Chicago and to New York, and then enter your columns. Then by a curious freak, unknown to scientists, suppose you cause this breeze to double back on its track, cross the continent and move up the Pacific coast, and strike Alaska.

But you ask, Why all this? Well, I have a fancy (perhaps Wiggins-like) that I see a cloud up there, a trifle larger than a man's hand, which is gathering over our Home Missions. I would like to blow the cloud away, lest it ruin our missions; and I don't want to create so great a storm as to injure either mission or missionary. On the other hand, I would feel very sorry if (like Wiggins) I had raised a false alarm, and so induced fear, created stagnation among the fishers of men, and obstructed the good work of saving souls. But you ask what kind of a cloud is it, and how and when did I fancy I saw it. Well, my telescope is THE EVANGELIST of May 3d, and the name of the cloud is rather a peculiar one—"Mail Routes in Alaska."

My wife read the paper before I did, and called my attention to the poor missionary's family "found in the last stages of starvation." We have been depressed in spirit somewhat, because there was sickness in the family, and we were out of money, and had no meat, no butter, no potatoes in the house, and because we are trying to live on graham flour until our quarterly appropriation comes. All these good things are to be had in town; but they are not for poor folks. Flour is seven cents per pound, meat twenty-five cents, potatoes five cents (\$3 per bushel), butter sixty to seventy-five cents, and eggs are seventy-five cents a dozen, *in the Spring of the year!* Then, too, we have been sleeping on the floor all these weeks past, because we did not have money enough to buy even a rough bedstead; and often we have not had so much as a postage-stamp. My wife remarked: "We are *not near* so bad off as that missionary's family in Alaska." So I read the article, and we talked it over, and concluded that it certainly was a hard, self-sacrificing life to be a missionary in Alaska. I entered into hearty sympathy with Dr. Jackson in his effort to give them re-

lief. But I told my wife that I was afraid he had made a serious mistake when he appealed to the Postal Department of the Government for aid and relief for our struggling missionaries. This mistake—if it is a mistake—is the cloud.

Shortly afterwards I read in this same paper "Does the Governor govern?" I called my wife's attention to it, and we compared the two. It is "an open violation of the Constitution of the State, which forbids the appropriation of money for sectarian purposes." What is? The "allowance of \$20,000 for the Catholic Protectory." But it is all right to get a postal service up in Alaska, because, you know, that is not for the Roman Catholics, but for the Presbyterians. We have not seen any second-hand reports, but have it direct from Dr. Jackson himself. Read that article of his again, and note these facts:

I. Dr. Jackson has, through Christian friends at Washington, obtained an appropriation to aid Presbyterian missions in Alaska. He states clearly why that star route was established. Thus: "1st. The missionaries are able to communicate with, and hear from, their friends. 2d. To secure fresh supplies of provisions at reasonable rates. 3d. Worthy Indians are furnished employment. 4th. The Board of Missions can keep informed of the progress of the work, and in case of special distress, afford prompt relief." Whew! This almost takes away my breath! We have had Star Route scandals, but this beats them all. This one was established in order that the mission posts need not be abandoned, or in order to further Presbyterianism.

II. Dr. Jackson states that he receives "no pecuniary advantage." I claim it would be all right if he did. Men are not in the habit of bidding on star routes unless they expect to receive some pecuniary advantage therefrom. But in this instance it is not a pecuniary advantage, but a Presbyterian; or if you prefer to have it—a religious advantage at the expense of the public treasury.

III. He states that this star route furnishes employment to "worthy Indians"; that the whole management of it is in the hands of "some one interested"—"missionaries" and "Christian Indians."

IV. We are told that two other offices are established, and the "public at large reaps the advantages." Now I do not want to stir up a "breeze" that will cool the ardor of our energetic, pushing Dr. Jackson; nor a blizzard that will freeze out our missionaries in Alaska; but this looks to me like an effort to hide the sectarian character of the whole transaction. Note the editorial comment: "A service to devoted missionaries and teachers at the far front, and to those under them." Is not this an appropriation of public funds for sectarian purposes?

V. Suppose those missions, missionaries, and converts were all Roman Catholics, would not we raise a breeze over "an open violation of the Constitution, which forbids the appropriation of money for sectarian purposes"?

VI. "Uncle Sam" wants to treat all his boys and girls alike in this matter, just as he wants



the public school system should reach all alike. But we don't want the Roman Catholics of New York to get any portion of the school funds for sectarian purposes, and so we ought to be careful how we try to advance Presbyterianism through the Postal Department.

VII. I am pleased that Dr. Jackson says that "the Mission Board is in no way connected with it." I am confident that the Board would not have done this very unwise act.

In conclusion, I will say that I hope we shall have no Star Route scandal grow out of this; and I hope that those whom God has blessed with an abundance of this world's goods, and indeed all poor Christians, will see the necessity of coming to the immediate relief of our missionaries in far-off Alaska. Missionaries are often obliged to squirm, twist, and contrive one thing after another, in order to make a church live, and learn to stand up. It is no wonder to me that very often our men should adopt methods that appear to others very questionable.

C. L. RICHARDS.

To our other work we have this year added Alaska. And where is Alaska? At the southern end of the Alexander Archipelago, with its hundred islands and its volcanic mountains, beautiful beyond description — its name, a corruption of Al-ak-shah, meaning, "the great land." And it is that great land which in 1867, with its native population of twenty-five thousand souls, was turned over by Russia to the United States. 1878

The Greek Church has maintained some missions there, mostly for its own people, but these were removed with its own population, and now that ten years have elapsed since the acquisition of Alaska, thousands are still growing up in ignorance and superstition, and yet it devolves upon the American Church, as a sacred duty which God has laid upon it, to take charge of this large native population, and give them the gospel of Christ along with secular education.

And what is being done; and what shall we say of the noble woman who found herself alone at Alaska, the first woman missionary, and the only missionary there? "I came," she says, "at four days' notice, with Dr. Jackson, and when he left, I was alone. There is a young Indian here from Fort Simpson, Philip McKay, the Tsimpseean evangelist, who was raised up from among a degraded fetish-worshiping people, to preach the gospel to his own people." But soon after Mrs. McFarland's letter, he was removed by death, and everything was thrown into her hands. "In addition to my school," she says, "I have to attend to the Sunday-school services, to visit the sick, and act as counselor to the Indians in all their troubles. As there is no law of any kind, nothing to restrain the people from evil doing, I am called upon to settle difficulties continually, and they

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are generally willing to abide by my decisions."

As we were the first to enter New Mexico, so we are now the first woman's society to enter Alaska, and to take the first missionary there, a woman. Mrs. McFarland, too, is a link to our earliest work in Home Missions, her husband having been the first missionary who went to Santa Fe, New Mexico, in 1866. And it should seem fitting that now she should come back to our care, as did Mrs. Menaul, at Laguna, who was our first teacher in the school at Santa Fe. Thus the chain, broken for a time, is again linked in their present work with us.

In addition to the schools and ladies under our care, we have also several missionaries, one of whom says: "By the way I travel, it is eighty-two miles from my most western to my most eastern limit." But from every one comes the note of encouragement. We may not then say, "There are yet four months and then cometh the harvest," but let us "Lift up our eyes and look upon the fields, for they are white already to the harvest."

#### Latest from Ala. ka.

Steamship Idaho, Capt. Carroll, arrived at 6:20 A. M. this morning, from Alaska. She left Sitka for Harrisburg Oct. 15th. Left Harrisburg Oct. 18th for Chilcoot at head of Lynn Canal, and left that place the same evening for Wrangel where she arrived on the 19th, and left on the 21st for Port Townsend.

The U. S. Revenue Steamer Corwin arrived at Sitka Oct. 13th from Kodiak, and proceeded to Juneau City. The Corwin reports that the Esquimaux at Point Barrow had discovered the remains of Lieut. Putnam, of U. S. Steamer Rodgers, who was lost on a floe of ice. The natives, with their usual superstition, refused to touch the dead body and it was not recovered.

The Corwin also reports that the body of Bishop Nestor, of the Russian Church, who was lost on the steamer St. Paul, on her last trip down, some two months ago, has been recovered by a party of natives who were sent from the Island of St. Michael. The natives assert that they were directed to the body of the Bishop by two angels who hovered over it in the shape of two white albatross, or goneys.

The steamer Rose, Capt. A. T. Whitford, struck a rock in Sitka Harbor, and punched a hole in her bottom. She is being repaired at Sitka.

On the night of the 17th, while the



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Idaho was at Harrisburg, a miner named McGuist fell overboard and was drowned. His body was recovered and buried.

The Idaho passed the Corwin on the night of the 18th, about 30 miles from Harrisburg where she was bound with Major Morris, Collector of Customs, on board on a tour of survey of his district.

The report of the Juneau mines is excellent. One hundred and fifteen thousand dollars of gold have been taken this season, mostly during the month of October. At Treadwell's quartz vein on Douglass Island, fifty-four thousand dollars of gold have been taken out during this season.

A foot of snow fell in Juneau basin the early part of October, but it has all melted. Fresh snow is seen on the mountains, and the miners are getting into their winter quarters. The weather north is cold and disagreeable, thick, with strong south-east winds.

Among the passengers by the Idaho is Charles C. Bartlett, Esq., of this city, who comes to renew his stock for the Spring campaign in the Juneau mines, and who will remain here till the season open in Alaska. He has left his store in charge of a clerk.

Capt. Wm. Stevens, of Wrangell, came on the Idaho and has gone to Victoria for medical advice. He has been suffering for several weeks from a violent attack of erysipalis in the head.

The Idaho brought 80 passengers, cabin and steerage, but we were unable to ascertain their names. She brought \$125,000 in gold dust, an evidence that the gold mines of Alaska have a real, lasting value. She left at 10 A. M., for Victoria, and we understand will proceed from there direct to San Francisco.

#### **FORT WRANGEL, ALASKA.**

Here we have been two weeks without rain—a constant succession of bright, sunny days. This good weather has been improved in clearing and grading the site for the mission buildings, to the facilitating of which Dr. Henry Kendall has given daily personal supervision. His visit to this distant section of the Home Mission field will exert a very great influence for good, both upon the present and future of the mission. It has given him an opportunity of studying the peculiarities of the field, and gaining information by which the Board of Home Missions can act intelligently in the enlargement of the work. This is the more important, as the mission at Fort Wrangel is but the first of a series

extending across this great land. His observations and statements will also greatly influence the public sentiment of the denomination in favor of the work in this section. His visit has also greatly encouraged the people. No late event has so favorably impressed the Indians at Fort Wrangel as this visit of Dr. Kendall. Of commanding personal presence; one of the Secretaries of a Board that has its thousand men stretching from Alaska to Florida; coming from the shores of a distant ocean to inquire after their welfare; bringing the money to erect the Girls' Industrial Home, it is no wonder that the Indians recognized him as the Great Chief. One after another of their chiefs and leading men called to see him and express their pleasure at his visit; one with great earnestness remarking that he had not slept all night for joy. The missionaries, too, hailed his coming with delight. His large experience and wise counsels solved for them many a knotty problem. His patience and kindness in entering into the details of their difficulties and trials, his large sympathies, greatly endeared him to them; while his hopefulness encouraged their hearts, strengthened their hands, and stimulated them to fresh zeal in the work. Indeed, Dr. Kendall's trip across the continent brought fresh sunshine and new courage to many homes. At Salt Lake City, in California, and again in Oregon and Washington, the missionaries everywhere met him with the warm greetings of sons to a father. Discouragements were removed or lightened, new fields discussed, and enlarged plans of work laid out. A trip of such a man is worth thousands of dollars to the Church, in the fresh impetus given to the work.

It is very desirable that our Secretaries should oftener inspect the fields committed to their care. Last summer, when the Presbytery of Utah was being turned out of its homes and schools by the Mormons, and dark days were upon it, Dr. Henry R. Wilson, of the Board of Church Erection, visited it. He saw the need as no letter could have impressed it upon him, and the result was increased aid and sympathy. The visits of Drs. Cyrus Dickson, Kendall and Wilson, in previous years, to Colorado, were each the entering upon a new stage of Church prosperity.

#### **Gardening.**

One beautiful morning, at the invitation of the owner, Dr. Kendall and myself went up the beach about a mile to see a vegetable garden, recently opened up by Mr. Davidson. There we found, what we had already seen in the gardens of Rev. Mr. Young and Col. Crittenden, in the village,



lettuce, radishes, peas, turnips, cabbage, potatoes, celery, cauliflower, carrots and parsnips, growing luxuriantly. Off of a few feet of ground, which is now covered with cabbage, Mr. Davidson had already sold this season \$13 worth of radishes. Timothy and clover grow in profusion, and red-top from four to six feet high. Prof. Muir, State Geologist of California, botanist and naturalist, who is acquainted with the *flora* from Canada to the West Indies and now with us, says that he has seen no such rank growth of ferns and grasses outside of the tropics.

There are many hundreds of acres that, if once cleared and drained, would make valuable farms. The Indians are more and more turning their attention to gardening, and last season sold three tons of potatoes and turnips to the stores at Fort Wrangel, beside retaining an abundant supply for themselves.

Near Mr. Davidson's garden are some curious sculptured rocks.

We also saw an Indian stretching his canoe, having hollowed it out until the shell was of proper thickness. He had partly filled it with water, which, when we came upon him, he was heating by throwing in stones heated in a fire near by. The hot water and steam so softened the wood that the sides could be pushed out by cross sticks to the desired breadth at the center, and tapering toward the ends in lines of beautiful symmetry. It is then finished off with a highly ornamental figure-head, and the bulwarks strengthened by a fancy covering-board.

#### Cremation.

At the upper end of Mr. Davidson's garden we saw a white sheet stretched between two poles and looking as if it might be intended for a scare-crow. Upon inquiry we found that it contained the ashes of a boy that was drowned the week before. His friends had promised Rev. Mr. Young that it should have a Christian burial. But during Saturday night they took the body up the beach, and early Sabbath morning burned it, the charred wood still remaining.

Several large dry sticks were laid side by side upon the beach. Upon these was placed the body of the boy. Other sticks were piled over the body and the whole set on fire amid the wails and superstitious incantations of hired mourners.

In about an hour the body was consumed. After the fire had cooled down, the ashes were carefully gathered up, and placed in a basket until a suitable box could be carved for their permanent preservation. When all was ready, an old Indian woman, bowed down with age and

infirmities, took up the basket and started for a pine-tree, which had previously been selected for the purpose. She was followed by the mourners and friends with bowed heads and loud wails of sorrow. At the base of the tree two poles, about eight feet high, were driven into the ground two feet apart. The basket containing the ashes was tied between these poles, and a muslin bag, like a large pillow slip, pulled down over the poles and basket and closed at the bottom. On the outside of the sheet is sometimes rudely painted a face, through which the spirit of the departed is supposed to look out upon the bay.

Morning and evening the parents of the boy come out from their hut, and turning their faces to the north utter loud cries of distress. And this will be kept up for months, for they have never heard of the great Comforter, who alone can comfort sorrowing hearts. Those whose bodies are burned are supposed to be warm in the next world and the others cold. They believe in the transmigration of souls from one body to another, but not to animals. And the wish is often expressed that in the next change they may be born into this or that powerful family. The funeral ceremonies of chiefs often last four days. If slaves are then sacrificed, it relieves their owners from work in the next world. Dead slaves are often cast into the sea. At the funeral of chiefs the traditions and history of the tribe are rehearsed. If these ceremonies are not conducted properly, the water of death swallows up the departed soul, or it is lost in the forests. But, if conducted properly, the chief of the gods speaks the word and the water of death is small, and the soul is carried to a place of rest or forgetfulness. Then after a long time it comes back to some descendant on its sister's side and lives another life. To such superstitions these people are bound, body and soul. And to rescue them from this, ameliorating and elevating their condition in this life, and presenting to them a glorious immortality through the crucified and risen Savior, is the work of the Board of Home Missions.

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Rev. Dr. Sheldon Jackson, the pioneer missionary bishop, and the most appreciative admirer of Alaska, has had a contract for the first mail route in that distant territory awarded to him. It extends from Haines to Juneau, a distance of 105 miles, and the mails will be carried monthly by canoe. Though a "Star Route," we think it is in safe hands.



# EXCURSIONS TO ALASKA

## "THE LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN."

**D**URING the coming summer THE PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP COMPANY will conduct a series of excursions to Alaska, and points of interest along the coast. One of the large and elegant steamers of this line will leave San Francisco about the first days of June, July and August, for Alaska, touching at Astoria and Portland, Oregon; Victoria and Nanaimo, B. C.; Port Townsend, W. T.; Wrangel, Sitka and Juneau, Alaska, returning to San Francisco, making the round trip in twenty to twenty-five days. The accommodations on these steamers are unsurpassed for comfort and luxury. The table will be equal to that of any hotel in the world. Meals and berths will be furnished without additional charge. There will be excellent music for dancing and promenading, and no pains will be spared to make the trips enjoyable and entertaining. Passengers will have the liberty of stopping off at Portland, and making side tours up the Columbia and Willamette Rivers. Tickets for these side tours will be sold excursionists at 40 per cent. less than regular rates, and same reduction will be made for side tours in Puget Sound.

Excursion tickets will be good on regular steamers, from San Francisco to Portland, giving passengers ample time to make the tours of the Columbia and Willamette, and return to Portland, in time to meet the Alaska steamer. Tickets will also be good from Portland, either by the Alaska steamer, or by river steamers to Kalama, thence via Northern Pacific R. R. to Puget Sound, and thence by steamer to Victoria, meeting the Alaska steamer at latter point. The trip will be made largely through inland seas, thus avoiding sea-sickness, and detours will be made up unfrequented arms of the sea, for the purpose of viewing the grand icebergs and glaciers for which this country is noted.

These excursions offer unequalled opportunities to visit this truly wonderful region, and the trip can not fail to be an interesting one throughout. Commencing with the picturesque coast scenery, from San Francisco to the mouth of the Columbia, the beautiful views along the banks of the Columbia and Willamette Rivers, the magnificent scenery of the Puget Sound region, the novel trip through the inland seas, the mountains, glaciers, icebergs and wonderful scenery of the "Land of the Midnight Sun," all combine to make a trip to be enjoyed and remembered.

Cost of tickets for the round trip, San Francisco to Alaska and return, \$125; Portland to Alaska and return, \$95. These rates include berths and meals on excursion steamer. Passengers making side tours on river and sound steamers will have to pay extra for berths and meals, 50 cents each.

Accommodations on the steamer will be secured on application to the undersigned, with a deposit of \$20.00. In this connection would say that it is advisable to secure accommodations as early as possible, as only a limited number can be taken. For further information, apply to

**JOHN MUIR,**

Sup't of Traffic,

PORTLAND, OREGON.

**A. D. EDGAR,**

General Eastern Agent, O. R. & N. Co.,

52 Clark Street, CHICAGO, ILL.

ALASKA is to have an Archbishop of the Greek Church. The Emperor of Russia has sent to this country Bishop Nestor, the newly-appointed Russo-Greek Bishop of Alaska and the Aleutian Islands. He was accompanied by Rev. Mr. Herman and Mr. Alex. Kaup, of his suite. Bishop Nestor is the only Russo-Greek Bishop in the United States, and will make his headquarters in San Francisco, where there is a Russo-Greek Church. He will visit Alaska and the Aleutian Islands once a year. He wears the full dress—cap, robes, etc.—of a bishop, and having a long gray beard and being a venerable looking man he naturally attracts a great deal of attention. 1879

## Alaska.

Shall the faith of the Indian "Kakee" be in vain, because of our unbelief or lack of zeal? His words, given in a recent missionary letter, are as follows:

We very much wish a missionary and teacher. On no account will we turn our hearts away from them. Formerly we thought white men were all bad; now we know some are not. . . . I trust your promise to send teachers. I believe the teacher will come as sure as if I saw your canoe at my village.

There are four points in Alaska at which it is desirable to establish mission-stations. The success at Fort Wrangel should inspire us to attempt greater things. While we sleep the enemy are sowing tares. It is reported the Mennonites are attempting a settlement at Sitka, and the Greek Church is also trying to regain some of its olden power. Who will send in the money needed in order to turn this wing of our country in the right direction? The Board of Home Missions is left by the Church too deeply in debt for us to take up any new claims, unless the "supplies" are given or pledged.

A NEW stern-wheel steamer is to be placed this season by the Western Fur and Trading Company, on the Yukon River, Alaska. 1879

ALASKA is coming to the front. Mr. George Wardman has been sent there as the special correspondent of the *Pittsburg Dispatch*, and Mr. T. B. Stenhouse for the *New York Herald*. 1879

REV. JOHN G. BRADY returned to Sitka by the May steamer.

It is expected that Rev. H. Kendall, D.D., and Rev. Sheldon Jackson will sail for Alaska on the June steamer. Rev. A. L. Lindsley, D.D., of Portland, has been invited by the Board of Home Missions to accompany Dr. Kendall. Drs. Kendall and Jackson have been officially requested by the Hon. John Sherman, Secretary of the Treasury, to send him a report of the condition of the people in Southern Alaska as the basis of future Congressional action with respect to that country, and to facilitate their inquiries the Secretary has issued instructions to the United States Revenue Cutter *Rush* to take them along the coast. Dr. Jackson will also look after the erection of the Home at Fort Wrangel.



# Weekly Argus.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF JEFFERSON CO

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1882.

## A Voyage to Juneau City.

LETTER FROM CAPTAIN MORSE, OF THE  
SCHOONER GRANGER.

EDITOR ARGUS:

Having just returned from a voyage to Alaska in schooner Granger, I thought it might interest some of your readers to see an account of the trip.

I left Port Townsend on the 28th of August last, and arrived at Fort Wrangel, Alaska, on the 30th of September when, having entered at the Custom House, I proceeded to Juneau City, the principal settlement of the Takoo mining region, where I arrived on Sunday, September 24th. On Monday, we commenced discharging a full cargo of merchandise belonging to Chas. C. Bartlett, Esq., one of the principal traders at Juneau. We finished discharging on Tuesday afternoon; on Wednesday we took in ballast, and sailed on Thursday, September 28th, for Port Townsend, calling in at Fort Wrangel and at Alert Bay, B. C., and arrived in Port Townsend harbor, October 21st, at 3 P. M., having been absent on the entire voyage 54 days only, which for a sailing vessel navigating the inside passage is a very quick trip.

### GOLD QUARTZ, MARBLE AND COAL.

While at Juneau City, I obtained specimens of gold-bearing quartz from the mines of Webster, Lockwood & Co., near Juneau; George Knowles, Munroe & Co., on Douglass Island; and from William Moore, near Lockwood's claim; also specimens of marble and coal presented to me by Mr. R. Willoughby, a pioneer prospector and miner. Both of these last-named specimens were procured on Admiralty Island, lying between Prince Frederick Sound and Chatham Straits. The marble is pronounced by experts to be equal to the best Italian, and the coal is a bituminous quality which cakes, and is excellent for blacksmith work and for making gas and coke.

These specimens of quartz, marble and coal may be seen at the store of Messrs. C. C. Bartlett & Co., of this city, where I should be pleased to have judges of such articles examine them, and pass an opinion on their merits.

My time being very limited I had no opportunity to personally examine the

gold mining operations, but I was informed that claims are clearing up every few days which yield from one hundred to fifteen hundred dollars each per week. Ditches have been brought in, and the prospecting is advancing rapidly and favorably.

October has proved to be the best month during this year, and much work has been done, and much gold taken out during this season. The exact amount I have not ascertained but believe it to be a large yield.

### PROSPECTORS FROM THE YUKON.

The day I arrived at Juneau, I met some returned miners belonging to a party which had been prospecting the country to the Yukon river. They pronounce the whole region to be gold bearing and predict that when it has been thoroughly prospected, it will be found rich and worthy the attention of miners. They found the climate of the interior very pleasant, warm and dry, with occasional showers, resembling the summer thunder showers of the Eastern States. This country lies between the head waters of the Chilcat river and the head waters of the Yukon river, and will be thoroughly prospected by this party next season.

### HEALTHFULNESS OF THE TAKOO DISTRICT.

I found the sanitary condition of the whole mining community good. There were no epidemics and no sickness that I could learn of except colds. My old friend Charles C. Bartlett, Esq., so well and so favorably known in this city and on Puget Sound, never was in better health. He has gained in personal appearance to such an extent that he will fill the size required for an alderman of the city of New York or London. His indomitable pluck, perseverance, and Yankee shrewdness has enabled him to establish one of the most successful business houses in Alaska. He is determined that, with his large wholesale stores in Port Townsend, he will furnish goods of every description to the entire mining community at as low prices as can be obtained in San Francisco.

### KIND FRIENDS AT WRANGEL.

After leaving Juneau City I reached Wrangel on the evening of the 10th day of October to clear for Port Townsend. I wish to acknowledge at this time the courtesy, kindness and generous hospitality I received at Wrangel from my old friends, Wm. King Lear, the pioneer merchant of Wrangel, and Mr. William Woodecock, the genial host of "Woodcock's Inn," the famous restaurant of Wrangel, as well as many others who



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seemed to strive to see who among them could extend the most favors to me; particularly at the Custom House where I was most kindly received and my business attended to with a dispatch for which I am greatly obliged to Mr. Young the officer in charge.

#### ALERT BAY.

I left Wrangel on the evening of Oct. 2d, and on the 12th, while in Johnson Strait, east of Vancouver Island, I encountered head winds and stormy weather, which induced me to run into Alert Bay on Cormorant Island, B. C. Here I found Mr. Wesley Huson, an old settler, and Mr. S. A. Spencer of Victoria, both Americans, who have joined forces and are doing a flourishing and profitable business canning salmon, and trading. The kindness and hospitality I received from those gentlemen will ever be remembered by me, and should I have occasion to pass through Johnson Strait again I shall endeavor to call at Alert Bay and exchange courtesies and spin a few yarns with those jolly pioneers.

I left Alert Bay the morning of the 13th, and continued on through Johnson Strait into the Gulf of Georgia where I experienced strong head wind and heavy weather, which prevented my reaching Port Townsend till the 21st where I met a host of kind friends glad of my safe return without any accident.

GEO. W. MORSE.

Consul Francis of Victoria, B. C., reports to the State Department that the twenty salmon canneries of that province aggregated, for the season of 1882, 235,000 cases, valued at \$1,175,000. Over 9000 cases were sent to Canada and Australia, via San Francisco. Francis says the salmon business on the coast of British Columbia and Alaska territory can be prosecuted with profit to an almost unlimited extent. It is established beyond a doubt that the coast of Alaska, should canned or packed salmon meet in the future a considerable demand in the States, could supply the same from this one of its inexhaustible resources.

**LADIES' HOME MISSION WORK IN ALASKA.**—Rev. Sheldon Jackson is at Ft. Wrangle, Alaska, establishing a Home Mission Station among the whites and Indians at that place. He was accompanied by Mrs. D. F. McFarland, who takes charge of the Mission School to the Indians. 1877

A native convert, called Philip, was secured from the Missions, in British Columbia, who will assist in the school. The school opened with thirty scholars.

#### ALASKA AS A MISSION FIELD.

In another column we publish an interesting letter from Japan. It is an appeal to our churches to accept that country as peculiarly an American and a Presbyterian missionary field. That insular empire does indeed seem to have been geographically and providentially assigned to the American churches, and we hope that the appeal of the three earnest missionaries will be heeded. Meanwhile as the inquiring eye runs along the lines of communication which must hereafter be opened between the United States and the Northern Asiatic powers, it cannot fail to discover by the way another missionary field which is still more clearly assigned to the Christians of this country. We refer to the Indian tribes of Alaska. Whatever differences of opinion may exist in regard to the physical resources of that country, it is certain that there are thousands of immortal souls there, and that we owe them prompt and efficient means of grace. Our American enterprise will not be slow to avail itself of all opportunities of getting gain from the fur-trading Indians along the coast and the larger rivers. Bad whiskey will find its way to Alaska, and every vice not already known to the natives will surely be introduced. But is it our mission to that people simply to "peel" them and to curse them, or shall the Christian Church be so prompt in its endeavors as even to forestall the tides of evil and supply the ounce of prevention ere it shall become necessary to furnish the pound of cure? It may be said that American Indians are not just now regarded as hopeful subjects of missionary effort. But, if this opinion be correct, it is because our influence as a nation has rendered these savage tribes what they are. It is sad to observe how different is the feeling now cherished toward them from that which stirred the hearts of Christians in the days of Elliot and Brainerd.

Among the various accounts which have been given of Alaska, those of Capt. Chas. W. Raymond, U. S. Engineers, may be reckoned as comparatively sober, and free from all *couleur de rose*. But even he advocates the cause of the Indians. According to his reports they have fared better thus far than those who have fallen under the influence of the United States. The Hudson Bay Company have dealt fairly with them in the main, and the Church of England missionaries who have labored among them in connection with that Company have met with a good degree of



success, so far as their efforts have extended. We quote below some portions of Capt. Raymond's account, closing with the hope which he expresses that American Christians will not fail to recognize the responsibility laid upon them. Who will look after Alaska? Is it not a favorable field for the Presbyterian Board?

The tribes about Fort Yukon are the finest Indians that the writer has ever met. The women are virtuous; the men are brave, manly, intelligent, and enterprising. Their clothing is of moose skin, with the exception of a few articles which they obtain by trade. They fish little, and are almost exclusively engaged in hunting the moose, which abounds in their parts, and in trapping for skins. In trading they demand useful articles; but beads, bright-colored scarfs, and other articles of ornament are also highly valued. All the dealings of the Hudson Bay Company with the natives seem to have been fair and equitable. The Indians are much attached to this Company, and do not look with favor upon its departure.

Towards Christianizing and civilizing the natives of Northern Alaska little has been done. On the coast and on different points on the lower Kvichpak, the Greco-Russian Church has had for years its establishments and its priests; but no traces of a good influence can be perceived, beyond a few Indians who have been in the service of the Russian Company. But if this Church has done little toward Christianizing these people, it must nevertheless be confessed that there is among them a most remarkable absence of superstition. They seem to present the astonishing appearance of a people without a worship and without a God. At Fort Yukon the case is far different. Here for some years past there has been a missionary of the Church of England. But little has been accomplished towards educating the natives, yet the effect of Gospel teaching here is very striking. By tradition these people seem to have been warlike and quarrelsome; but of late years they have lived at peace with the whites and among themselves. The missionary preaches to them, and they worship in their native tongue. Of course much superstition still mingles with their religion; but the influence of the Gospel so far as it has extended has been for their great good. The Hudson Bay Company has ever pursued an enlightened policy with regard to the encouragement of missions among the Indians with whom they trade. Now that they are about to withdraw from our territory, the English mission will doubtless be broken up. It is earnestly to be hoped that while American enterprise is so rapidly developing this new country, American Christians will not permit its people to relapse into heathenism.

#### ANOTHER ALASKA STEAMER WRECKED.

PORT TOWNSEND, Washington Territory, May 4.—The United States steamer Adams has just arrived from Alaska, bringing news of the wreck of the steamer Eureka, in Peril Straits, while on her way to Alaska. The Deputy Collector at Wrangel reports all the passengers, 29 in number, saved.

#### THE CLAIMS OF ALASKA, AND THE INDIANS IN ITS FORESTS.

From the London (England) Illustrated Missionary News.

There is a vast country in Northwest America, purchased in 1868 from the Russians by the United States, called Alaska. The friends of missions, as well as the American Congress, have recently begun to awake to their responsibilities arising from such a possession. The fact is that no man has been safe in exploring Alaska; and that, in the interior wilds of the country, the native Red Indian tribes have not yet been visited, nor have they been taught to respect the white man's knowledge and power. These are the reasons given why everything in this territory is said to be "in a state of confusion worse confounded." It is hoped that adequate steps will soon be taken to organize and govern this enormously rich and naturally beautiful land.

The woods and forests of Alaska, in which the native savages and other uncivilized tribes are found, are of immense value on account of their timber. Their timber resources, in fact, appear to be almost inexhaustible. One of the most valuable woods in all America for ship-building grows here—the yellow cedar. The white spruce is also abundant. Coal and iron are plentiful in the country; large quantities of copper, silver and gold are also mixed with its quartz rocks. Its fisheries are simply enormous. The run of salmon in the bays and estuaries, among the islands, is unprecedented. It is not uncommon to catch 7,000 salmon at a single haul of theseine. The large king-salmon caught at Cook's Inlet will weigh from seventy-five to 125 pounds; two or three of them will fill a barrel. To all this we may add the fact the mighty Yukon River, which flows through Central Alaska, is thirty miles wide as it debouches into the sea with its deltad mouths. It is one of the wonders of the world, and is mightier in all respects than the Amazon. Surely selfish motives, as well as those derived from the command of the Lord Jesus, should lead civilized Christians to convey the gospel to the interior tribes of such a country as Alaska!

Rev. Sheldon Jackson, D.D., editor of the *Rocky Mountain Presbyterian*, Denver, Col., is doing a good work for Alaska. His experience and those of other missions proves that such wild Indian tribes as those of Alaska, through the power of kindness, and a preached gospel, may be brought to abandon their superstitions, and to love the white man



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and his Savior too. Why, then, should the wild men of the central forests of Alaska be neglected?

On the Naas River, near Alaska, hundreds of the natives are leaving their heathenism and coming to the Savior. The Church should greatly enlarge the work in that section; the reapers should be sent where the harvest is ripe. The reports from both Canadian and American sources all agree that the native races of the far North are prepared in a wonderful manner for the coming of the missionary. Let the Church listen to "the sound of a going in the tops of the mulberry-trees." The Lord is in advance; let the Church arise and follow.

### Indian Women of Alaska.

Thirteen Indian mothers in Alaska confessed to a missionary that they had killed their infant girls to save them from the misery which they themselves suffered, and which is the lot of all women in most of the Indian tribes of that great country. These Indians, to the number of 30,000, are accessible to missionaries; their country is under our national flag; life is safe among them; some of them are very earnestly desirous of religious instruction. Nevertheless, our Church, through lack of means, has no missionary there. Our Presbyterian brethren have a few men and women laboring in a section of that field with success. Ought the Methodist itinerant to be long absent from a sphere which is particularly adapted to circuit work? Let him whose heart responds "no," add somewhat to his missionary contribution, so that our Missionary Committee at its next meeting may be able to put Alaska on its noble list of mission fields.—*Advocate*.

THE Presbyterian Church was none too soon in occupying Alaska. During the winter an Episcopal Bishop has been looking over the ground, and now the Catholic Bishop of Vancouver's

Island is visiting Alaska, making a long tour through the interior, preparatory to the establishment of a mission, if it be deemed best. He gives an interesting description of his journey and of the habits of the Indians. He will remain for a while at Nulato, to determine whether that would be a good place to open a mission to the Indians. Nulato is on the Youkon, which is a grand river, 2,000 miles long, 600 miles from its mouth, where it is three miles wide.

DURING family worship, on Christmas morning, after the reading of the Scriptures, let the leader send one of the children around the circle to gather up the offerings of the family for the Home at Fort Wrangel. Then let the offering be laid before God in the prayer that follows, and a special petition be made that his blessing will follow it. Dec 1878

THIS in the hundredth anniversary of the discovery of Alaska, by Captain Cook. For one hundred years the population have been permitted, by American Christians, to live and die and go to the judgment-seat without ever hearing of the Savior. Let us mark the opening of a new century by hastening to furnish them the long-withheld gospel. As a step in the right direction, remember the Christmas offering.

MASKS.—An idea prevails among the Alaskians, that during their religious dances, the spirit, or "power," descends into a wooden idol, and that to look upon him as he descends is certain death.

SPECIAL attention is called to the letter of Rev. J. G. Brady, from Alaska. A correspondent of the *San Francisco Chronicle*, writing from Sitka, gives a very flattering account of the resources of that Territory. The fisheries, he declares, are among the most prolific. As many as 7,000 salmon have often been taken at one haul of the seine, some of them 45 to 100 pounds apiece. Those caught at Cook's Inlet are said to be the largest in the world. The Quartz mines, eight miles from Sitka, are highly spoken of. Already ten well-defined ledges of gold-bearing quartz have been discovered and eight mines located. These ledges have been traced for three miles. A Russian engineer gives, as his opinion, that these ledges will average \$32 per ton throughout, and California miners predict that Alaska will ultimately yield more precious metals than California and Nevada. 1878

Rev. Dr. Sheldon Jackson gave a most interesting account of Alaska and the work of its evangelization, in the Washington Heights Presbyterian church, last Sabbath morning. The Romance of Missions has few more remarkable narratives than the story of this work in our own country.



## "HOOCHENOO."

### Intoxicating Liquors and Licentiousness in Alaska

BY REV. JOHN BRADY.

The following facts, in regard to the manufacture of an intoxicating liquor, called "hoochenoo," will show how the natives continually learned evil only of the soldiers. This term, "hoochenoo," is a corruption of Kootsmoo, the name of the tribe of Indians, on Admiralty I., who were among the first of the natives who made and sold the new kind of liquor. They were taught the art by a discharged soldier who made his home among them.

Another soldier, who took up with an Indian woman of this place, who could speak English well, taught her how to make it. His name is given as Samuel Slawson. This squaw taught many others in the ranch how to manufacture the stuff, and it was not long before there was a still in every house. Some of the soldiers at Fort Wrangel made the liquor even in the guard-house, and when they had an opportunity they would go to some Indian's house to make it. All the Indians of Alaska know now how to make "hoochenoo." The effect of this liquor is extremely pernicious. While they are drunk they appear to be in a crazy condition. It affects the eyes, and the muscles around them are sometimes contorted. Some days the greater part of the ranch appear to be drinking and fighting. Many will come and sell their last blanket for molasses.

There is a man living here who has been trading along the coast in a schooner. He tells me that the Indians, as far as Copper River, know how to make "hoochenoo, and that every village has the necessary apparatus. "The evil that men do live after them," and let it be distinctly understood that the soldiers never buried any good in Alaska.

Mr. Dennis, the deputy collector of Fort Wrangel, has quite effectually broken up the hoochenoo business at that place. Some of our Christian Indians volunteered their services to help him search for the stills in the ranch. Several of the miners who were win-

tering there also made it. When the first raid was made fourteen cans were captured and destroyed. Some of the Indians have authority to search all the canoes which come in from the other islands and do their work effectually.

Some low whites have given Mr. Dennis more trouble than all the Indians together. However, he has gained the victory by his firmness, and the storekeepers have stopped shipping molasses. This evil, and many other petty crimes, which are of daily occurrence in this place and at Wrangel could be checked, if not completely squelched, if there were any civil authority to try cases. Since last January a year ago the country has been without any kind of protection to life and property.

Two hundred and fifty miners wintered at Wrangel this last season. There are seven stores there, carrying in the aggregate many thousand dollars' worth of goods. Wrangel is a depot for the supplies to the Cass mines. Fifteen hundred tons of freight were landed there last season.

The population of Sitka, outside the Indian village, is 340. There are nine stores. The government buildings have been left without any one to give them the proper care. Some of them are leaking, and the Indians and Russians have carried away the windows and other parts of several outlying houses.

Young Indian girls are sold at Fort Wrangel to the miners for so many blankets. One wretch committed such a crime upon a young girl there that he would condemn him to the penitentiary in an Eastern State for the rest of his life. This deed came to light through Dr. Hall, of Astoria, who happened to be in Wrangel, and who was called upon to visit her.

A MARRIED minister is wanted for Alaska. A young man of ability, tact and consecration can find there a wide door of usefulness. For particulars address Rev. A. L. Lindsley, D.D., Portland, Oregon, or Rev. Sheldon Jackson, Denver, Col. Inclose references.

1877



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FORT WRANGEL, ALASKA.

BY REV. HENRY KENDALL, D. D.

AUGUST 4, 1879.

Dear Dr. ———: Yesterday our missionary at this point, Rev. S. Hall Young, assisted by Rev. Dr. Lindsley, of Portland, Dr. Sheldon Jackson, of Denver, and myself, organized here a Presbyterian church of twenty-three members, the first Protestant church, I suppose, ever formed in this Territory. Eighteen of the number were Indians, consisting of several of the most influential chiefs of the tribe. The church edifice and the Industrial School building, including "The Home," are in process of construction, in which the Indians take a warm interest. Mrs. McFarland seems to have every qualification for her position, and is evidently the right person in the right place. She has a company of very bright girls in her charge, and when she enters the new building she will have room for twice her present number—and she has a list of applicants already waiting. Her new assistant, Miss Dunbar, has just entered upon her duties here with cheerfulness and hope. Mr. Young, the missionary, is evidently greatly beloved by the Indians, and thoroughly respected by the whites. Considering the short time since this mission was founded, we may regard it as well established and very successful.

Both school and church promise to be well filled when they are completed, and the Indians return from their salmon-fishing and berry-gathering to this place—their winter quarters. The school and the church have already had their influence among the people for good, and they are further advanced towards civilization than I had expected. They dress much better, their dwellings are much better, and they are much more given to honest labor, than I had supposed. I am told that they make the best hands on the steamboats plying these waters, because they are hardier than white men, and more accustomed to water, and less liable to the ill effects of exposure. I am also told that there are not less than 500 Indians in the Cassiar mines in British Columbia, and only accessible from this

point, a majority of whom belong to this tribe, who are reliable business men, and in that respect stand along side the white men. Two years ago, when the waters of the Stikine River were lower than usual, large quantities of freight were taken up the river by them in canoes. Not less than seventy-five boats, manned by five men each, were engaged in this business, and while it was possible for them to steal whole canoes and disappear, not a single package was lost. Every pound of freight reached its destination.

These people have long since abandoned tents, if they ever were accustomed to living in such. Indeed, the solidity and size of some of their ancient structures are worthy of the attention of the archaeologist. A few days ago we visited the old town or headquarters of this tribe, about fifteen miles down the coast, and long since abandoned. The ruins are overgrown by an almost impenetrable jungle. But we found parts of old structures still in place: posts of old dwellings four feet in diameter, and beams, from 50 to 60 feet in length, of the same size, still resting on the top of the posts. How such timbers were ever got into position without any of the modern appliances, is a mystery, and yet that was the ordinary mode of constructing their dwelling houses. In like manner joists, eight inches thick by three feet wide, all framed and fashioned by stone axes, were used for other parts of the frame, and the siding was composed of boards, if boards they might be called, of the same dimensions.

On the posts of their dwellings, outside or inside, or oftener perhaps on some large pillar in front of their dwellings, are carvings of bird or beast or fish—the "totem," or symbolic designation, of their different families or tribes. Longfellow says:

"And they painted on the grave-posts  
Of the graves, yet unforgotten,  
Each his own ancestral totem,  
Each the symbol of his household—  
Figures of the bear and reindeer,  
Of the turtle, crane, or beaver."

Instead of being *paintings*, they are elaborate carvings of grotesque figures; but the patience and skill exercised in making, with only such rude stone im-



plements as their own hands had fashioned, are marvelous, and indicate the native force of the people.

At the present time there is a strong disposition on the part of the Christian Indians, at least, to built better houses, and more like our styles—"Boston" houses, as they call them—and locate them near the church and school building, on a fine site overlooking one of the most beautiful bays, and well situated for drainage, which is quite essential in this watery land.

My visit to this coast has convinced me that the two positions we have chosen for our missions at Fort Wrangel and Sitka are the best we could possibly have taken; for, for 400 miles along this coast, from British Columbia northward, the race is one. Whether called Stikines, Sitkans, Chilcats, Kakes, Auks, Hoonas, Tongas, or any other of eleven different tribes or families, they all speak the "Thlinkit" tongue, and belong to one stock. Wrangel and Sitka stand realated to the entire Territory spoken of, as the *foci* of an ellipse. Besides, they are the two great trading-posts where all these Indians are accustomed to come to sell their furs, and obtain such supplies as they are accustomed to purchase from the whites. At either place they are likely to meet a missionary, and hear the gospel preached, or find school for the children. They at least mingle with people of their own race who speak their native tongue, and among them they can scarcely fail to obtain some religious ideas, or have started in their minds some religious inquiries.

A tall and stalwart young man, from one of these tribes, came into this place one day, and proceeded immediately to one of the stores, and said to the clerk, "Can you tell me who Jesus Christ is?" He was referred to the merchant, who sent him forthwith to the missionary.

The first day I was here there was pointed out to me a tall, well proportioned Indian, of a fine countenance, his long hair done up in a knot on the top of his head, and his body wrapped in a blanket. I was told that he was a "Medicine Man" and head of his village—which was somewhere inland from the Chilcot coast. He had never seen

a white man till he came to Wrangel on this visit. Three times a day he came to our religious services; every Sabbath he was here; he attended the mission school daily; he called on the missionary to talk about his own people and schools and churches. Have we not a friend in that man? Did not God

send him here at this time? These instances show how the people that come here may become missionaries to their own tribes throughout the whole coast. But what is more to the purpose, perhaps, is, if by the blessing of God teachers and preachers shall be raised up among this people at the central points, Sitka and Wrangel, they can go among all these tribes and tell, in their native tongue, all they have learned of Christ.

While these two points have the advantages spoken of, the natives here are terribly corrupted, both physically and morally, by contact with the whites. I do not mean *all* the whites, but many of them have no scruples about the sale of vile whisky to them, which is always a curse to the Indians, or in alluring them from the paths of honesty and chastity. For these reasons it has been thought by some of the friends of the Indians that we should establish two other missions, one in the Chilcot country, and another among the Hydats on the Prince of Wales Island both among powerful tribes, and far removed from the demoralizing influences that assail them in such towns at Sitka and Wrangel.

I ought to mention, however, that the Christian Indians in this place have organized a police force, by which and with the assistance of the Collector of this port, the public sale of intoxicating drinks is prevented. At Sitka, where an Indian had found access to a white man's whisky and had drunk himself to death, the Indians mulcted the owner in the sum of some hundreds of blankets that he was compelled to pay to the dead man's relatives. I think our legislators might take some useful hints from such an example.

I must not prolong this letter; but I hope I have said enough to show our many friends who are laboring and pray-



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ing for the missions in Alaska, that these people are among the most hardy and manly of the aborigines on the continent; and that what has been already done is bearing fruit which gives promise of much greater things in the future.

IF our churches had known the facts concerning this people, and the wonderful coast on which they live, missionaries would have been sent out years ago. The money spent in teaching and Christianizing these people will not be thrown away. "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled." This promise will surely be fulfilled to these people, for they are hungering and thirsting for more light. It would be a great wrong for the Church to neglect these people longer.

AND shall those souls be left to perish? My soul says no; I know you will say no; and I trust the Missionary Committee and the whole Church will say No! No!!

#### THE HOME AT FORT WRANGEL.

Last June, a few friends of the work in Alaska arranged to raise funds for the support of Annie, widow of Philip, our late zealous Indian Missionary in Alaska. It was thought the dying request of this faithful man, that the Church should care for Annie, should not be disregarded.

The first installment of money for this purpose has been sent to Fort Wrangel, November 14, 1879. The names of the donors are as follows:

Mrs. Matthew Newkirk, \$10; Carlisle First Presbyterian Church, \$5; Carlisle Second Presbyterian Church, \$10; Pomeroy First Presbyterian Church, \$5; Mrs. Firesmith's Bible Class, London, \$10; Julia McNair Wright, \$10.

Other funds for this purpose have been promised. The churches who have given the above amounts will notice this announcement.

JULIA MCNAIR WRIGHT.

The citizens of Fort Wrangle are very indignant at the Rev. S. Hall Young, who, in writing an article for a Presbyterian paper, calls the Catholic priest a Romish nuisance. Mr. Young is very much disliked by the citizens of Alaska, for he is always getting the different tribes of Indians into trouble with each other. Last month there was some trouble between the Tacou tribe and the Wrangle tribe, and through the meddlesome interference of Mr. Young it came very near terminating in serious trouble; but the deputy collector, Mr. Oakford, and Mr. Buck got things fixed up satisfactorily to all parties. The citizens of Fort Wrangle would feel very much relieved if Mr. Young and his family were removed thence.

SPECIAL attention is called to the letter of Rev. J. G. Brady, from Alaska. A correspondent of the San Francisco *Chronicle*, writing from Sitka, gives a very flattering account of the resources of that Territory. The fisheries, he declares, are among the most prolific. As many as 7,000 salmon have often been taken at one haul of the seine, some of them 45 to 100 pounds apiece. Those caught at Cook's Inlet are said to be the largest in the world. The Quartz mines, eight miles from Sitka, are highly spoken of. Already ten well-defined ledges of gold-bearing quartz have been discovered and eight mines located. These ledges have been traced for three miles. A Russian engineer gives, as his opinion, that these ledges will average \$32 per ton throughout, and California miners predict that Alaska will ultimately yield more precious metals than California and Nevada.

1878

#### People Going to Oregon, and Washington Territory.

As indicating the tide of immigration into Oregon and Washington Territory, 23 steamships of three steamship lines plying between San Francisco and Portland, landed at Portland, Or., during the month of May with 5170 passengers and 29,000 tons of freight, making a total since January 1 of 26,000 passengers and 112,000 tons of freight. This shows a large percentage of increase over every preceding year. The ships of the Pacific Coast Steamship Company have been compelled to increase their trips from tri-monthly to weekly between San Francisco and Puget Sound and Victoria. Traffic to Alaska has also increased so as to demand semi-monthly steamers with full cargoes. The recent discoveries in the mining regions of Northern Idaho and Montana have also served to attract settlers to these districts.

AN ABOLISHED PORT OF ENTRY.—Capt. Carroll, of the steamship Eureka, has received official information to the effect that Fort Wrangel has been abolished as a port of entry. In future vessels cannot clear from Victoria, Nanaimo, or other provincial ports for any Alaskan port except Sitka; but steamboats may clear from Victoria for a port on the Stickeen river. The Cassair trade will therefore fall to boats like the Western Slope, which, while perfectly seaworthy, have draft of water so light that they can ascend the Stickeen.—*Colonist*.



## ALASKA CURIOSITIES.

In Hartford, recently, Mr. J. G. Brady gave a lecture on Alaska, illustrating his discourse with a map, and also with a big trunk full of curiosities and products of Alaska. These he piled upon the tables—shaws, canoes, fishing apparatus, and a long string of curiosities, chiefly ornamented in high colors. A big potato and turnip were among the products. The wood included the yellow cedar—a beautiful fine grained article, light as white wood, but much superior for many purposes, and susceptible of a fine polish. Its color is that of a rather pale lemon.—The Russians had occupied Alaska for its seal fisheries for a century. Our coast line was pointed out on the map to the point where, turning north, it reaches Mount St. Elias, a mountain 18,000 feet high, and having huge glaciers. Beyond, it goes west to Behring sea. There is a coast line of 2,200 miles. The whole territory of Alaska comprises 680,000 square miles, by far the most extensive of our possessions, and reaching north indefinitely—to the pole, perhaps. Sitka and Fort Wrangle are down toward the southeast part, of the coast. Captain Cook sailed around there in the last century, and Cook's inlet bears his name. The Russians held a monopoly of the fur trade till we bought the country, in 1867. People have been taught that it was an insane purchase, and both Seward and Sumner have been blamed—but I think it is the finest possession we have, and it will yield a good return. At once there was a rush of specuiators to Alaska, and pre-emption claims were set up. The Government directed that such claimants be forced out, at the point of the bayonet if necessary—and the troops were sent up there. They have discouraged the settlement of the country. That is why so little is known of it. Alaska, has 1,100 islands. They extend along the coast for a thousand miles. All through that great distance steamers can go on deep but smooth water, all the way. The seal rocks lie off to the west, there, in

Behring sea. Up there, inland, toward the north, flows the great Yukon river—2,000 miles long, and almost as big as the Mississippi; it empties through a delta into Behring's straits.

The thousand islands along the southern sea shore of Alaska rise sheer, like rocky mountain walls, out of the sea, and large ships can sail right up to them; they are mountains rising up from the sea, and presenting the most magnificent scenery I have ever met with. The climate around Sitka is mild and not subject to the extremes you have here. Sitka is up north in latitude 57°, but it has no cold winter weather and no hot summer weather. Last winter the lowest point reached at any time was 27°; and winter before last there was no ice whatever. It is a very agreeable summer climate. In fact the southern coast, from Fort Wrangle to Sitka, is the most delightful spot on the globe. It is, climatically speaking, well balanced. There are no insect pests, no tormenting flies, no bugs. It is a paradise.

The coast scenery is absolutely magnificent. You can sail right up to it. I saw from one great place seven great glaciers pouring over the slopes of Mt. Fairweather. It is the testimony of those who have seen both, that this Alaska scenery surpasses that of the Alps or the Pyrenees.

The people have their good and their bad traits. First as to their bad qualities—they are great gamblers.—They will gamble away their last dollar or their last blanket. [Here the speaker exhibited their "gambling-sticks," a curious arrangement.] They will bet on canoe races—a man will bet his slaves, and lose all. I have seen this. Another of their vices is licentiousness, which dates from the arrival of the white races among them.

They are also fond of strong drink. And they progress—they now make their own liquor. One Lawson taught them how. He distilled a mash into rum by rigging up an oil can, putting in a "worm," and showing them how to do it. Our soldiers there will drink anything in the shape of liquor, and if they cannot get that they will drink



32  
Worcestershire sauce, and even red ink, for the alcohol it contains. An Indian woman imparted the secret of making rum out of molasses. At once a great demand arose for molasses, and it sold for 50 cents a gallon when I was there. Everybody seemed to be carrying a pail of molasses. I inquired into it and found what it was for. This rum-drinking has wrought great mischief among them.

Another bad quality of these Alaskans is their belief in witchcraft.—They cremate the bodies of most people—but there are a few persons who are possessed of a "spirit;" these are "doctors," and are treated almost reverentially. Their bodies are not burned. The "doctor" is marked from birth by some curl in the hair; that makes him sacred, and he can accuse anybody of being a witch or a wizzard—and unless the accused confesses, death is the penalty; while social ostracism follows confession. The "doctor" is also consulted in cases of sickness. One person whom a "doctor" had accused was saved, at Sitka, by the authorities sending word to the "doctor" that if the accused were killed, he, the accuser should also be hung.

The lecturer then spoke of the good qualities of the people. They are somewhat Christianized, are faithful, powerful, industrious workers, and can be depended upon; are faithful to contracts; work well in the salmon canning factories; can make the tin cans; have a love and faculty for the acquisition of property; are keener traders than we are; lay up provisions for winter; have a jolly time winters, and alone of all semi-civilized or nearly civilized they show their superiority by the social position of woman.

The woman is the head of the house. The children take her family name—not her husband's. Her husband cannot will the property. The wife and the unmarried woman also, does pretty much as she pleases. The husband does not make a bargain to carry a party up the river in a boat without asking his wife what the price is to be and so of all the furs they sell—she decides the price they shall ask.

A curious and ingenious arrangement for a halibut hook was exhibited. Also specimens of native boats. They cut down a big tree, burn and hew out the middle, fill it with water, put in red hot stones to boil the water, cover it over, let the wood become steamed, then spring it out, into the requisite flaring boat shape, by inserting stiff cross wedges.

The resources of the country include a great amount of furs, besides those of the seals, which pay \$3 each to the government, and the company is permitted to take \$100,000 a year. The timber is valuable—spruce, fir, and a beautiful yellow cedar bright and lasting. The fisheries are abundant, and superior to those of Newfoundland, etc., for which we pay such a sum of money and life. The abundance and size of the salmon is amazing; and cod and halibut abound.

A little fish like the sardine, but more delicate, is thrown ashore by the ton.

Bears and deer are plenty; the finest venison in the world is there, and the cheapest. Berries are in variety—even wild strawberries, and two or three varieties of huckleberries, birds of all kinds, even to the eagle and the swan.

Gold mines have been opened, and are doing well. Iron seems to be there in great amount. All that is needed to start Alaska on the road to prosperity and population is the establishment of laws. This, Congress should see to.

At last the government has taken a step toward the exploration of Alaska. Lieut. Schwatka, the Arctic explorer, has been detailed by the War Department to go there with two other officers and three privates upon an exploring expedition to last six months. He is instructed to ascend the Chilcat river to its sources, and then cross over the dividing ridge to the presumed source of the Yukon. This he is to follow to its mouth. The experience and energy of the head of this little party give assurance that valuable results will follow their investigations. It is true that this is a beggarly force to send out for the exploration of the resources of so vast and important a region as Alaska, but any effort to break up the corner on this great territory which has been too long enjoyed by the Alaska Commercial Company must be welcomed as good as far as it goes.



The haunts of the fur seal are limited. The principal ones in the northern hemisphere are included in the leases held by the Alaska Commercial Company. Their old haunts in the southern hemisphere have been abandoned owing to the improvidence of the hunters. The small islands of St. Paul and St. George lying north of the Aleutian group, and Robin's land—a small island lying northwest of the Kurid group in the Ochotsk Sea are the favorite rendezvous of the fur seal during the summer season. The island of St. Paul is about 13 miles long by 6 miles in breadth, and embraces an area of 21,120 acres, or about 33 square miles. Its highest elevation is 600 feet above the sea level. The island of St. George is ten miles long, and six miles broad, embracing an area of 17,280 acres, or 27 square miles, and its highest elevation is 930 feet. Both islands rise abruptly from the ocean on one side, and gradually slope on the other to the water's edge.

These islands were discovered by Gehrman Prybilov in 1776. They were then, as now, the habitat of the fur seal. To prevent the total destruction of the fur seal on the Prybilov group, (which is composed of these two islands,) the Russian Government, some twenty years later, leased the islands to the Russian-American Company. This Company enjoyed a monopoly of the fisheries until the transfer of the territory by sale to the United States. When the Alaska Commercial Company obtained a lease of the same territory from the United States, it purchased all the effects of the Russian-American Company, and thus became its successor.

The lease of the Prybilov group was granted to the Alaska Commercial Company August 1, 1870, to run for twenty years. According to the provisions of that lease, the Government receives an annual rental of \$55,000, payable in advance, and a bonus of \$2 62½ per seal skin. The number of fur-seals to be killed is limited to 100,000.

THE COMPANY'S TRADING POSTS.

The capture of the seals on the islands controlled by the Company, is a very simple affair. In the early part of the season, all the young males separate from the main body of the herd and take up their position on the higher part of the beach. Fears of the older males who establish their harems as close to the water front as possible, impels them to do this. Their segregation wonderfully facilitates their capture. These young males are the very animals the hunters want, the law inhibiting the Company from killing the females, and the furs of the old males being of very little value. When a flock of seals is needed the hunters get between it and the beach and the affrighted seals are driven before them inland to the slaughtering grounds like a flock of sheep. There they are struck on the nose with a club which kills them instantaneously. After all the valuable seals which the flock may contain are slaughtered, the worthless ones are allowed to return to the rookery, and the carcasses of the slaughtered are at once flayed. The entire work of driving, killing, flaying and pucking is done by the natives, of whom there is a total population of 260, on St. Paul Island. These natives are paid at the rate of 40 cents per skin. The Company provides them and their families with houses (a large number of neat cottages having been erected for them on each of these islands with lumber shipped from San Francisco, no wood growing on the islands, or convenient to them), medical attendance, provisions, clothing, schools and a church. A handsome little village exists on each of the islands.

In flaying the skins, considerable of the blubber of the animal accompanies it. This is essential for the preservation of the skin. If the flayer's knife touches the skin, the fur at that point comes off in the process of dressing, and the hide has to be drawn together to conceal the defect. Another peculiarity about the seal's fur is this—that foggy

weather, for which all fur islands are noteworthy, is essential. If, for instance, immediately after the killing of a seal, and while the blood of the animal is still warm, the overhanging fog should disperse, and the sun's rays fall on the animal, in less than ten minutes after the fur will come off. Sunny weather, which is a very rare thing on the islands, fortunately for the hunters is consequently avoided. The furs are packed in layers, inner side up, with layers of salt spread between each one. Each skin is subsequently rolled up into a bundle, and tied firmly with cords. In this shape they arrive in this city, where they are packed in barrels, the number

and weight being marked on each head and shipped overland for London via Philadelphia. Thus the record of every skin shipped by the Company, it is claimed by its officers, can be ascertained

without difficulty outside of the Company's own records, so that concealment of fraud (if attempted) in the number killed would be practically impossible.

The hunting or killing season lasts about forty days, when the young seals being able to take care of themselves in the water, the southern migration of the flock commences, and the island is totally abandoned. Notwithstanding the immense slaughter carried on each year, the seals, which number millions, are constantly increasing, the company farming them for self-protection, as it would a flock of sheep.

ASSESSMENTS LEVIED AND DIVIDENDS PAID.

The stock of the Alaska Commercial Company is divided into 20,000 shares. Since its organization two assessments have been levied as follows:

Sept. 27, 1870, \$10 65 1-5 per share	\$210,045 48
April 27, 1871, \$8 per share	160,000 00
Total	\$370,045 48

The enterprise, however, has not been an unprofitable one, for nine dividends, aggregating a very handsome sum, have already been paid as follows:

Dividend No.	Per share.	Amount.
Dividend No. 1.....	\$10 65 1-5	\$210,000
Dividend No. 2.....	10	200,000
Dividend No. 3.....	7	140,000
Dividend No. 4.....	10	200,000
Dividend No. 5.....	15	300,000
Dividend No. 6.....	7 50	150,000
Dividend No. 7.....	15	300,000
Dividend No. 8.....	10	200,000
Dividend No. 9.....	7 50	150,000

Totals.....\$92 00.....\$1,840,000  
Deducting from this sum the total assessments we have the following statement:

Dividends.....	\$1,840,000 00
Assessments.....	370,045 48

Net profits to stockholders.....\$1,469,954 52

The above amount covers seven years. It includes the earnings of all the Company's business whether on Asiatic territory, the Prybilov group, the Aleutian Islands, or the main-land of the territory of Alaska. The Company estimates its profits from its stations outside of the islands of St. Paul and St. George at two-fifths of the above amount, or \$586,781 81, leaving a balance of \$880,172 71 as the net profits from the fisheries of the Prybilov group.

TRIBUTE PAID TO THE UNITED STATES.

The United States has also netted a handsome sum from the Company's operations for the privileges it conveyed to it in granting a lease of the seal islands. Following is a statement of the payments of the Company to the Government since the lease went into effect:

	Tax on Skins.	Rental of May 1.	Total.
1871.....	\$168,296 62	\$5,480 75	\$173,777 37
1872.....	355,018 12	55,000 00	410,018 12
1873.....	271,901 25	55,000 00	326,901 25
1874.....	262,494 75	55,000 00	317,494 75
1875.....	262,584 00	55,000 00	317,584 00
1876.....	172,063 50	55,000 00	227,063 50
1877.....	64,092 00	55,000 00	119,092 00

Net profits divided by the Company from the seal fisheries as above stated are.....\$880,172 71

Deducting which leaves.....\$1,011,758 25

Which amount the Government has received from the company over and above its own profits, on seals taken from the Islands of St. Paul and St. George.

TRIBUTE PAID BY THE COMPANY TO THE RUSSIAN GOVERNMENT.

The Russian Government has also profited by the operations of the Alaska Commercial Company, as will be seen by the subjoined statement of the annual tribute paid for the lease enjoyed by the Company of Robin's Land in the Ochotsk Sea:

Year.	Tax on skins.	Annual rental.	Total.
1872.....	R. 58,636	R. 5,000	R. 63,636
1873.....	60,792	5,000	65,792
1874.....	62,544	5,000	67,544
1875.....	72,543	5,000	77,543
1876.....	53,920	5,000	58,920
1877.....		5,000	5,000

Silver Roubles.....339,440

The silver rouble is worth in our own coin 75 cents, which makes a total of \$253,830 paid by the Company into the Russian Treasury. The Company has consequently paid out thus far for its privileges the sum of \$2,145,760 99.



MISS M. J. DUNBAR, of Steubenville, is on her way as missionary teacher to Alaska. She takes the place of assistant to Mrs. A. R. McFarland, at Wrangel. 1879

MESSRS. G. W. LYONS AND J. V. MILLIGAN, of Allegheny Seminary, have offered themselves to the Home Board for Alaska. It remains with the Church to say whether they shall go. Who will pledge the funds? 1879.

REV. MR. BRADY has reopened the mission school at Sitka, Alaska, with Mr. Austin as teacher. Arrangements are made to accommodate sixty pupils. 29

Twelve years ago Nebraska had but five feeble churches. Now, through the labors of the Synodical missionaries (Robinson, Kerr, and Little), the five have expanded twenty-fold, and we have to-day over one hundred churches. 1879

REV. JOHN G. BRADY, of Alaska, will probably visit the East some time in the winter. If so we may look for some rousing Home Mission addresses. The work in that distant section of our land requires more men. 1878

NEBRASKA.—Hooper.—A church of eleven members was organized here by Rev. George L. Little, Synodical missionary, on Sunday, April 20.

Waterloo.—A church of fifteen members was organized, on April 27, by Rev. Geo. L. Little.

Riverton, our one-hundredth Presbyterian Church.—On Sunday, March 30, a church of thirteen members was organized by Rev. Geo. L. Little, Synodical missionary at this place. 1879

Orleans, Harlan Co.—A Presbyterian Church was organized, on the evening of April 2, with twenty-four members and three elders. A church building will be erected during the present season.

A FAREWELL missionary meeting was held on Sabbath evening, June 9, at Parkersburg, W. Va., to bid "God-speed" to Rev. S. Hall Young, who was leaving for Alaska. 1878

Two thousand five hundred dollars has been sent in for the Alaska Home, leaving \$1,000 to be yet contributed to make up the \$3,500 needed. 1879

THE Ladies' Society for the Southwest has pledged the support of Miss Dunbar as their missionary to Alaska.

FIRST PROTESTANT CHURCH IN ALASKA.—The first Protestant church in Alaska was organized on August 3d, at Ft. Wrangel, by Rev. S. Hale Young, assisted by Rev. Henry Kendall, D. D., Rev. Sheldon Jackson, D. D., Rev. A. L. Lindsley, D. D., and Rev. W. H. R. Corlies, D. D. Twenty-three members were received, eighteen of whom were Indians. Among the latter were several chiefs of the Stickeen nation.

THERE was a large Presbyterian mass meeting for Home Missions at Washington, D. C., on Sabbath evening, Jan. 19. The meeting was presided over by Judge Strong, of the U. S. Supreme Court. Addresses were made by Dr. Henry Kendall, Sheldon Jackson, pastors of the churches and others. Judges Strong, Harlan, Drake, many leading Congressmen and other officers of the Government, were present. 1879

WHO WILL TAKE IT?—A heavy gold bracelet—two inches by one and a half in the oval—value \$14 (a daughter's thank-offering for the gift of a Christian mother now in glory), has been left at the office of the Philadelphia Presbyterian to sell. Proceeds for the Girls' Home in Alaska.

## THE SITKA TROUBLES

Charges Made by the Whites  
Against the Redskins.

VISIT TO THE INDIAN VILLAGE.

The Intoxicating Hootchenoo and How  
It Is Manufactured.

POWWOW WITH THE CHIEFS

They Are Not for War--Want to  
Live Like Americans.

KAT-LAN'S THREAT.

Review of the Situation—A Possible Danger.

MAY 3, 1879.

THE CENSUS OF SITKA.

SITKA, Alaska, April 10, 1879.

In my former letter from this place I alluded briefly to the meetings of citizens called by Captain Brown, the commander of the Alaska, in order that he might ascertain from them personally what foundation there was for the recent excitement and



alarm of threatened danger which had called for citizens of the United States to petition the naval representative of a foreign government to bring a gunboat here for their protection. It was very clear from the beginning of those interviews that the captain was not an alarmist, or easily excited, and was very doubtful in his mind of the reported danger having been as grave as the public abroad had been led to believe, and he approached the subject coolly and deliberately. It was quite as visible, too, that the men who spoke in these interviews were acting in concert on one point at least. They had made up their minds that, whether there was imminent danger now or not, it was to the future advantage of Alaska in the development of mining, and to the security of the lives and property of the citizens of Sitka now and hereafter, that a government vessel of respectable size should float in the harbor and cruise through the inland waters around Sitka and Wrangel and elsewhere, in order to familiarize the Indian mind with the evidence of national power, which could protect the whites and Indians also in their legitimate business and punish the transgressors of law and order of either race. It was of no less importance and as urgent in their wants that, in addition to this exhibition of material force, a civil government of some kind should be established on shore for the punishment of petty offenders.

#### CHARGES AGAINST THE INDIANS.

During the interchange of sentiments, both in the Collector of Customs' office on shore and in the captain's cabin on board the ship, there was the utmost freedom in question and answer. The speaking citizens at both meetings made no charge of actual violence having been committed by the Indians, except in the killing of Brown about the latter part of December or the beginning of January—the exact date is unknown.

A young Indian, named Kat-Lan, is charged with having demanded extravagant payment for the services of five Indians who were drowned last summer while engaged by an American captain in fishing and hunting in Bhering Sea, or he "would have a fuss."

This statement, or demand, was arrogantly made to Colonel Ball, the Collector of Customs, and he ordered the insulting and threatening Kat-Lan and his friends out of his office. Subsequently Indians friendly to the whites and in their pay as detectives reported that Kat-Lan was breathing vengeance and trying to arouse others to join him and threatening to have the lives of white men if he did not receive the amount which he asked for. Another complaint was that while two Indians were held in custody, for the departure of the steamer which would take them as prisoners to Port Townsend, W. T., on their way to Portland, Oregon, where they would be tried for the murder of Brown, some Indians were determined to liberate them and make an attack upon the whites, and the massacre of the citizens of Sitka was on that occasion, so it is stated, only prevented by the intervention of friendly Indians who met them at the gate of the stockade nearest the Indian village and dissuaded them from their murderous intentions. On this occasion it was asserted that a friendly Indian in his devotion to the whites threw himself in the breach and was savagely cut across the body and subsequently died from that violence. I take pains to report these statements textually as they were told to Captain Brown by these citizens in my hearing.

#### THE MILITARY.

During these meetings there was a great deal of bitterness expressed against the military. The officers were charged with tyrannizing over the citizens and punishing unwarrantably the Indians who fell into their hands as offenders. One officer was signalled out and spoken of as having been "more than just," but the general conduct of the officers as a class, great and small, was extremely bad. It was said that they even went unblushingly into the houses of citizens asking for and almost demanding

forbidden commerce. The soldiers introduced whiskey among the Indians, made drunkards of the men and debauched the squaws till there was hardly an Indian of pure blood to be found in the country. The citizens were glad when the soldiers were taken away, and they wanted no more to be sent here.

#### HOOTCHENOO.

There was a general admission that the curse of the country was the manufacture and use of a stimulant called by the Indians "hootchenoo"—or, as pronounced, hoot-shay-noo. A discharged soldier, one Sullivan, is said to have gone among the Indians of that name, about fifty miles from here, and made liquor, which he traded to them, and from this first place of manufacture the fluid got its name of hootchenoo. Other persons are said to have manufactured this or some other kind of "fire-water" before Sullivan did, but there is nothing heard of among the Indians in Eastern Alaska but hootchenoo.

Among all the Northwestern Indians there are only two classes of white human beings that they are acquainted with—"King George's men" and "Boston men." The British are of the former, and with them the Indians were first acquainted. Some enterprising citizens of the Hub next made their appearance among them, and as they were not British they were called Boston men; and so all the American nation coming to the Northwest are called Boston men, and Bourbon, rye and other medicinal liquids of that character are by the red men designated "Boston whiskey." This is the popular accounting for the origin of "King George's men" and "Boston men," but I have an idea that the Indian had heard of that tea spilling into Boston harbor, and it is from what followed that historical incident that he divides the one English speaking race into the two classes as named. But, be this as it may, the Indians here are by no means unacquainted with "Boston whiskey." It is a familiar name. They have had plenty of it and they like it. While the soldiers were here and the natives were paid money for labor, wood, fish, venison, grouse, skins, wood carving and ornaments Boston whiskey was easily obtainable; now that they are impecunious their resort is to this miserable hootchenoo, which sends them crazy, and to its use is traceable whatever there was of foundation for the recent alarm among the whites.

#### THE INDIAN VILLAGE.

After the first meeting with the citizens the Captain, with Paymaster Guild, an interpreter, and your correspondent, went through the Indian village to see the chiefs and invite them to a powwow at the office of the Collector on the following morning.

The pilot of the Alaska was familiar with the Indians, and could speak Chinook with them without difficulty, and under his pilotage—this time on shore—we first called on the chiefs; afterward we entered here and there the lodges of the people. The Indians may have wigwams when they are on hunting and fishing expeditions, but there is nothing of the long poles, skin covers and twirling smoke ascending through the centre of the Indian home that looks so pretty in pictures. Their "lodges" here are wooden structures strung along the seashore, a little above high water mark. Several of them have two windows and entrance door fronting to the sea; the most of them have but a window and a door. There is nothing like a footpath in front; pieces of planks here and there serve to keep shoes out of the water and mud, but as there are but few feet covered among them the general tramp through "the village" is, to a civilized being, about as pleasant as a promenade would be through a dilapidated pigpen. Fortunately none of the visitors tumbled into the mud, but it took the closest attention to keep from that experience.

In the centre of the village an American flag floated proudly over a pretty good looking lodge. Over the door was lettered "Sitka Jack," a big Indian. Anna-hootz might properly enough be called the "chief,"



54 but these Indians seem to almost discard the word, and they don't speak much of tribes. Their order of life is in groups of families. All the one family of Smith acknowledge a Smith as their patriarchal head, and they look to him, probably, for wisdom and counsel. So with the family or families of Jones, Thompson, &c. Annahootz is a venerable looking gentleman, of pleasant countenance and having no doubt a large experience in life is looked up to, and when he might determine upon any particular course of action toward the whites, it is quite likely there would be a general concurrence in his judgment, though he could not enforce any arbitrary decision. The families preserved their individual liberty of action. Those interested in understanding this reported Sitka difficulty will readily perceive how "bad Indians" among them may do wrong things and escape punishment, and how that good Indians may be desirous of dealing fairly and squarely with the whites, try to preserve unbroken peace and yet be unable to succeed in controlling others.

#### AN INFLUENTIAL INDIAN.

Kluck-Kutch, a Chilchat Indian, has a sort of glory about his name—hereditary, I believe—and to him, if to any one, there is something like an acknowledgment of following. His chieftanship, however, is seldom seen. There is no Modoc Jack, Nez Percé Joseph or Sitting Bull about him. That kind of control is not around here at the present time and nowhere else that I can hear of. While alluding to this "Son of the Forest"—and that is a poetic license in no way justified here, for there is nothing but mountains and sea—I must say that it is extremely difficult to believe what is related of him, or indeed of anybody else up here. Two or three days ago an American gentleman of good education and with a knowledge of the world spoke to me of Kluck-Kutch in such terms of admiration that I thought I had found the veritable "Lo," of legendary greatness. He was represented as a stalwart Indian of great breadth of intellect. A native who walked the streets with drooping head, chin resting on his bosom and with the measured tread of thoughtful dignity—*à la* "Crushed Tragedian"—I was interested in him, as I am told that the first difficulty between the Indians and the whites sprung from a gross insult offered to him by a soldier. Kluck-Kutch, however, was not in the village, he was away among the Chilchats. I regret not seeing him.

#### "SITKA JACK."

We were invited into the lodge of Sitka Jack, a very large, square building, resembling a good-sized warehouse. The Indian has still a good deal of primeval simplicity about him, and sleeping apartments are not yet considered necessary to be partitioned or curtained. In point of numbers present of the other sex Jack might easily have been taken for a luxurious polygamist; but he inveighed against the institution—his better half was "sufficiently plenty"—and he, no doubt fully realized the fact, for she was the biggest Indian woman in the country, and Jack is by no means a Goliath. The lady, however, was the sister of the great Kluck-Kutch, and there was reflected glory for Jack there. Like all her sex here, when not walking, she observed the accustomed rolling up in a blanket and lying around, perfectly indifferent to everything and everybody. Her fattened, big face and peering, small eyes, suggested that there was no lack in Jack's larder and personal attentions. The other females—less favored—were at work on skins and furs, making caps and moccasins. The elder members of the family—male and female, sitting on their haunches—were toasting themselves before a big log fire in the centre of the building, and altogether looked comfortable, and probably were even happy and free of care, with no tax collectors to bother them and without interest in the election of the next President of the United States. The other aristocratic lodges that we visited were much like Jack's, and all of them very odoriferous with the perfumes of drying fish and pine wood smoke. Hearing so much from the whites of the

murderous purposes of the reds, I presume the other visitors felt like myself and let their eyes peep round into the nooks and corners in quest of weapons of war. I observed nothing that indicated preparations for hostilities. Everything visible seemed as if it had been brought to stay.

#### MAKING HOOTCHENOO.

As the pilot thought our visit would be incomplete without seeing the under strata of the Indian domesticity we followed him into a rather dingy lodge and saw pretty much what I have already noted in Jack's palatial residence, only not so clean, and we accidentally dropped upon a hootchenoo still in full operation, which the owner did not intend us to see. With innocent simplicity the squaw in charge of this miniature distillery thought she would conceal it by standing in front of it, but she had unfortunately not breadth enough. Even Indian ladies can blush and be disturbed when surprised in a doubtful business, and she exhibited quite a facial commotion. She at length stepped aside, and the simple machinery was revealed. In a corner, resting upon two small rocks, was placed a five-gallon coal oil can containing the "mash." Beneath the can was a slow fire and the mash was boiling nicely, the steam ascending through a small tin pipe, then horizontally passing to a barrel of cooling water, about four feet away from the mash can. Not being sufficiently skilled in pipemaking as to create "a worm" the Indian found a substitute in shaping the pipe with half a dozen or more acute angles. The cooling water in the barrel condensed the vapor in the pipe, and at the bottom out trickled the inspiring hootchenoo. The "pitcher" that received the dripping liquid was handed round; but there was no "sampling" on that occasion—its odor was sufficient for the Boston men present. It is said, and I expect it is true, that there is not a family of Indians in these inland waters ignorant of this distillery business, and who make hootchenoo whenever they have the material to make it with.

#### HOW IT IS DONE.

As this hootchenoo business is the most interesting feature of Southeastern Alaska at the present time, the source of all trouble, and is destined to command the serious attention of the Revenue Department and require from it rules and regulations, I may as well here tell of what it is made. The temperance people may also want to say something about it.

Captain Brown had not been twenty-four hours in Sitka harbor before he had heard of hootchenoo and had got hold of some prominent names identified with its manufacture among the whites. When he assembled the latter in the Collector's office to listen to their relation of troubles he knew some of them better than they thought he did. One who had a serious complaint to make against the Indians was waxing eloquent in his recital of how the red men had despoiled him of his garden produce and left him penniless. Suddenly and unlooked for the Captain broke out—

"Did you ever make hootchenoo for them?"

"No, sir, I never did. I don't know how to make it."

"Was there never any made at your house?"

"I would like to see the man who says so."

"I was only asking you if it had ever been made there; I understood it had."

"Yes; Indians came there and made it, and I couldn't prevent them."

"Quite so. I just wanted to get at that much."

Forgetting what I had been a listener to, I pulled my note-book upon this citizen yesterday and very innocently said to him I would like to know of what it was made and how it was manufactured. He was kind enough to enlighten my darkness in the following manner:—

"Take a bit's worth of beans, rice, potatoes, a few raisins, two bits' worth of hops or yeast and a handful of flour; pour a little water upon these ingredients, stir well, boil for an hour, then leave it till it ferments. When this is satisfactory, then put the quantity of molasses to be used—say a gallon—



with double the quantity of luke warm water, and the whole is stirred till it is thoroughly mixed, and left to ferment. When this over it is called "the mash."

As oil cans are easily obtainable they are generally used by the Indians, placed over a regular fire, and the manufacture proceeded with as I have already described. Whoever may be tempted to enter upon the manufacture of hootchenoo may find "a bit's worth" of anything at Sitka different in its proportions to that amount invested in the same article elsewhere; but, as I am not writing with the view of increasing the manufacture of hootchenoo and I paid nothing for the recipe, the ambiguity of proportions will have to be accepted as "near enough."

#### POWOW WITH THE INDIAN CHIEFS.

Before the arrival of the Alaska Captain Brown had made up his mind that he would give the Indians a fair hearing as soon as he possibly could do so, and the second morning was appointed for that purpose. Punctually at ten o'clock all the chiefs of the village were at the Collector's office. There were present of the whites Captain Brown, Collector Bull, Paymaster Guild, Captain Selden, United States Revenue Marine; Lieutenant Mitchell, United States Revenue Marine; Captain Colby, coast pilot; Captain Keen, Sitka pilot; NEW YORK HERALD correspondent. Father Metropoloky, priest of the Greek Church, was also present at the latter part of the interview. The chiefs present were Annahootz, Koo-Sat-An, Stick-Ish, Sitka Jack, Keh-Teh, La-na-klack, Kat-sa-ko-neh, Kla-Took, Ahu-ka-ta See, Kla-hoosh-tek.

The interpreters were Mr. Miletich, an Austrian, speaking English and Russian, and Ja-Koff, an Indian speaking Russian. The chiefs present who had had the better opportunities of associating with the whites appeared in coat, vest and pants, and the more humble and less favored were warmed with blankets and highly colored headgearing. Annahootz was there in blouse with shoulder straps of a colonel of artillery, a sword belt around his corpus and a navy cap. Sitka Jack in blouse with shoulder straps of a major of artillery. They all had on their best, no doubt, but there were no feathers, paint or gaudy show; there was nothing warlike about them or anything out of which to make a poem or a picture. They had come to listen to the big captain.

Captain Brown—I am glad to see you. I have come here to investigate and to inquire into the situation of affairs here, and to learn from both the white men and the Indians, so that I can report fully to my government and the President of the United States. I am prepared to listen to your chiefs, and I hope you will speak frankly to me.

ANNAHOOTZ—I am recognized by the others here as the principal chief, and so I would say we are all very glad you have come to investigate our affairs, and would like you to report to the President our situation. Whatever you wish to know, ask us; we will tell you the truth and the truth only, and what you tell us we will be careful to do.

Captain Brown—Tell them if they have any grievances that I want them to speak freely, for as yet I do not know much of their situation.

ANNAHOOTZ—I do not want to speak first, but would like the other chiefs to talk so that what I say may not influence them. We are very grateful for your coming here and wanting to know about us. Many officers who have been here did not care to know our wants or would not listen to us.

Captain Brown—My business here is just to learn your situation and inform the government.

The Indians, though always quiet and solemn in council, at this time seemed to suddenly grow ponderously sullen; every face was turned to the ground. After a dead silence the first speaker was—

KEH-TEH—Five men belonging to the schooner perished, were drowned, were my relatives. I want their wages, and as soon as I get it will divide it among my friends.

Captain Brown—Tell them that when they have claims against any one they must be sent to the proper persons; the citizens here are not responsible

for the loss of these men and must not be troubled about it.

The Collector here explained briefly what the circumstances were attending the shipping of the Indians, the wages they agreed to take, and how, after the news of their being lost was received in Sitka, Kat-Lan, a bad Indian, a relative of some of the drowned men, demanded from the citizens \$5 a day for each of the drowned for the time they had worked on the schooner, or he "would have a fuss."

Captain BROWN—Ask them who they expect to pay the money they ask for.

KEH-TEH—The captain of the schooner has two brothers and I think they ought to pay.

Captain BROWN—Where are those two brothers?

KEH-TEH—I don't know. Jim, who was not drowned, is here. He knows.

Captain BROWN—Who is going to pay for the life of the captain who was drowned?

KEH-TEH—Had the schooner been lost and all had perished we would have asked nothing, but as the two brothers and an Indian were saved and the goods were saved, we think it right that we should be paid the wages due our relatives when they were drowned.

Captain BROWN—Tell them that their claim for wages is good against the owners of the schooner; but it has to go through a course of law which may be long delayed. The Indians do not make laws, and they will have to await the decision of our courts, as we all have to do ourselves.

Here the Indians relaxed their faces, bowed assent and said, "Very well; all right."

Captain BROWN—They must be patient. The Collector has done all he could by writing to the Collector of San Francisco; but he cannot hurry up things, and they must be patient.

Indian heads are again bowed appreciatingly.

Captain BROWN—When I get back to San Francisco I will see the Collector there and do all I can to get their claim understood. Does he know how much was due each of these men drowned?

#### THE STORY OF THE ACCIDENTAL DROWNING.

As this matter of claim has been the chief cause of trouble in Sitka and is represented by the citizens as the groundwork of their fears of massacre, on the return of Kat-Lan, I may here relate the whole of the circumstances of this claim. In the beginning of May, 1877, a schooner, the San Diego, represented as being owned by one D. V. McKenzie, of San Francisco, was lying in the harbor here preparatory to going on an expedition for fish and furs in Behring Sea. After considerable time had been spent in inducing some of the natives to join the expedition, on the 9th of that month shipping articles were signed as follows:—"Peter Bishop, master, San Francisco; John Robertson, first mate, New York; J. A. Carr, second mate, New York; Louis Neffack, cook and steward, 'Tuelong' (Toulon); John Armstrong, New York; Dick, John, Jim, Jack, George and Jim (No. 2), Sitka." The last named half dozen made their "mark," and their pay on the "articles" is placed at \$13 per month. This much is on file in the Collector's Office.

As the San Diego was leaving San Francisco on this expedition she "fouled" against one of the Saucelita ferryboats and for damages done to the latter was subject to libel. The schooner did not, however, return in 1877, and the next seen of her in print, after shipping the Indians here, was in the shipping news of a San Francisco paper as follows:—

TUESDAY, August 20, 1878.—Schooner San Diego, Robertson, 20 days from Behring Sea; 55 bbls. walrus oil, 4,000 lbs. ivory to D. McKenzie. Encountered heavy weather in the Behring Sea. On the 12th of July, 1878, it was blowing heavy and the canoe capsized, drowning the captain, second officer and five Indians, although every effort was made to save them. The names of the lost are as follows:—Captain Peter Bishop, a native of the Isle of Guernsey, England, aged thirty-seven years; J. A. Carr, second mate, a native of Bradford, England, aged twenty-five years, and five Indians.

The Indian saved was Jim number two, and he, with the others belonging to the San Diego, reached San Francisco. Two days after the arrival of the schooner there she was libelled by the Saucelita



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Ferry Company, and, after the usual proceedings in court, she was sold for \$710, out of which Indian Jim was awarded \$104 and a few cents, which, being divided between his lawyer and his boarding house keeper, left him in the city by the Golden Gate without a dime. There he remained in the Marine Hospital till efforts were made here by Collector Ball to bring him back in order to pacify the Indians, who were threatening to exterminate the whites. Jim was brought back, told his story, and affirms to his relatives that the captain agreed to pay him and the other Indians \$5 a day if they stopped with him during the winter. This bad Indian, Kat-Lan, takes in the statement of Jim, and is reported to have demanded this amount or "have a fuss"—as before noticed—and he is now said to be away from here among the Chilchats, stirring them up to join him in a raiding expedition against the whites in Sitka. With this explanatory paragraph I return to the powder.

#### THE INDIAN THREAT.

After Keh-Teh had expressed his satisfaction with the assurance of Captain Brown that he would properly represent this claim at San Francisco, and adding, "I have no more to say," the Captain wanted to reach the evidence of Kat-Lan's threat against the whites.

Captain Brown—Did not Kat-Lan say that he was going to demand \$5 a day for those men?"

KEH-TEH—It is true that Kat-Lan is a relative of mine. I did not know why he should ask so much or make a threat.

Captain Brown—Ask him if he did not know that Kat-Lan made that threat.

KEH-TEH—When the clothes of the drowned men were brought in Kat-Lan and the other relatives felt very bad. They were very sorry. They cried and got drunk. They said these things, but they did not mean it and were sorry for it the next day. When you go away there never will be any more trouble or threats against the white man on that account.

There was a concurrent feeling among the whites present that the owners of the San Diego ought to pay the wages of the Indians drowned, and that the money should be sent to Sitka, to the Collector there, so that the relatives could receive it, and that thereby the Indians would have a tangible evidence of white man's honesty. The Indians are wards of the government, and it is hoped that the proper department will order such measures as will secure that payment. It is a shame that the lives of the citizens of Sitka should be imperilled from any such circumstance. With that amount instantly paid a great evil may be averted, for that is, indeed, the principal cry of those who are alarmed.

Captain Brown—To threaten is not the best way to get the money. Are there any others who wish to speak?

AHN-KA-TA-SEE—I have nothing to say; would like to listen to you.

Captain Brown—Are there any others who have complaints to make?

TA-NA-KLACK—We wish to live here like white people and be clothed like them. We are poor. We sell our furs to the storekeepers and get tickets from them, which we cannot use in any other store.

Captain Brown—This is a matter of trade; I cannot speak about it, I want to impress on their minds that our government proposes to treat the citizens and the Indians all alike as long as they are good, but when the one or the other does wrong the wrongdoer will be punished. The Collector represents our government here on shore, and as long as you do right and follow his orders and advice everything will be well; but when you do wrong and create disturbances, and oblige him to call upon the government for an armed force, you will be punished, and when we punish we do it severely. If you make no disturbance, miners, white people, would come, and through them you would get money for your skins and for your labor; but if you make disturbance they will not come.

#### THE CURSE OF THE COUNTRY.

ANNAHOOTZ—I have always tried to keep my tribe peaceful and to keep molasses and sugar out of the country, for they make liquor from it, and get crazy and kill each other and the whites too. It is the curse of the country.

Captain Brown—Do they use molasses and sugar for any other purpose?

ANNAHOOTZ (His face seemed aglow with earnest readiness to answer, and, with his right hand passing to and fro, full of meaning to himself and the others around him)—Before the Americans came we used to eat both molasses and sugar, but they taught us how to make liquor from them, and now they are used for nothing else. My people don't know what is the matter with them.

SAR-REFEY—as made to troublesome Indians escaping punishment and to the prevailing idea that if there was no immediate punishment the crime was condoned.

Captain Brown—Tell them that when any one does wrong—commits a crime—it may be that he cannot be found at the time; but under our laws we will punish him whenever he is caught, and distance of time makes no difference. He will be tried fairly and punished, for crime is never forgiven.

KOO-SAT-AU—I am an old man now, and I never saw any people drink so much as ours. They get diseases; get sick and die. They are dying off fast. I think, with Annahootz, that they should stop drinking. We could have lived here very well if it had not been for the liquor.

Captain Brown—When white people come here to stay the Indians will get more work, and they will not want to drink so much.

General response from the Indians—"Very good."

Captain Brown—The policy of the government is to get along peaceably, and the reason that you have been left to yourselves was because it was thought that you would do right and make no trouble; but these late disturbances have called the attention of the government to you, and it was feared that you did not intend to do right. Now, I want you to understand that the United States is a most powerful government, and will assuredly punish whoever does wrong. If any of your family or tribe should do wrong the government will look to you chiefs to give up the guilty ones for punishment.

General response—"You can depend on us."

STICK-ISHI—I am very glad you came. I have been trying to keep the peace for over two years. I have acted as a constable and have been telling my people that when ship came they would be punished if they did wrong, but they laughed at me. Now this man-of-war has come they will believe me.

#### PROMISES.

Captain Brown—When we do punish we punish severely, and if we should have to punish the Indians those who may escape will not soon forget it. Probably some innocent ones might suffer, which would be very bad. We never want to hurt the innocent and good, but would rather reward them. You must try to prevent the necessity for punishment at all.

SITKA JACK (speaking at the request of the chiefs)—We are all glad to hear what you say and will try to do as you tell us. We look upon you as our father, and when we go home we will (putting his head low down on his hand) sleep this night and (repeating the action three times) another night, and another night, and what you say will come to us, and we will reflect on all you have said and obey it.

Captain Brown—Ask them how many men they could depend on.

The chiefs did not seem able to promptly answer, and looked at each other. The Captain then addressed himself directly to Annahootz.

Captain Brown—How many men in Sitka will do as you tell them?

ANNAHOOTZ—As many as I want I can get.

#### A PHILOSOPHER.

Captain Brown—Can you get 200?



ANNAHOOTZ—If any work is going on I can get more than that.

Captain BROWN—If for fighting, how many then?

ANNAHOOTZ—Perhaps only 100. When they go to work they get wages; when they go to fight they go out to die—get killed.

Captain BROWN—Can the Indians buy whiskey from the whites? Have they bought any lately?

ANNAHOOTZ—I don't know. Some white men offered to sell me liquor some time ago, but I did not buy any. The Indians had plenty among themselves.

Captain BROWN—I am glad to hear them speak so well, and hope they have told the truth. I will see them again and say something more to them before I go away.

SITKA JACK—Ever since a boy I was brought up with the Hudson Bay Company. I am like an anchor to a ship. White people like me, and come and see me.

Captain BROWN—Tell him I have heard a good deal of him, all very good. I have seen his name in books and knew of him. General Howard and Major Campbell spoke of him as a good man, and of Annahootz also. I am much obliged to them, and will see them again.

SUMMARY.

The Sitka Indians are great on the linger; a powwow never ends till everybody gets up and leaves, and so this ended. It was an interview of about three hours. I could have summarized the whole proceedings in a few lines, but to understand them and to properly estimate the value of what they say they

have got to be heard. They pride themselves that they are not "fork-tongued." They are cunning enough and will conceal their numbers or dodge a question, but generally what they say they mean. They have not yet comprehended Talleyrand's "use of language." In this report of the powwow the situation of the Indians in Sitka is told. Drink, debauchery and disease have debased and degraded them till they have become loathsome to themselves, and their chiefs mourn over the decline of their race. Their young warriors, fired and crazy with hootchenoo, quarrel among themselves and fight. Their yells in their drunken orgies are terrific and fill the hearts of even brave men with fear. Any pretext for a quarrel with the whites at such a time might take the shape of armed hostility, and that once started would probably end in the massacre of the citizens. Whether that apprehended danger is nearer now than it has been since the withdrawal of the troops two years ago, or whether there is a probability of its ever occurring, will be better judged of when the facts to be presented in this correspondence will be before the public.

NO VISIBLE CAUSE FOR ALARM—THE CAPTAIN OF THE ALASKA MAKES A THOROUGH INVESTIGATION—PRIEST METROPOLSKY AND HIS "CONGREGATION OF 247"—THE SITKA CENSUS.

SITKA, Alaska, April 12, 1879.

I have no knowledge of the orders which sent Captain Brown with the Alaska here, except that which I could not avoid hearing when he informed the citizens—in the first meeting held on the day after his arrival—that the government was solicitous about their safety and had sent him to examine into affairs, to learn the causes of alarm and to report. As my business here was to obtain for the HERALD the same character of information, and, Sitka being small and the inhabitants very few in number, frequently our researches led us into the same path ashore. Of all important meetings and measures I was timely advised, so that I may, even with modesty, say that I have seen everything there was to see, and I have heard everything there was to hear about the troubles in Sitka, or, at least, I have seen and heard all that I think the great American public cares to know about Sitka at the present time, and that I propose to relate as it may occur in the sequence of narrative.

PREPARING TO LEAVE SITKA.

Soon after the arrival of the Alaska I was satisfied that she would not remain long here, and when the Captain intimated to me yesterday morning that his investigations were drawing to a close and that he would leave this afternoon, if weather permitted, I was not surprised; but I have no doubt that most of the people of Sitka are pained at his departure. Whether with slight foundation or without any at all, so much dread of the Indian has been talked about during the last few months that it would be strange indeed that the fears, vague at first, had not at last become a serious conviction, and as this

powerful vessel steams out of the harbor those who honestly believe that massacre is in the heart and purposes of the Indians must feel very uneasy.

NO VISIBLE CAUSE FOR ALARM.

I am not a scoffer at another's fears, nor am I burdened with confidence in the words or promises of the natives. Yet with all that I have been able to learn from calm and sensible persons who have lived long in the country I have no expectation that the next news from here will be stained with the crimson hue of human life, and I am certain that if Captain Brown had even the shadow of a thought that the lives of the citizens were in jeopardy the Alaska should not weigh anchor to-day. Here he has been a laborious worker; his whole soul has been in the investigation and very little can have escaped his attention. His conclusions are that there is no more foundation for the apprehension of the Indians attacking the citizens of Sitka now than there has always been at any time the whites might have chosen to say so during the last two years, or ever since the United States troops were withdrawn from the garrison.

A DANGER.

That the Indians in and around Sitka vastly outnumber the whites could easily, if they were insane enough to do so, attack and massacre them, burn up the city and leave nothing to look at but utter desolation, is undoubtedly true; but in that there is nothing more peculiar here now than what has always been the experience during the last two years and is the common danger of frontier life. There are hundreds of places within the domain of the United States where white people are similarly exposed, and it cannot be avoided. Between the white men and the red men there are eternal hostile interests, and no sentimentality can bridge the chasm that separates them. The Indians know full well that, with the exception of some heroic soul in the calling of a missionary, the white man never comes among them to do them good, and in no place that I have ever seen is there more evidence of the white man's vicious trail than in this Sitka. The good men and women here, when they read this letter, will know that I make no allusion whatever to them—for they are always excepted; but I write of the place in its past. I know of no language mean enough to do justice to it in description. An intelligent young midshipman, writing to his paper at home and giving his estimate of it, said:—"Sitka is morally, financially and physically rotten," and in that brief sentence there is the great truth and foundation for the present "hue and cry" for "protection."

THE PAST AND PRESENT SITKA.

Sitka was once a proud city, the centre of a valuable commerce, the headquarters of all that was great in name and fortune in the Russo-American Possessions. In the zenith of the Romanoff dominion the Indians were ruled with a rod of iron, and the death-dealing missiles of artillery and musketry peering through the stockade that separated the red man from the whites were the only reliable guarantees of peace between the conquerors and the conquered. Once in the distant past, when the Indians were in the infancy of experience with civilization, and before their physical natures were prostrated by corruption, they arose in savage wrath and wiped out the Russians in old Archangel a few miles north of this. With little else to occupy their mental faculties the traditional grandeur of that event has magnified from decade to decade, naturally leaving in the Indian mind the impression that the white man is only his superior by being in the possession of better arms of destruction. The savage does not forget any event that favors or flatters him more than do other people, and that he should indulge in his own Fourth of July buncombe speeches when under the exhilarating potations of hootchenoo should not be surprising to this mixed-up community of nationalities called the citizens of Sitka. During the later occupancy of Sitka by the Russians there was labor for the Russian,



Should the fears entertained of massacre unfortunately be realized a list of the inhabitants would be most valuable as a matter of news and record, or should either the government at Washington or St. Petersburg entertain the request of the Russian-Americans who want to leave Sitka, such a list would be serviceable, and by tabulating names, sexes, relations, conditions and occupations the American public will be also better able to judge of

"Of the Russians," reports Collector Ball. "not

Lieut. Danenhower has given to a reporter of the Washington *Star* an account of Alexy, the hero of the Jeannette expedition, whose name was little known until found penned so often in the sad journal of Commander De Long. During all that march to death in the Lena delta, it will be remembered, it was Alexy who went on ahead to explore the way, it was Alexy who secured for the wanderers their meagre supply of food, it was Alexy who gave his coat to save De Long from freezing, and it was Alexy who, faithful to the end, at last succumbed and lay down to die among the latest survivors. This brave man was an Alaskan Indian, from St. Michael's Norton Sound. He was finely proportioned, with small, delicate looking hands and feet. Among the Jeannette's crew he was a general favorite on account of his polite manners and readiness to help in any work. He learned the English alphabet, became expert at stuffing birds, and also learned to draw. He was a fine dancer, and often amused the crew by illustrations of Indian war dances. He was very fond of his family, and at times became homesick, fearing his wife and little boy would not have sufficient clothing while he was away. Before sailing he had made arrangements to have his pay all given to his wife. She will not know of his death until next spring, and it is thought that some arrangement will be made by which she will receive his pay up to that time.

34—N.	Chickinoff, wife and three children.....	Carpenter....	5
35—E.	Cherbaroff, wife and three children.....	Sailmaker....	5
36—D.	Korborchieff, wife and two children.....	Laborer.....	4
37—P.	Chernoff and two children.....	Blacksmith ..	3
38—N.	Schmakoff and wife.....	Sailor.....	2
	F. Saviloff.....	Baker.....	1
39—A.	Sougalin, wife and five children.....	Laborer.....	7
	Mrs. Popoff and five children.....	Widow.....	6
	Mrs. Vachrinir and three children.....	Widow.....	4



## FORT WRANGEL ALASKA.

*My dear Mrs. A.:*

1883

Your very kind and sympathetic letter reached me last Sabbath evening. We had been attracted to the windows by a gorgeous sunset, when we spied the steamer in the distance.

I have just been reading your letter to Aunt McFarland, and we are much encouraged by your good offer of assistance and the promise of enlisting the interest of others in our behalf.

Spring is opening up one month earlier than usual, which is much in our favor. Our garden is nearly spaded, and if it does not rain we hope to get in the garden seed which Mrs. Worthington kindly sent us.

*April 28th.*—I have been taking advantage of the sunshine and helping my husband make garden. He and the girls prepare the ground and I sow the seed. We have now beds of onions, beets, radishes, turnips, lettuce, spinage, parsnips, carrots, and peas. You would be surprised at the great change a few days of sunshine makes on our Alaska soil. A miner here has offered us the use of his farm, six miles away from Wrangell. Instead of farming, he intends going to the mines to try his fortune. We will hire the ground spaded for the garden, and Dr. McFarland, Miss Rankin, and I will take the girls out from time to time to work it. Expect to raise cabbage, turnips, and potatoes for winter use. We will travel back and forth by canoe. There is a house and stable there. We are thinking of spending two weeks of vacation there, and shall take the children along. This will give Aunt the much needed rest. Our tents were burned, but if the house will not accommodate us all, we will stow part in the stable.

There are no horses in this country, and the plow is often drawn by Indians.

The school is not large now. I take charge of it myself. I shall be so glad to get the Annual Report of your Board. Will you not ask the Societies sending us boxes or parcels, to always send us a list of the articles, that we may be sure everything reaches us that is sent?

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*May 18th.*—I have sad news to write you again. The reason you did not hear from me last month is because the steamship Eureka was wrecked on the 26th of April, in Peril Straits, a short distance from Sitka. She suddenly struck a sunken ledge, known as "Wyanda Rock." She struck with terrific force, staving a hole in her bow, throwing passengers off their feet, and precipitating everything movable on her deck into the lee scuppers, and then rolled off the rock into deep water. The steamer was headed to shore, and the race for life began. With every ounce of steam her boilers could carry, she started for the shore, and was at last driven far up on the beach, just as the fireman and engineer were driven from their posts of duty by the water. The passengers, twenty-nine in number, were landed safely. All the bedding and blankets and cabin stores were saved. An attempt was made to get the freight out below, but the rising tide drove the men out. The place where the steamer was beached is covered with boulders, and a high bluff rises a few feet above high water mark. Mr. Oakford, Deputy Collector of this place, was on the wreck. It is his opinion the vessel is hopelessly lost. When this sad news reached us, we consoled ourselves that the British boat would be up in a few days—a vessel that runs from Victoria to Wrangel in the summer.

Last Saturday the man-of-war sailed into our bay bringing the news of a dreadful disaster at Seymour Narrows. It was the burning and sinking of the vessel Grappler on Monday night the 29th of April. Out of 106 passengers 70 were lost. The description given by the survivors of the poor, drowning people struggling in the water, and the shrieks of the wounded and dying, is most heart-rending. The cries of the horrified Chinamen added to the fearful confusion. Many clung around the vessel by ropes, which were eventually burned off, when they dropped into the water. One of those lost, seeing a comrade striking out for the shore,

the character of their distant co-citizens. First in order, as greatest in numbers, comes

# THE LUTHER CHURCH CONGREGATION.

Name and Family.	Occupation.	Total.
1—N. I. Metropolsky, wife and four children.....	Priest.....	6
N. Kashorbaroff.....	Girl.....	1
2—W. Shaskin and wife.....	Deacon.....	2
3—F. Sakaboti, wife and five children.....	Clergyman.....	1
4—J. Herman, wife and two children.....	Laborer.....	1
J. Affinoff.....	None.....	1
5—V. Affinoff and two daughters.....	Sailor.....	3
N. Snelgerstiff.....	Laborer.....	1
6—P. Kashevaroff, wife and three children.....	Sailor.....	5
7—A. Kashevaroff, wife and two children.....	Clerk.....	4
8—J. Kashakoff, wife and five children.....	Tailor.....	7
9—J. Meloshkin, wife and one child.....	Sailor.....	3
10—M. Malakoff, wife and one child.....	Shipwright.....	3
S. Miletieb.....	None.....	1
11—L. Petieller, wife and two children.....	Sailor.....	4
12—J. Pamnikoff, wife and five children.....	Sailor.....	7
13—J. Pelterson, wife and one child.....	Mechanic.....	3
14—A. Plaloff, wife and one child.....	Laborer.....	3
T. Scipinagu.....	None.....	1
15—H. Thelm, wife and two children.....	Merchant.....	4
S. Stepanoff.....	Clerk.....	1
S. Ushin.....	Clerk.....	1
16—J. E. Helstedt and wife.....	Engineer.....	2
17—M. Schmakoff, wife and four children.....	Sailor.....	6
18—J. Schmeig, wife and four children.....	Druggist.....	6
19—A. Schervich, wife and one child.....	Laborer.....	3
20—P. Corcoran, wife and two children.....	Merchant.....	4
21—W. F. Richter, wife and one child.....	Baker.....	3
22—D. Kennedy and wife.....	Miner.....	2
23—A. Andrianoff, wife and two children.....	Saxon.....	4
F. Brazdin.....	Watchman.....	1
24—A. Bodogoffsky, wife and one child.....	Seaman.....	3
25—E. Balshanin, wife and five children.....	Shoemaker.....	7
26—T. Balshanin, wife and two children.....	Laborer.....	4
P. Vichnooksky.....	Laborer.....	1
J. Shukoff.....	Interpreter.....	1
X. Zeranoff.....	Painter.....	1
A. Zeranoff.....	Laborer.....	1
K. Zeranoff.....	Laborer.....	1
27—Th. Ivanoff, wife and one child.....	Tailor.....	3
28—P. Lavionoff and wife.....	Blacksmith.....	2
J. Lavionoff.....	Clerk.....	1
29—R. Limberg and wife.....	Tailor.....	2
30—W. Kashevaroff, wife and three children.....	Coppersmith.....	5
N. Nosikoff.....	Laborer.....	1
G. Nosikoff.....	Laborer.....	1
M. Nosikoff.....	Laborer.....	1
31—L. Petieller, wife and two children.....	Laborer.....	4
32—E. Polikoff, wife and one child.....	Furrier.....	3
E. Rankin.....	Laborer.....	1
33—M. Andrianoff, wife and three children.....	Laborer.....	5
E. Chickinoff.....	None.....	1
34—N. Chickinoff, wife and three children.....	Carpenter.....	5
35—E. Cherbaroff, wife and three children.....	Sailmaker.....	5
36—D. Korborchieff, wife and two children.....	Laborer.....	4
37—P. Chernoff and two children.....	Blacksmith.....	3
38—N. Schmakoff and wife.....	Sailor.....	3
F. Saviloff.....	Baker.....	1
39—A. Sougalin, wife and five children.....	Laborer.....	7
Mrs. Popoff and five children.....	Widow.....	6
Mrs. Vachrimir and three children.....	Widow.....	4
Mrs. Philipson.....	Widow.....	1
Anna Vachrimir.....	Girl.....	1
Mrs. Anna Vachrimir.....	Widow.....	3
Mrs. Vlasovir and two children.....	Widow.....	3
Mrs. Zaroveroff and one child.....	Widow.....	2
Mrs. Linquisk and one child.....	Widow.....	3
Mrs. Kostrowietinoff and three children.....	Widow.....	4
Mrs. Kostrowietinoff, two children, raising.....	—.....	2
Mrs. Kimenoff and one child.....	Widow.....	2
Mrs. Kashevaroff and two children.....	Widow.....	3
Mrs. Malskoff.....	Widow.....	1
Mrs. Nidomovla and one child.....	Widow.....	2
Mrs. Gavilovoff and two children.....	Widow.....	3
Mrs. Nitkin.....	Widow.....	1
Mrs. Stratsoff and two children.....	Widow.....	3
Mrs. Koshtvir and two children.....	Widow.....	3
Olga Plumkista.....	Spinster.....	1
Nathalie Teefslatka.....	Spinster.....	1
Mrs. Proshvir and one child.....	Widow.....	2
Mrs. Skovoroff and one child.....	Widow.....	2
Mrs. Nikovorovia and three children.....	Widow.....	4
Mrs. Zeranovir.....	Widow.....	1
Mrs. Orloer.....	Widow.....	1
Mrs. Kotshiva and one child.....	Widow.....	3
W. Alukleh, wife and one child.....	Laborer.....	3
J. Alukleh.....	Laborer.....	1
N. Talleshook.....	Miner.....	1
V. Talleshook, wife and one child.....	Sailor.....	3
N. Talleshook, No. 2, wife and three children.....	Laborer.....	5
J. Talleshook and wife.....	Furrier.....	2
F. Sholnenpel.....	Furrier.....	1
Mrs. Sinotrasovir and two children.....	Widow.....	3
Mrs. Sinotrasovir.....	Widow.....	1
Grand total.....		250

Of this total 250, four since the list was made have died and one young lady has gone away. The masculine names preceded by \* are not of the Church, but their wives are numbered with the "congregation," leaving altogether thirty-nine families under the care of the "Father," 247 souls—66 being men, 37 married women, 24 widows, 54 boys, 66 girls and unmarried females. Collector Ball furnishes the following list:—

## NATIVE AMERICAN POPULATION.

Occupation.	Name and Family.	Total.
Collector.....	M. D. Ball, wife and six children.....	8
Deputy Collector.....	U. H. Dulany.....	1
Merchant.....	A. T. Whitford.....	1
Ship Carpenter.....	H. Wilde.....	1
Laborer.....	James Walker.....	1
Laborer.....	T. E. McFarland, wife and two children.....	4
Missionary.....	S. S. Hamy.....	1
Miner.....	M. P. Perry.....	1
Miner.....	Thomas King.....	1
Fishery.....	C. E. Wyman.....	1
Cook.....	J. Thompson.....	1
Sailor.....	J. Hollywood, wife and two children.....	4
Miller.....	J. Allard, wife and two children.....	4
Gardener.....	M. Travis and wife.....	2
Miner.....	Frederick Cushman.....	1
Miner.....	Edmund Bean.....	1
Miner.....	F. S. Barton.....	1
Grand total.....		35

Taking this list as presented, there are seventeen native American men, but whether the five women are of American nationality or not is not stated. I aimed in all this to be correct, as various exaggerated statements of the population of Sitka (and evidently for a purpose) have been published to serve partisan ends; but I only received the lists a few minutes before leaving the shore, and had consequently no time to look over them or to inquire of the Collector as I would desire. The list, I know, is incorrect—unintentionally, no doubt. J. Thompson, alias "Billy, the Bug," is a Scotchman from near Glasgow. M. Travis I understood to be an Irishman, with a wife there on the list, who is a sister to the Indian Kat-Lan, from whom the people of Sitka now expect so much trouble, and from whose inspirations they look for massacre. Among the native Americans I noticed also the names of two notorious hootchenoo makers, against which are placed "n. g." (no good),





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pitifully called to him to tell his poor brother that he was lost, giving his address. A pocket-book belonging to another was washed ashore, the first leaf containing the following words: "It was in the fall of 1882 that I resolved to go to Alaska the following spring, and I made every preparation for the trip. Was going to school at the time I took the 'Alaska fever,' but left and made the final preparations to go to that blessed land where the limit of icebergs and snow is unknown.

"*Friday, April 20th.*—Started for the 'promised land.' Never shall I forget my feelings when the time came for me to leave behind my country and friends, perhaps never to see them again."

It is supposed many more would have been saved, but the Chinamen, who came up the main hatch laden with their baskets, completely blocking the way, causing many others to perish in the flames.

The Idaho came up the 14th, discharged freight, and hurried on to the wreck.

Our hearts are much encouraged by the good news from Dr. Jackson. The Christian people are responding all over the land to the call that comes from Alaska. Quite a number of boxes have reached us from Oregon and California, which have been such a help in this our time of need.

A little child was sent here by Dr. Corliss, of the Takon Mission. She came this week and was placed in the care of the home. Although not more than four years old, she was accused of witchcraft, and would have been killed, but was rescued by those good missionaries stationed there. Happy is she to be under Mrs. McFarland's motherly care.

I was made happy when the last mail arrived by the receipt of two handsome clocks from Mr. D. C. Jacard. They keep time to the minute; have not been injured in the least by the long journey. I also received the news that \$50 had been raised for us by Dr. Ganse's Sabbath-school. We are so grateful to all these kind friends. Yours in the good work,

MAGGIE DUNBAR MCFARLAND.

## THE RELIGIOUS BELIEFS OF THE TLINKITS.

By S. Hall Young of Fort Wrangel, Alaska.

A religion that depends for the objects of its faith upon oral traditions, and these disarranged, varied, and colored by the division of the people into small and inimical tribes, settled in localities far apart, must necessarily be vague and loose. Thus the tribes composing the Tlinkit group, each cherishing with pride its own locality as the best, fixed many of their traditions to the rivers, mountains, and islands, in their immediate vicinity. And the great chiefs of each tribe, whose prowess or wisdom had made them objects of veneration after death, were by that tribe woven into the web of their legendary lore. In like manner their *ihits* or medicine-men took pride in adding new episodes to their traditions, claiming to receive these inventions from their yakes or familiar spirits, and the local song-makers crystallized these additions into the body of their mythology.

But other influences tended to unify and make permanent all the principal and most important legends—those which constituted the living body of their beliefs. First of these influences was the care with which the traditions were handed down from one generation to another. Each tribe had one family, consisting of a sub-chief and all his relations on the mother's side, whose special province it was to preserve these legends unchanged, and teach them, with the accompanying songs, to such of their children as would be most likely to cherish and transmit them. Gathered around the fire during the long Winter evenings, these old stories were rehearsed again and again, until every detail was familiar to the listeners. The crowds that assembled to enjoy these feasts of ancient story acted as a check upon the narrators if their memories failed them, or if they were disposed to color the tale with the inventions of their own imaginations. With the songs they were especially careful, as upon their correct rendition depended the safe conduct of the disembodied soul to the spirit world, the efficiency of the *ihits'* charms and incantations, and the success of war expeditions, of house-building, and of many other of the most important projects of these people.

Another unifying influence was the frequency of the intertribal dances and festivities, resulting in friendly intercourse, intermarriage, and trade. On these occasions the songs were sung, the legends recited, and the customs which both grew out of and tended to preserve them, observed. Thus local differences were rectified, and forgotten legends revived.

The Tlinkits believe in a triple theogony. First, there is the eternal, self-existing, immaterial *Person*, whom no eye has seen, but whose wisdom and power are infinite. The belief in this Supreme Spirit is clear and decided. So far is this "Highest One" from having a limited bodily existence, that in some minds he is



etherealized into an impersonal principle, life-giving and active, but unconscious. But the mass of the people worship and stand in awe of him as the supreme, powerful, wise, and good Spirit.

He exists in two persons. First, he is known by the name of Keniyage—the universal Judge, the accuser and punisher of the evil, the approver and rewarder of the good. By this name he is worshipped and invoked by persons accused of crime. The Tlinkits who have accepted Christianity often say that Keniyage was much like the Holy Spirit in which they now believe. And curiously enough, they affirm that he was never seen but once, and then in the form of a beautiful white bird as large as a pigeon. On this occasion he appeared as accuser to a man who had taken for his wife a woman of the same totemic family as himself—a deed which is regarded with the utmost horror by all Tlinkits, and in the light of incest. In two or three days after seeing this accusing spirit, the guilty man, who lived on Coffey River, died conscience-stricken.

The other name by which this supreme spirit is known is Uhshagoon—the Preserver. By this name he is invoked for food, clothing, protection from danger, success in hunting and fishing—in short, for all that pertains to the physical well-being of the Indian. He is the beneficent providence that fills the streams with salmon and marshals the armies of fish in their proper season. When a Tlinkit finds game or furs unexpectedly abundant, he says “Uhshagoon has helped me.” This name is profaned by angry or irreverent persons, and such “taking in vain” is regarded by the Indians as a vulgar sin.

Leaving this pure, ethereal region of light and truth, we come to a group of gods and demi-gods whose grossness and grotesque antics are in striking contrast to the dignity of Keniyage. Without attempting to take my readers through the jungle of legends and wild stories—all of them absurd and many of them vulgar—which cluster about Yeatl, the Crow, who is the central figure of this group, and whose exploits would fill a volume, I will briefly sketch its principal personages.

The oldest of these gods is Keesshusaah Ankow, the lord of the tides. His control over the sea is absolute. He is of a surly and jealous disposition, and wished no rival. He lived alone with his wife in a large, fine house, well furnished. When absent from home he left his wife shut up in a strong box which he suspended from the roof of the house. He put two small red birds in the box with her, with instructions to fly away with her should danger threaten. The only other person on earth was the sister of Keesshusaah Ankow, who lived in a house some distance from that of her brother. Being desirous of progeny, but having no husband, she consulted Hlug, the Crane, who brought to her four small charm stones, which having swallowed, in process of time the wonderful Yeatl, the Crow, was born. This precocious youth understood the languages of all living creatures and made friends with

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them. The curlew and the little diver lent him their feathers and wings, which he could don at pleasure. His unfailing friend the Crane gave him a flat charm stone which, hid in his bosom, would keep him cool under all circumstances.

Yeatl soon invaded the house of his uncle, and meddling with the rope which held up the box in which was his aunt, he brought her down to the floor with a crash that shattered the box and released the two red birds. These flew to their master and informed him of the

catastrophe. He returned in a rage to his dwelling, and catching his nephew, threw him into a large brass kettle of boiling water, and clapping on the lid, boiled him for a day. But the Crane's charm stone kept Yeatl cool and comfortable, and he astonished his uncle by stepping out of the boiling kettle when the cover was raised, and going to the fire to warm his hands, remarking upon the severity of the cold. Then the old man caused the tide to rise until the salt sea covered all the mountains and deposited sea shells on all high places, where they may be seen to this day; but Yeatl gave his mother the diver's skin, which enabled her to float unharmed upon the tide; and himself donning the curlew's skin, flew from peak to peak until all being submerged, he dashed boldly at the solid firmament of heaven, and piercing it with his sharp beak, which was bent in the attempt into the present shape of the curlew's bill, he escaped within and waited for the subsiding of the flood.

The many encounters Yeatl had with his uncle—how he stole the sun and moon from his uncle's strong box and set them whirling in the heavens; how he stole the fresh water from its keeper, the Brant, and poured it out upon the earth, forming the Stickine, Lacoo, Chilcat, and other rivers: these and the many other tricks he played, time would fail me to tell.

Yeatl created man. His first attempt was to fashion men out of stone. In this he was successful; but reflecting that man would partake of the imperishable nature of the rock from which he was made, and that thus the earth would become too densely populated, he destroyed those whom he had made, and fashioned others out of moss and earth, thus causing man to die as the moss and live again in his descendants. He constantly befriended the mortals he had created, shielding them from the wrath of his uncle, who hated them. He gave them fire and taught them how to make canoes and implements for hunting and fishing. He divided them into the two great totemic groups, having for their symbols the crow and the wolf. He gave them a system of laws of which the underlying principle is “like for like.” When the malignant god of the tides sent forth another flood to drown all the human race, Yeatl saved a remnant of each tribe by towing their canoes, by long ropes made of sea-weed, to the summits of the highest mountains. The stories of his exploits are



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endless. Sometimes he came to grief, losing his long bent beak in one adventure, and being smoked black in another.

The other members of this group are inferior deities, being grotesque mixtures of the human form and nature, and those of the bear, wolf, beaver, whale, eagle, and other animals whose names they bear. None of the members of this group, not even Yeatl himself, is an object of worship.

The third group of deities, if such they can be called, are spirits who have the power to assume a bodily form, and frequently do so. They are the yakes and the heehs. The former are the familiar spirits of the *ihts* or medicine-men. They are not, however, confined to these persons, but certain yakes haunt and control the movements of glaciers, rivers, etc. When an *iht* dies, his body is placed on some rocky promontory or island, and the devout Thinkit passing by drops a little tobacco into the water, praying to the yake for fair winds and good luck. The *iht* takes special pains to please his yake, who is capricious, and delights in rattles, fantastic head-dresses, wild contortions, and unearthly noises. The yake reveals the secrets of the future to his *iht*, and heals his patients. The yakes of the glaciers and rivers are sometimes propitiated by sacrifices. Only a few years ago the Hoonahs of Cross Sound sacrificed two slaves to appease an angry yake, who—so said an old *iht*—was causing a large glacier to encroach on a valuable salmon stream.

The heehs are the familiar spirits of the nooksate or witches. These malign demons lead their devotees on in this evil way, revealing to them the ways in which they can make "bad medicines" for their enemies, and urging them to deeds of Satanic cruelty. These spirits are feared, but not invoked.

The whole theogony of the Thinkits is so incongruous in its various elements, so palpably trifling and absurd in many of its legends, and has so little claim on the devotional instincts of the race, that it is not difficult to make them appreciate the superiority of the Christian system.

Uhshagoon is recognized as the real and living God, whom they have, though blindly and ignorantly, worshipped. The myths of Yeatl and his associates are remembered only to be laughed at; the *iht* is derided as an impostor, and his yake caricatured; and the belief in witchcraft, though harder to root out, is disappearing before the light of reason and revelation.

# THE INTERIOR.

THURSDAY, JULY 26, 1883.

## ALASKA.

BY S. G. ARNOLD.

The statement that two or three fishing houses in San Francisco take annually more than three thousand tons of cod from the waters of Alaska, is very suggestive; and should have some bearing on the question of value so often raised in regard to Mr. Seward's purchase. Facts in relation to Alaska are not very numerous, but what there are seem to show that the immense region which bears this name has not been well understood. The mention of the name is more apt to suggest walrus and polar bears than commercial gains, but this single fact seems to imply that there may be more facts in the same direction.

The most important popular error touching Alaska is in regard to the climate. Our people have jumped to the conclusion that because this great region lies in the latitude of Labrador it must necessarily have the climate of Labrador. They lose sight of the fact that temperature on the eastern shore of a continent differs widely from that on its western shore. The highest point of the Arctic coast line of Alaska is scarcely above the northern extremity of Scotland, and nearly the whole of Norway, which sustains a considerable population, lies still above this line. A few years ago the writer left Washington late in March, when, as yet, no signs of spring had appeared in the fields or the woods, and eight days later passed through the Bristol Channel between England and Ireland, far above the latitude of Quebec or New Foundland, to find the shores on either hand clothed in living green; and a few days thereafter plucked blossoms from the hawthorne hedges.

The same thing is true of the western coast of America. A gentleman who spent a year at Sitka stated to a public audience in Washington that his cask of rain-water did not freeze over during the winter. The warm ocean currents that come up from the tropics to wash the long Alaska coast, are brooded by winds which load themselves with heat and moisture, and drop from their wings of cloud those fragrant showers that send life and growth through all its islands and shores. In England the days of rain are about equal to the days of no rain, and the inevitable umbrella becomes a part of the pedestrian's dress. On the shores of British Columbia and Alaska clouds and rains are even more the habit of the country, and rank forests abound on the islands and shores and far towards the interior.



But the value of the purchase for the support of civilized life and for commercial gain is mainly along the coast line. It must be remembered, however, that this coast line is vastly greater than that of the whole United States beside. It is deeply indented by bays and gulfs, is serrated by the mouths of numerous rivers, and flanked with such hosts of islands, that, if stretched out in one direction, it would reach around the globe. Then, inside of these islands are deep channels, sheltered from the wild winds that rock the ocean without, where ships may sail securely for many days and for many hundreds of miles, and may always have abundant supplies of wood and water. In this sheltered region are the great fisheries of cod and salmon that seem to be sufficient to supply the world, and have already begun to invite the enterprise of commercial men.

The whole purchase covers a surface of 580,000 square miles, or nearly as much as that portion of the United States lying east of the Mississippi. The islands alone have a surface of more than 14,000 square miles; and nearly all of them are covered with verdure and are apparently fitted for human habitations. Among them are the two famous seal islands, which furnish nearly all the seal-skins used in the world. They lie far out in the ocean and are comparatively small. One of them, St. Paul, is thirteen miles long and six broad. The other, St. George, is ten miles long and six broad. The government leases them for an annual rent of \$55,000, and has besides a royalty on the seals taken, which are not allowed to exceed 100,000 in each year. The seals are killed under government supervision and care is taken not to destroy the females that the supply may not be endangered. The royalty amounts to \$265,500 per annum, and when added to the rent makes an annual income of \$317,500, which is more than enough to pay the interest on the purchase. The government is now selling its three per cent. bonds at a premium; but at three per cent. the interest on seven and a half millions (the price paid for Alaska) would be \$225,000, while the seal fisheries alone produce \$92,500 in excess to that sum.

But the great value of Alaska for many years to come must consist mainly in its fish and its lumber. Some sagacious observer tells us that a given area of water may be made to produce more material for the support of human life than the most fertile land. If this is true, the resources of Alaska must be very great. Its immense rivers, its numerous bays, and its deep channels abound with the choicest fish which must soon be in all the markets of the world. Its lumber resources are not less inexhaustible. Its woods are not equal in

quality to those of the eastern coast, but there is no difficulty in using them, and when the supply fails here they will be a never-failing resource to our builders.

Yukon, the greatest river of Alaska, is represented on all our old maps as emptying into the Arctic Ocean; but it, in fact, pours its immense volume of water into the Pacific above the peninsula by very wide mouths which cover a distance of seventy miles. Its whole length is probably over 2,000 miles and it is navigable for large vessels over 1,500 miles, often spreading out into wide lakes that are twenty miles across. It is stocked with an immense amount of fish and, though very far to the north, will, in the near future, bear on its wide bosom the lumber gathered from its shores and a growing commerce.

One of the interesting features of Alaska, likely to attract the attention of the geologist and the investigator, is the frequent recurrence of the glacier. From Bute Inlet to Unimah Pass almost every deep gulch has its glacier, and some of them are vastly greater than any in Switzerland. On Lynn Channel the glacier is computed to be 1,200 feet in thickness. On the Stikine River is another immense glacier forty miles long and four or five miles across. Its thickness is 500 to 1,000 feet. In Mount Fairweather is another large glacier extending fifty miles to the sea where it ends in an abrupt wall of 300 feet.

But, thus far, the change from Russia to America has not been to the advantage of the population, now numbering over 30,000, and consisting of Russians, miners, traders and Indians. The settlements are widely separated and there is no government, almost no schools, and few Protestant missions. The Presbyterians appear to have taken some interest in Alaska, but there is a wide field for much more liberal operations. The country was acquired in 1867, sixteen years ago, and, so far as Congress is concerned, has known nothing but neglect. Congress has taken care of the revenue, but no care of the people, and in the matter of education especially, has been shamefully negligent.

*Washington, D. C.*

## ALASKA.

BY REV. J. LOOMIS GOULD.

ANNUAL REPORT OF HAYDAH MISSION—  
WITCHCRAFT — SLAVERY — POLYGAMY—  
MEDICINE MEN.

This is the main station, the winter town. A few services have also been held at camps and fisheries. The first was at "Kigana," where hundreds from different tribes, mostly Hydahs, gather in the spring for the great harvest of fur-seal. This was, so far as we know,



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the first religious service on the island, or nearer than Massett, B. C.

As we can have access to more people there, and for a longer time than at any other point except this, and some whom we rarely see elsewhere, we propose to erect a summer cabin, and the people promise to help rear a "Tabernacle." In good seasons we will be there two months or more. At no point were our people subject to more temptations last year.

We think it very important, for many reasons, and without reference to pleasure, ease or cost, that we follow our people to their summer hunting and fishing camps, keeping the school in operation here as long as possible. We have been able to keep up regular services here with congregations ranging from three hundred down to thirty; prayer-meetings always well attended. We had Christmas and New Year meetings, the natives leaving their pastimes to come; we observed the week of prayer. Some of our men take part in the prayer-meeting. We hope it will not be long until we are permitted to organize a church; the question of fitness for membership will be serious and perplexing. They like to go in herds, are fond of novelty, and ambitious to be on the numerous side; the doors when open must be carefully guarded; they are prolific in promises and abound in affirmatives. See them clean and well dressed, interested and attentive at church on Sunday, you are ready to treat them as civilized people; you will make an estimate they are sure to disappoint before the end of the week, and you begin to wonder where to rank them, and how to elevate your effort, and just when you think you have them you have not at all.

Among the evils of the olden time asserting themselves still I notice some. Nothing is so reproachful to an Indian as to be called a "witch." When such a charge is made some one must die; if against some one old, poor, weak, a slave, he must be punished; if against one who is rich, strong, of good family, he, who brings the charge, must prove it or suffer. I asked them what they would say of the captain of the man-of-war if he ran his ship on a rock, broke it, then went ashore and killed an Indian for a "witch" because of the accident; they said "bad fool," then acknowledged their witch treatment as no wiser. The last case in hand was an aggravated one, all the parties belonging to the "aristocracy," but is, I think, *convincingly* disposed of.

We have been permitted to come in contact with the "medicine man." A very attractive child had a frightful case of erysipelas, and a strong woman hemorrhage until her jaws were set. We rose up in opposition in both cases; he got the blankets—I got the patients and the thanks; both recovered; both belonged to "good families," so the contest was prominent. He said the people might expect to die if they listened to me and believed in God. I said to them if the great centurian chief of the Bible could not cure his servant, but called Jesus,

should we expect a poor, ignorant, dirty "si-wash doctor" to scare away disease; would we let him defy God? They said

his pretensions and incantations were "cultus wü wü" (foolish lies); they wanted the Bible.

Slavery has perhaps cost us as much anxiety as anything. Some of the chiefs came near to war about it, and were not easily restrained. Some have been freed; the few retained are as kindly treated and carefully provided for as are the children in the same house generally, and for the present are as well off as they would be if freed. We have not meddled with it where 'twas possible to avoid it, only to let them see what is coming, preferring they act voluntarily.

Polygamy and the unstable and miscellaneous relations of the sexes are more lamentable than anything else which must be overcome. Rivalry, jealousy and avarice are prominent characteristics which may be made to absorb themselves, but very troublesome now.

The school-roll has one hundred and forty names; as the people are constantly coming and going, the attendance is sometimes down to thirty. They promise when we have a school house, etc., more people will come, and many more stay for school.

Chief Skule-kä still keeps his house open and clean for school and church. We need a new building most for school. Our material and appliances depend entirely on our own limited resources. Some of the pupils are satisfied to say they "have been at school." I organized myself into a "police" to send in the big boys. Many are really interested and are making hopeful progress, yet the building up of mind and ideas is, for them, tedious. We try to give them the English along with other teaching, as their language will never enable them to comprehend or express much. They are fond of catechism, Scripture texts and singing, and much time is given to teaching them out of school hours. It will be a glad saving day for these people when they can all have something to do every day to reclaim them from the evils of protracted idleness.

A steamer was here last September. We hope to see it again in April. Meantime mails and some supplies have been gotten irregularly by canoe from Wrangel and Klawack at no small cost of vexation and money. Our unavoidable expenses have in some respects been enormous. I paid more for freight from Wrangel than from San Francisco there, or direct here. The natives charge all they can *any way* get for everything. If they work, show how little they can do. I pay what I think just or go without. They have been kind to us, and will learn to interpret our mission and to make a distinction between the teacher and the trader. The threats to my scalp proved harmless. We have been crammed in narrow quarters, slept under storm-cloaks and umbrellas, in an open, mouldy store-room without fire, because of difficulties and disap-



pointments in procuring building materials. We have had some perils by land and sea, some sickness, some disappointments, but they might have been *much* worse, since we have been kept and blessed, are now well and hopeful, and summer is coming. Thanks to the

treasury of your Board and to the kindness and forethought of Dr. Jackson we have not wanted for table comforts. Mr. Purdy, the factor of the N. W. Trading Company here has been kind and generous. He slept in the attic and gave us his rooms. He has also given us credit when we had no money, and a fair per cent. off purchases.

#### LABORS.

Services every Sabbath, two discourses. Prayer-meeting every Wednesday evening, extra services if many people are in temporarily. We observed the week of prayer, have night schools irregularly for various purposes; singing one evening in each week, sometimes more. One wedding this quarter.

Visiting the sick and giving food and medicine is no small care.

Settling differences and giving advice in many things comes in for its share of time and perplexities. Directing them in their work is sometimes instructive to them. No small amount of manual labor for the mission has also been deemed a duty under the circumstances existing.

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## INDIAN EDUCATION.

### A DAY OF DISCUSSION AT OCEAN GROVE.

WHAT HAS BEEN AND WHAT SHOULD BE DONE FOR THE RED MAN—OTHER TOPICS.

[FROM A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]  
OCEAN GROVE, N. J., Aug. 11.—What Ocean

#### THE AFTERNOON SESSION. 1883.

Bishop Dickinson, of the African Methodist Episcopal Church, of South Carolina, presided at the afternoon session. "Danger to our country is constantly increasing," he said, "from home-born and from imported illiteracy. There are two United States—the intellectual and the political. If the intellectual United States will do its work as thoroughly and zealously as the political United States does its, this foul blot of illiteracy will be soon wiped out." An address was made by the Rev. Sheldon Jackson, D. D., superintendent of the Presbyterian mission in Alaska, on "The Indians of Alaska." The superficial area of northwest Alaska was stated to be as large as the United States of America west of the Mississippi and north of the Gulf. There are two entirely distinct language-speaking people among them. Of the Alaska Indians proper there are 12,000. The total native population of Alaska is about 35,000, including 1,683 half-breeds. A curious comment on the influence of this country is the fact that the schools which existed when Alaska was owned by Russia have been allowed to die out. The introduction of American whiskey has been attended by the most deadly effects, several hundreds of them having died during recent winters, owing to the fact that they had spent all their money and resources in a grand debauch during the summer, leaving absolutely nothing for provisions for the winter. Among other stories told by the speaker was that of one of the chiefs who, after vainly trying to have a religious teacher sent them, committed suicide in his despair. He urged the establishment of a responsible government in Alaska by Congressional enactment, and a training school at Sitka for Alaska children.

## SUMMER LEISURE.

### SUNDAY-SCHOOL ASSEMBLY.

ASBURY PARK, Aug. 3.—The attendance at the seaside Sunday-School Assembly was very large to-day. The leader, the Rev. J. A. Worden, drilled the normal class upon the "Evidences of Christianity"; the Rev. G. R. Alden, of Asbury Park, conducted the exercises of the children; the Rev. Dr. Sheldon Jackson, of New-York, made an address upon "The Mission Work in Alaska," and the Rev. W. C. Roberts, of New-York, recently elected Secretary of the Home Mission Board, delivered an address upon "Home Mission Work on the Western Frontier." The New-Jersey Home Mission Conference was led by the Rev. Dr. Robert Aikman, of Madison, N. J. Mrs. Ashbel Green, of New-York, and Mrs. James, of Brooklyn, were the speakers at the annual meeting of the Women's Home Mission Society. Mrs. G. R. Alden, of Asbury Park, conducted the Primary Class Teachers' Conference. A prayer-meeting of the ladies, at which home missions was the principal subject, was an interesting feature of the day. This evening Professor Locke Richardson, of Canada, gave "An Evening with Dickens." The audience was very large.

## THE CHAUTAUQUA SEASON.

CHAUTAUQUA, N. Y., July 31.—Dr. Sheldon Jackson lectured in the amphitheatre this morning on Alaska. At the close of the lecture, a large contribution was made for the Alaska mission field. The missionary meeting and conferences are still held. The Grand Assembly will have its opening day to-morrow, when the Chautauqua season really begins.

## SITKA, ALASKA.

Our illustration is kindly furnished by Harper & Brothers, and is taken from a very readable work, published by them, entitled "Travel and Adventure in the Territory of Alaska," by Frederick Whymper. The large square house on the hill was the palace of the Russian Governor. To the right is seen the spire and dome of the Greek Church, built by the Emperor of Russia. The larger portion of the place is hidden behind the Governor's hill. Off in the background are seen the snow-capped mountains.

Sitka was founded by Baranoff in 1799. In 1802 the Thlinkets attacked and captured the Russian fort and village. All the officers and thirty men were killed. The place was recaptured by the Russians in 1804. It presents a gay appearance, the houses being yellow, with sheet-iron roofs, painted red; the bright green spire and dome of the Greek Church; the old battered hulks roofed in and used as magazines, and the antiquated buildings of the Russian Fur Company. All together, these give the place an original and foreign appearance. It is the center of a large native population, much demoralized by rum. They greatly need the gospel to elevate and save them.



## READY FOR SEA.

**Activity Aboard the Revenue Cutter Corwin—Gifts for the Indians Stowed Away—Orders from Washington Concerning the Trouble at Hain —The Corwin's Pet Bear.**

The revenue cutter Thomas Corwin, that since her return from her famous cruise, the middle of last November, in which the storming of the Kikhsloo Indian village was the most prominent and sensational occurrence, has been lying off and on in this port, is about to leave for the Arctic on her regular six months' cruise. Stores of various kinds, and coal sufficient to last to steam to Nanaimo, were taken aboard last week, and yesterday the presents to be given to the Tchuck Indians, in consideration of the services rendered by the tribe to the wrecked crew of the Rodgers, were safely stowed away in the hold. They consist of various articles calculated to make glad the hearts of creatures in the frigid zone. Among other things, are sacks of flour, clothing of different kinds, numerous trinkets, and an assortment of Springfield rifles. Ensign Stoncy of the Navy, has been especially commissioned to attend the safe delivery of the goods, which are valued at about \$3,000.

A number of changes have been made in the complement of the Corwin since her last cruise. Nearly all the men are newly shipped, and three new officers have been ordered aboard to fill the places of officers removed to other stations. The officers at present are: Captain, M. A. Healey; Second Lieutenant, T. W. Benham; Third Lieutenants, W. E. Reynolds, G. H. Doty and J. E. Lutz; Chief Engineer, S. T. Taylor; First Assistant Engineer, A. L. Broadbent; Second Assistant Engineer, S. B. McLenegan; Pilot, J. H. Douglass; Surgeon, S. C. Devan. Lieutenant Benham is in the place of Lieutenant O. S. Willey, who is now at New Orleans, on the revenue cutter Seward. Mr. Broadbent succeeds Chief Engineer Laws, who is now on the cutter Colfax at Wilmington, N. C. Mr. McLenegan was ordered to supply the place of Second Assistant Engineer Owens, now on the cutter Bibb at Ogdensburg, N. Y. Forward there are thirty-three men, all told. The cutter will probably leave to-morrow. She will stop at Nanaimo and coal, and thence go to Harrisburg, Alaska, under special orders from Secretary Folger, to settle an international squabble that has recently occurred between the American and British miners at that point. The Secretary has advised Captain Healey to exercise extreme caution, and to use no authority without instructions. He was also requested to communicate with Commander Henry Glass of this city, formerly of the Jamestown, who has had considerable experience in dealing with similar diplomatic questions. It is expected that several weeks will be spent at Harrisburg, and the cutter will then go across to Oonatska and up to St. Lawrence Bay, and probably to Point Barrow. The principal object of the cruise, besides the additional ones already mentioned, is to prevent the wanton destruction of fur-bearing animals during the hunting season, which extends from about the middle of May through October. At Otter Island, a barren rock off the coast near Cook's Inlet, an officer and two men will be left to prevent raids on the seal which use the island as a breeding place. Last year Lieutenant Lutz was left here for three months, and he will probably have the same duty this cruise. The cutter is usually not allowed to carry passengers, but Captain Healey has obtained permission to have his brother, a Catholic clergyman, to accompany him this trip, for the benefit of his health. At the time of the return of the Corwin from its last long cruise, mention was made of a black bear cub that was brought down. It was a great pet and had the liberty of the vessel, but it grew to full size while in port and became such a nuisance that the Captain traded it with Pat Mackey, the boatman at the foot of Clay street, for a dog, a water spaniel. The cutter will probably return about November 1st.

Western Alaska deals in furs and fish. During the past season otter and seal skins to the amount of \$1,600,000, and the skins of land animals to the value of \$80,000. It has also sent to market codfish and salmon worth \$85,000.

## By Telegraph.

### Alaska Freight.

PORTLAND, May 13.—Owing to the increased demand for freight the Pacific Coast Steamship Company will dispatch the Victoria to Alaska within two weeks. The Idaho had to refuse six hundred tons merchandise and lumber, and the Victoria is certain to have a full cargo.

Among the passengers on the Idaho to Alaska last night were Major Morris, Collector of Customs for the Alaskan district, who has been absent in Washington for some time past, and Col. Oakford, Deputy collector of customs at Fort Wrangel, who came down last week on the Adams. The Col. had been a passenger on the ill-fated steamer Eureka, bound to the northern part of the district on official business. The wreck of the Eureka put a stop to his journey, and he had to come here on the Adams in order to get conveyance back to his station, or else wait a month up there till the Idaho came around.

Stmr. Idaho arrived last night from Nanaimo where she had been coaling preparatory to her Alaskan trip. The vessel was almost crowded with passengers, and received nearly a hundred that had been waiting for her here. Among the people that she took up were some fifty Chinamen, who were being sent to work in an Alaskan cannery. The passengers from this place had become heartily tired of waiting for the Idaho, and as soon as she touched the wharf commenced climbing on board from every direction, determined not to leave her again, if they could avoid it, until she reached her destination. The miners en route to Alaska, are, apparently, a hardy set, and are very sanguine of success this season. The few sharpers that went up,—of which kind a few may be found in every mining camp—are sanguine also, and expect to "fleece" the miners in good style. There is a vigilante committee at Juneau, however, that probably knows how to treat such fellows.

—A valuable and large collection of Colorado and Alaska antiquities collected by Rev. Sheldon Jackson, D.D., and owned by the late John Dismore, of Allegheny City, Pa., have been presented by his heirs to Washington and Jefferson College.



# Journal of Education.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL,

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BOSTON, JUNE 28, 1883.

## ALASKA: ASSISTANCE ASKED FROM THE FRIENDS OF EDUCATION.

By Sheldon — Jackson.

A new era is opening for Alaska. Two years ago gold mines were opened about 160 miles northeast of Sitka, and the mining village of Juneau was established. From these mines \$150,000 worth of gold-dust was taken last season. Rich discoveries were also reported in the valley of the Upper Yukon River. These reports have created considerable interest in the mining regions of Arizona and the Pacific Coast, and hundreds have, within the past few months, gone to Alaska.

As a mining excitement first opened up California, Colorado, and Montana to settlement, so the present movement may be the commencement of the development of Alaska. That development has already commenced. In addition to the quartz-mills and mining-interests, trading-posts have been established at a number of native villages. The Northwest Trading Company has established extensive works at Killisnoo for the manufacture of fish-oil. Four salmon canneries have been established at different points, and several fisheries at others. Extensive cod-fisheries are in operation at the banks, off of the Shumagin Islands, and sawmills are running at Sitka, Roberts, Klawack, and Jackson.

These changes again bring up the question of education. Shall the native population be left, as in the past, to produce, under the encroachments of the incoming whites, a new crop of costly, bloody, and cruel Indian wars, or shall they be so educated that they will become useful factors in the new development? The native races are partially civilized, industrious, anxious for an education, readily adopt the ways of the whites, and with the advantages of schools, will quickly, to all intents and purposes, become citizens. To accomplish this, requires the sympathy and coöperation of the friends of education throughout the country.

Many intelligent Americans have for some time past felt ashamed that any large section of our land should be left without educational privileges,—that Alaska should be worse off than when under Russia, the United States having failed to continue the schools that for many years were sustained by the Russian government.

In 1882 President Arthur sent a special message to Congress, asking for an appropriation for schools in Alaska, to be administered through the National Bureau of Education and the Department of the Interior. It is now proposed to renew the agitation. This can be done by the friends of education using influence with their congressmen. It would also be of great assistance if at each of the State and other educational conventions of the summer a resolution could be passed and officially sent to Hon. Henry M. Teller, Secretary of the Interior, requesting him to use his influence in procuring an appropriation for common schools in various sections of Alaska, and an industrial training-school at Sitka.

### ALASKA

Rapid Growth of Juneau City—Urgent Need of Laws and Government—Mining Difficulties—Postal Service—Affairs at Wrangell.

JUNEAU CITY, ALASKA, April 11th, via VICTORIA, B. C., April 15th.—The steamship City of Chester arrived last night from Portland, via Wrangell. She landed about 300 passengers and another quartz mill. Times are getting lively, and it looks as if there would be a big rush of miners here this summer. Treadwell is hard at work putting up his mill on Douglas Island, about two miles from town.

There will be bloodshed here this spring if we do not have some form of government and the laws that are needed immediately, as there are a large number of placer miners arriving on every steamer, and when the snow disappears they will locate over the quartz claims, and, in fact, they have done so already. It is said that they say they intend to hold the ground if they have to do so with the shotgun. There is no law in the Territory to stop them, and they are in the majority.

The schooner Ocean Spray arrived last week and landed a large load of merchandise and lumber. Buildings are going up very fast. There is a large hotel and several stores under way at present, and more will be started by the 1st of May.

We did not get our mail this month. We have a postoffice and 500 inhabitants and there has been no provision made for transportation of mails from Port Townsend to Juneau City. The steamer has been landing our mails once a month for the last year, but up to the present time has not received one cent of pay. The Captain says they have been carrying the United States mails to Juneau City all winter through ice and snow just for the glory of it, but he says that they have received all the glory they want, and he will be glad when the mail contract expires, for it has broken two companies in the last six years.

The citizens held a meeting and have petitioned the Postmaster-General to have Juneau included in the next mail contract, which takes place on the 1st of July.

The citizens of Fort Wrangell, Sitka, Juneau City and Alaska in general are very indignant over the swindle which is about to be perpetrated on them by J. P. Ludlow, who proposes to carry the United States mails from Port Townsend to Alaska for the next three years in a small, frail-built steamer of less than one hundred tons burden. All the citizens of Alaska are protesting, and requesting the Postmaster-General to look well after this steamer before awarding a contract, or we will have another disaster like that of the steamer George S. Wright, that was lost on Queen Charlotte Sound, with all hands, besides several army officers.

Every thing has been remarkably quiet at Sitka. The United States steamship Wachuset leaves for a cruise in a few days and will not return for two months.

At Wrangell everything is very dull. The sign of J. W. Stephen has been taken down from over his store, and M. Costello has charge of his business. Most of the goods in the store and warehouse have been spirited away to parts unknown.



# The National Educational Association.

## THE TWENTY-SECOND ANNUAL MEETING AT SARATOGA, N. Y.

### FIRST DAY,—MONDAY JULY 9.

The twenty-second annual meeting of the National Educational Association began its sessions at the Methodist Church, Saratoga, N. Y., on Monday, July 9, at 10 a. m.

### SECOND DAY—TUESDAY, JULY 10.

#### MORNING SESSION.

The Assoc. held a ten-minutes session, Prest. Tappan in the chair, when the following committees were announced:

*On Nominations*—E. E. White of Indiana, E. C. Hewett of Illinois, J. L. Pickard of Iowa, W. W. Folwell of Minnesota, H. C. Spear of Kansas, W. W. Jones of Nebraska, W. Casterlin of California, A. Gove of Colorado, W. J. Phelps of Vermont, D. B. Hagar of Massachusetts, W. A. Mowry of Rhode Island, B. G. Northrop of Connecticut, Mrs. Rebecca D. Rickoff of New York, Geo. P. Beard of Penna., R. Bingham of North Carolina, V. C. Dibble of South Carolina, Miss Julia S. Tutweiler of Alabama, J. W. Baldwin of Texas, Miss Clara Conway of Tennessee, B. L. Butcher of West Virginia.

*On Resolutions*—T. W. Bicknell of Massachusetts, Miss Matilda S. Cooper of New York, W. A. Mowry of Rhode Island, H. S. Tarbell of Indiana, Miss Clara Conway of Tennessee.

*On Honorary Members*—John Eaton of Washington, D. F. DeWolf of Ohio, Mrs. M. A. Stone of Connecticut.

#### EVENING SESSION.

#### *Officers Elected.*

The Com. on Nomination of Officers reported, through its chairman, Mr. White, the following list of officers, which was unanimously elected:

*Prest.*—T. W. Bicknell of Massachusetts.

*Sec.*—H. S. Tarbell of Indiana.

*Treas.*—N. A. Calkins of New York.

*Vice-Prests.*—D. F. DeWolf of Ohio, J. Baldwin of Texas, B. F. Wright of Minnesota, B. L. Butcher of West Virginia, B. G. Northrop of Connecticut, H. E. Spear of Kansas, Miss H. M. Morris of New Jersey, J. W. Dickinson of Massachusetts, E. H. Long of Missouri, John Sweet of California, G. P. Beard of Pennsylvania, Miss M. S. Cooper of New York.

*Counsellors at Large*—Eli T. Tappan of Ohio, John W. Eaton of the District of Columbia, W. E. Sheldon of Massachusetts.

*Counsellors*—L. S. Thompson of Indiana, Henry Raab of Illinois, Henry Sabin of Iowa, Irwin Shepard of Minnesota, A. R. Taylor of Kansas, W. W. Jones of Nebraska, J. B. Carterlin of California, Aaron Gove of Colorado, J. W. Phelps of Vermont, A. G. Boyden of Massachusetts, Merrick Lyon of Rhode Island, Mrs. M. A. Stone of Connecticut, Mrs. Rebecca D. Rickoff of New York, E. A. Singer of Pennsylvania, W. N. Barringer of New Jersey, R. Bingham of North Carolina, Miss Ella Peques of Mississippi, V. C. Dibble of South Carolina, Julia S. Tutweiler of Alabama, Alexander Hogg of Texas, Miss Clara Conway of Tennessee, John M. Birch of West Virginia, C. M. Woodward of Missouri, R. W. Stevenson of Ohio, C. C. Rounds of New Hampshire, Mrs. F. C. Mallon of Georgia, C. W. Heywood of Michigan, Z. Richards of the District of Columbia.

#### *The Louisville Exposition.*

Two names were added to the Com. of Visitors to the convention to be held at Louisville.

It was moved and carried that all members attending at Louisville be considered delegates of the Assoc.

Letters of regret were read from Henry Barnard and Z. Richards.

### THIRD DAY—WEDNESDAY, JULY 11.

#### *National Aid to Education.*

The Assoc. assembled at 9.00 a. m., Prest. Tappan in the chair.

At the opening of the morning session Dr. Thomas W. Bicknell, chairman of the Com. on Resolutions, submitted a report, which was adopted *seriatim*.

#### *Resolutions.*

*Resolved*, That the thanks of the Assoc. are due and tendered to all hotel proprietors, railroad managers, and all other persons in public or private capacity, who have added to the pleasure and success of this meeting.



*Education in the South.*

*Resolved*, That we congratulate the educators in the South on the increasing interest shown in their work, and the better support it is receiving in their States, and that this specially encourages us to renew our appeal to Congress for the enactment of some adequate and proper measure of national aid to education in the Southern States.

*Resolved*, That this Assoc. sees with earnest approbation the many acts of generosity on the part of individuals and societies, which have lately been done in aid of the colored race, and that its members particularly honor the munificence of Mr. Slater, and highly approve of the action of the trustees of this fund in selecting as its chief guardian and dispenser, Dr. Atticus Haygood.

*Resolved*, That we observe with satisfaction that the Dept. of the Interior is seeking to devote certain appropriations for Indians mainly to the education of Indian children, especially to their education in industry and conduct, and that we will earnestly use our influence that Congress may cooperate to this end, that, by thus educating their children, Indian wars may cease, and the Indians may become self supporting and orderly citizens.

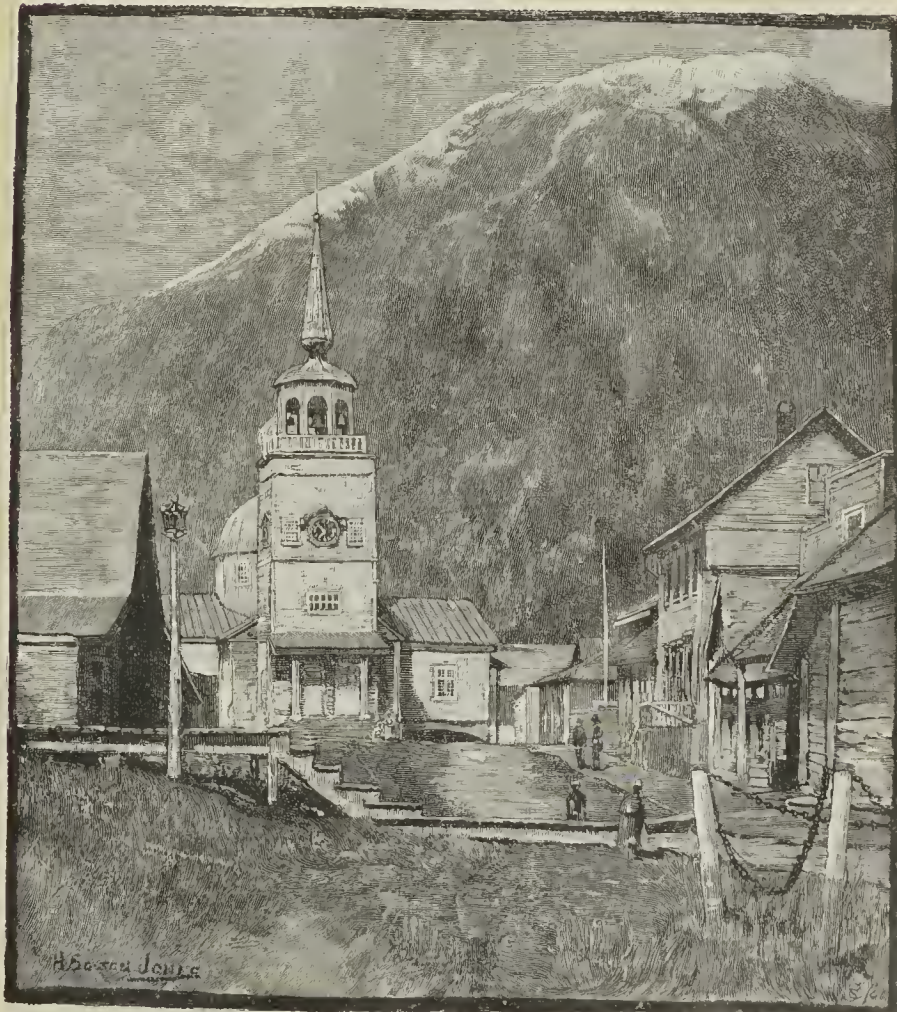
*Education in Alaska.*

*Whereas*, Alaska is the only large section of the United States for which some educational provision has not been made by law; and,

*Whereas*, It is a reflection upon our interest in universal education that Alaska should be worse off than when under the control of Russia, the United States having neglected to continue the schools that for many years were sustained by the Russian Government, or substitute better ones in their places; and,

*Whereas*, The President of the United States transmitted to the last Congress a paper from the honorable Comr. of Ed. calling attention to this neglect; therefore,

*Resolved*, First, that the president and secretary of this Assoc. be requested to prepare a paper asking the Government to make some provision for an industrial training school at Sitka, the capital, and for an appropriation to be expended by the Comr. of Ed., under the direction of the honorable Sec. of the Interior, for the establishment of schools at such points in Alaska as may be designated by the Comr. of Ed.; second, that copies of the paper so prepared, signed on behalf of this Assoc. by the president and secretary, shall be transmitted to the President of the United States, the honorable Sec. of the Interior, and the Com. on Ed. and Labor of the U. S. Senate and House of Representatives.

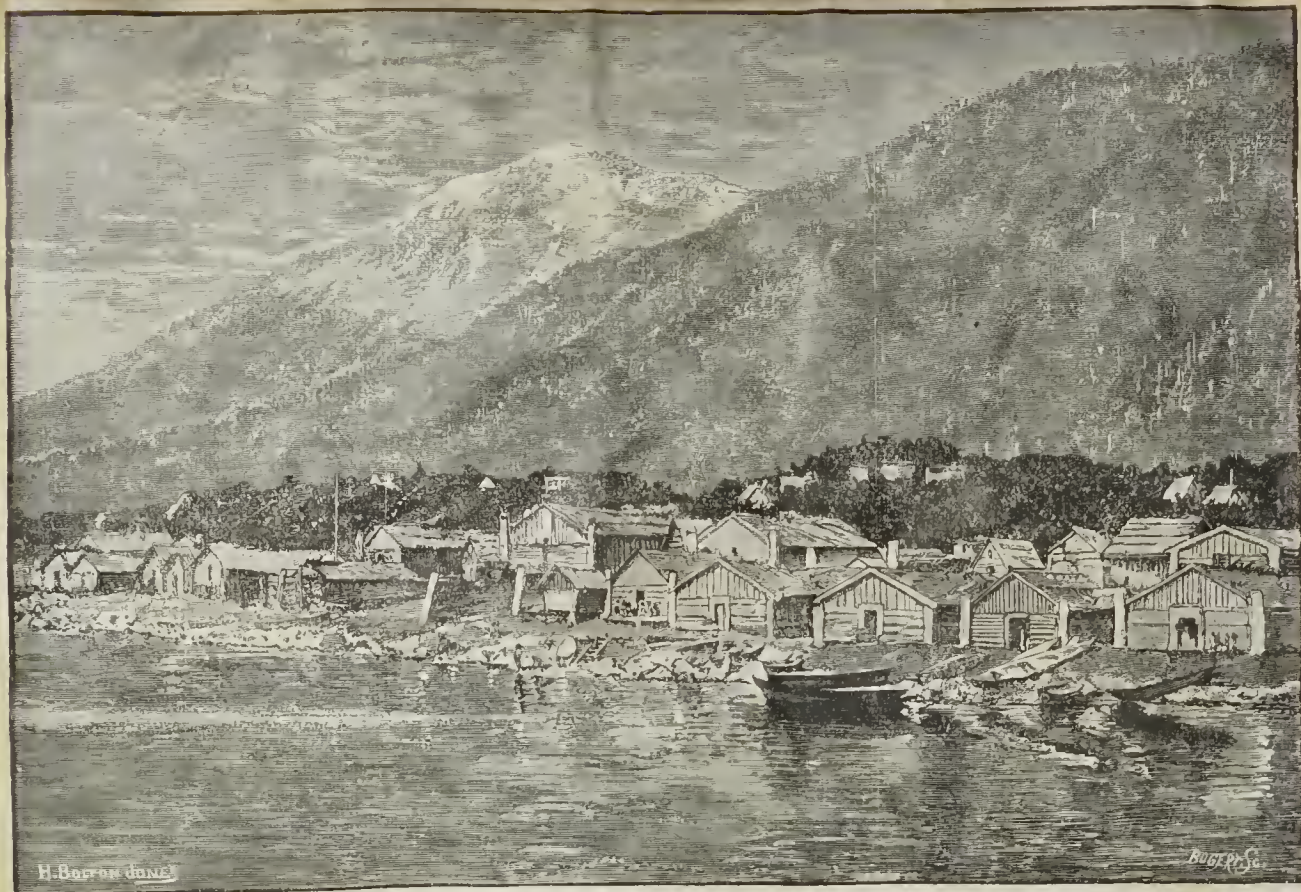


THE MAIN STREET OF SITKA.

*GENERAL NOTES.*

One of the advantages on the side of the missionaries in Alaska, says the Rev. S. Hall Young, who has recently returned for a short rest from Fort Wrangel, lies in the fact that the women are in all respects the equals of the men. The principal obstacles to be overcome are superstition and drunkenness. There are at present twenty missionaries in that field and their labor is meeting with a satisfactory reward.





THE INDIAN VILLAGE AT SITKA.

## ALASKA.

BY MISS KATE A. RANKIN.

### FORT WRANGEL.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS: We have a little Bessie here, who is quite a pet of mine. I come next to Mrs. McFarland in Bessie's affections. She is a very sweet, bright, little girl. Emily May Wheeler is the name of my little girl. She is larger and more than a year older than Bessie. She has passed through a great many more hardships than Bessie. Her mother, a very low, drunken woman, neglected and abused her dreadfully. The white men would often take her to their homes out of the rain, and dry, warm, and feed her. Bessie and May are relatives.

We had a little girl brought to us just five weeks to-day. She was taken away from her mother last fall and held as a prisoner because some person said she had bewitched him. She was rescued and sent to us. She is a real bright little thing, has already learned to sing, "Jesus loves me." Last Wednesday Mrs. McFarland rescued another little girl that was taken as a slave, because her mother had bewitched some person. She belongs to the Kake tribe. They were here trading, and her friends came and asked to have her rescued. The man was so angry when he had to give her up. He said he would go home and kill her mother's two little sisters. Mrs. McFarland wrote to the captain of the gunboat, and he will attend to it, for he is anxious to stop such work. I want you to remember these dear little girls, and pray for them, that God will bless them, and that they may be led to love the dear Saviour, who has done so much for them.



Very shortly after you receive this we will be starting for our camping. I wish you were here to go with us. I think you would enjoy it. We miss our sail, which was burnt with the many other useful things.

Paddling a canoe so large as ours, and so many in it, is very hard work, and slow too. But with a sail we skim along nicely. I hope some dear little bird from fairyland will be kind enough to bring us the means for that purpose. Bessie sends a kiss, and says she would like to see you.

#### A MURDEROUS AFFRAY IN ALASKA.

VICTORIA, B. C., Aug. 6.—The steamer Eureka, which arrived here yesterday morning from the north, brings the news of a terrible tragedy at the Dakan mine, near Harrisburg, Alaska. Two whiskey sellers named Rennie and Martin got drunk and unconsciously exchanged cabins during the night. Indians broke into Martin's cabin, where Rennie was sleeping and stole a bottle of whiskey. As soon as the fact was discovered the whiskey men started after the Indians, and in a fight with them Rennie was killed. The citizens in force then arrested three of the Indians, confining them in the guard-house. During the temporary absence of the guards the Indians procured a pistol and shot Martin on his return. They then fled. The report of the pistol awoke Major Givens, formerly of the United States Army, who rushed to the rescue and was shot down, wounded. The Indians then took an axe and hacked his head to pieces, when they attempted to make good their escape, but a number of miners who had reached the scene, shot one of them down and arrested another. The third escaped. The infuriated citizens constituted themselves a jury and hung the captured Indian on the spot. The next day Colonel Barry ordered the Indian chiefs to produce the escaped Indian, and he was quickly delivered up and promptly hanged.

#### MAIL ROUTES IN ALASKA.

BY SHELDON JACKSON, D.D. 1883

Very few of your readers are aware, that at the commencement of Presbyterian missions in Alaska, there were in all that vast section, equal to one-sixth of the United States, but the two post-offices of Sitka and Fort Wrangel, and both of these in the southeastern corner of that country. Traders and white men at Kadiak, 600 miles to the westward, at Unalashka, 1,200 miles distant, or at Fort Yukon, 3,000 miles from Sitka, are dependent for their mail and news from the outside world upon occasional trading vessels from San Francisco.

In 1881, upon the discovery of gold, a post-office was established at Juneau, about 166 miles northeast of Sitka.

The first mission station was established at Fort Wrangel, because the gospel introduced by British Indians had first taken root there. The second station was at Sitka because it was the central and

No. 2 9/21 1882

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188

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prominent place in the Alexander Archipelago, and easily accessible by the monthly mail steamer.

But when the missionaries at Sitka and Fort Wrangel had time to become acquainted with the surrounding sections, they found that they were not located among the largest tribes—that to the south of Fort Wrangel was the much larger tribe of Hydahs, and to the north of Sitka the larger tribes of Hoonyah and Chilcat. They also found that these large tribes were open to the introduction of the gospel and their leading men importunate in their requests for teachers. But their locations were inaccessible, the Hydahs being about 200 and the Chilcats about 100 miles from a post-office or any communication with the outside world except the tedious and perilous one by canoe. However, the tribes were so urgent, and their needs so great, that the venture was made and the missions established. Brave men and women, self-exiled from love to souls, cheerfully went to these stations and their success justified the wisdom of the missions. But the missionaries, without a chance of securing fresh supplies, receiving or sending out a mail, or even sending out word for months together of the desperate straits to which they were reduced, suffered untold hardships. The family of Rev. E. S. Willard, when a small steamer was chartered and sent to his relief, was found in the last stages of starvation. This raised the alternative of abandoning the mission or providing some way of regular communication.

To save the missions, prevent such suffering in the future, and provide regular communication, I went to some Christian friends in Congress, who secured a bill es-



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 tablishing four additional post-offices in Alaska, including the two outside stations. An effort was then made to induce the Steamship Company that carries the mail to Sitka, to extend their trip to these new offices; but the Post-Office Department did not feel justified in offering a suitable compensation. What then was to be done? The post offices were of no value without a mail. Hon. R. A. Elmer, Second Assistant Post-master General, who takes an interest in Alaska matters, and to whom the thanks of the Church are due for these increased facilities, suggested that the Department could allow a very small sum, which would probably be sufficient pay to Indians carrying the mail in their canoes, and that some one interested should ascertain the lowest sum at which the Indians could be hired, and then make a bid for the service. Accordingly, after full correspondence with the missionaries, in my private capacity as a citizen, I put in a bid and received the contract. The Mission Board is in no way connected with it, but, in common with many others and the public at large, reaps the advantages. I hardly need add that I receive no pecuniary advantage. The supervision of the details has been placed in the hands of the missionaries benefited, and they will employ their Christian Indians in the work.

1. Thus, the missionaries are able to communicate with and hear from their friends;

2. The Board of Missions are kept informed of the progress of the work, and in case of special distress afford prompt relief;

3. Worthy Indians secure employment, and

4. Fresh supplies can be carried in at a reasonable cost.

The steamer *Burke* on her down trip from Alaska, ran aground a rock a few miles north of Wrangell and sprung a leak. About 10 tons of water was pumped out at Nanaimo and the captain says she will have to go on the ways for repairs.

## PRESBYTERY OF SANTA FE.

At a *pro re nata* meeting of the Presbytery of Santa Fe, held in Albuquerque, New Mexico, August 7, Marcos Barela was received under the care of the Presbytery as a licentiate; Rev. James Frazer was received from the Presbytery of Chester, and the Rev. Sheldon Jackson, D.D., dismissed to the Presbytery of Alaska.

J. McGAUGHEY, *Stated Clerk*.

*Santa Fe, N. M., Aug. 10, 1883.*

A passenger per the *Eureka*, from Harrisburg, gives an account of the late Indian trouble there: It seems three white men were killed, and three Indian murderers were put out of the way, one by being shot and two by hanging. Whiskey caused it. On the trail between Harrisburg and a mining camp a mile distant are two saloons where the Indians get ardent spirits. The Indians had stolen a bottle of liquor from one of these saloons, and Dick Raney, the proprietor, an Englishman, started to chastise them, but was met by two Indians who attacked him with clubs and killed him. In arresting the two Indians, a third Sitka Indian interfered, and all three were marched to jail. One of the guards, named Dennis, was careless and the Indians contrived to get hold of a pistol with which they shot him. They then ran to the camp. Major Givens, an old soldier, was the first man to reach the jail, and when he saw Dennis' condition he rushed down to the Indian camp where the prisoners were trying to get their shackles off with an ax. They shot Givens and cut his head and face horribly with the ax, when two of the Indians took to the woods, leaving the other shackled in the house. Pursuing white men shot and killed one of the fleeing savages and captured the other; the two were then tried by a jury of citizens, convicted and hung. The U. S. war vessel *Adams* was away at the time. It is probable that there will be no further trouble.

## Gov. Newell's Speech At Whatcom.

*[Northwest Enterprise.]*

A large crowd assembled in front of the Washington Hotel last Thursday evening to listen to the address of Gov. Newell. The opening remarks were a description of Whatcom county. The Governor said he had traveled extensively through nearly all of Washington Territory, but this was the first time he had visited Whatcom. He had reserved the best till the last. Whatcom county, extending one hundred miles from east to west and fifty miles from north to south, with its superior agricultural resources, its fine timber, etc., had a splendid future before it. The speaker next called attention to the vast and wonderful country lying to the northwest—Alaska, with



its great forests of yellow cedar—the most valuable timber in the world today, save mahogany, and worth \$100 per 1,000 feet; its fisheries, which include 700 miles of codfish banks, salmon in inexhaustible numbers and whales in immense schools; the Yukon river, the second largest in the world, navigable for hundreds of miles; and the great commerce, which in the near future must of necessity spring up with this country of magnificent resources, will come to the Sound.

## ALASKA.

BY LOUIS PAUL.

UPPER CHILCAT.

[Louis Paul and wife are native Alaskans who were educated in our school at Ft. Wrangel.]

The first part of this quarter I was engaged finishing my house, during which, with coming down to company's store for provisions to take up the river, the cold weather set in. The ice not being strong enough to bear us on that account it detained me and my wife two weeks; and at the expiration of that time we had to take the mountain for it, our only resource to get back; we could not venture on the ice. When I arrived at Upper Chilcat I commenced school. All the Indians say they were sorry a teacher did not come amongst them sooner; that by this time they would know more about God.

All my scholars, as soon as they hear the bell ring, run quickly to school. Some without breakfast. It shows how anxious they are to learn. Thirty-seven young men and twenty-seven young women come to school. One Sunday morning in particular our house nearly got broke down. There were 276 people upstairs and down, and a lot of people congregated outside. The Indians have held counsel. They come to the conclusion that they want a large school-house. They will not move down to Willard's Mission. They say it is hard for them to move. All the books I have are twelve primers, which Mrs. McFarland gave us. No chalk, pencils or slates; so I am very poorly provided for. You will see by the large amount of scholars I have that twelve primers are nowhere for 127 scholars. Mrs. McFarland has been kind to send us some Sunday-school papers, which was not enough for one Sunday's distribution.

We need a large hand-bell. One Monday morning after Christmas I heard they cut both legs of a woman, so I went and took her away from them and kept her in my house until the trouble was over. I make circuit round to every house three times a week, and if there is any trouble amongst them I talk to them and they listen to me attentively; and if there is any trouble among them I find it out quick.

## LIFE IN SITKA.

A letter from Sitka, Alaska, to *The St. Louis Globe-Democrat* says: With the most beautiful harbor in the world, the glories of its sea and shore have been unsung, and a bay full of little wooded islands and a circle of mountain peaks that rise straight from the water await the new generation of poets and painters. A deserted castle crowns the rocky headland and looks down upon the scattered town, and one street meanders from the landing-wharf to the square around the Church of St. Michael and then spreads out into a network of branches and by-ways. From the church a main by-way follows the curving bay for two miles down shore, and as a relic of Russian rule this dry and graveled walk is the most appreciated by residents, tourists, and exiled officers of our navy. As the one promenade in Alaska it has a unique fame, and after two weeks on shipboard we were properly thankful for the chance of a long walk that did not go over stony beaches or mazy paths sunk deep in the heart of the rank forest growth. A "blarney stone" of mysterious origin and many legends lies beside this pathway at the edge of the town, and many Russian maidens and skeptical strangers have kissed its smooth top.

The castle, the church, the old government barracks, and the custom-house constitute the public buildings and sight-seeing places of Sitka, and a row of howitzers at the foot of the castle steps and before the barracks give as certain air of importance to what presumably stands for the heart of the city. The castle, where the Romanoffs, Mangells, Kupriassoffs, Makstneffs, and other stately Russians held sway, is now untenanted, save by the signal officer, who keeps his whirlingigs and instruments in the tower and lives in one of the lower rooms. The castle is built of heavy cedar logs and planks in a way to fit it for a fortress and with care and occupancy would last for centuries. No banner hangs from its outer walls or streams from the roof, and the empty rooms, with their deep windows, tall porcelain stoves, and quaint brass chandeliers and latches are just the habitations for historical and aristocratic ghosts. Occasionally the officers of the men-of-war get up entertainments in the extemporized theater on the upper floor, and the old drawing-room of the governors' wives is the scene of all the balls and revels that the high society of Sitka indulges in. Otherwise the ghosts and the rats and the signal officer have it to themselves, and there is the ghost of a beautiful Russian princess who still haunts this deserted castle. Like a well-behaved ghost, the princess comes out at the midnight hour. She wears long, trailing robes of black, and her forehead, her neck, and wrists are flashing with diamonds. She wrings her beautiful white hands and wanders with sorrowful mien from room to room, and leaves a faint perfume as of wild roses where she passes. Innumerable young officers from the men-of-war have nerved up their spirits and gone to spend a solitary night in the castle, but none have yet held authentic converse with the beautiful spirit and learned the true story of her unresting sorrow. By tradition the lady in black was the daughter of one of the old governors. On her wedding night she disappeared from the ball-room in the midst of the festivities, and after long search was found dead in one of the small drawing-rooms. Being forced to marry against her will, one belief was that she voluntarily took poison, while another version ascribes the deed to an unhappy lover; while, altogether, the tale of this Lucia of the northwest isles gives just the touch of sentimental interest to the castle of the old Russian governors.



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The tenth empire eclipses all the others in the extent of its territory, magnitude of its rivers, glory of its glaciers, and height of its mountains. Alaska is as large as the thirteen original States of the American Republic, with New York and New England added to them. Its great forests are yet unknown, its mines are undeveloped, its fisheries are hardly heard of, and its seal trade has only begun. What population may yet pour into the Islands on its coast where the climate is mild and the means of subsistence easily obtained, no one can tell. Already there are here from thirty to forty thousand Indians wholly dependent on our Church for their education and religious advantages.

#### Alaska.

In 1877 Dr. Sheldon Jackson visited the Territory of Alaska and began missionary operations in the interests of the Presbyterian Church. Great progress has been made. Mrs. MacFarland, a noble Christian woman, accompanied Dr. Jackson. Mrs. MacFarland became counsellor, arbitrator and lawyer to the people. She drew up the first constitution and presided at the convention which adopted it, and this is the only form of government the people have. She has been successful in gathering in the girls, saving multitudes from a life of shame, and awakened in them higher and better ambitions.

## Weekly Argus.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 2, 1883.

### News From The North Coast.

*Victoria Colonist.*]

News by the steamship Idaho states that business is lively in camp and gold-dust plentiful. In basin miners were taking out \$8 per man. In the Treadwell claim they have penetrated the rock and struck gold in the lower tunnel, and the rock there proves equally as good as that found in either of the other tunnels. The people have been watching operations in this ledge, knowing that if the tunnel proved good, it must be one of the richest on the coast. At the Treadwell claim the manager is well pleased with the present outlook, and there is little doubt there will be much more doing next spring. Powers & Co., who are washing the surface of their mine, are doing a good business. At Pyramid harbor the salmon had not commenced running on the 16th inst., but both canneries are prepared to attend to

a large number when they do appear. About 24 miners came down on the Idaho; they say that business is not so good in Harrisburg this summer as last, and free miners are not doing anything extraordinary. In one claim they were making \$10 per day. The best claims near Harrisburg were those of Dick Harris, Mike Powers and Coon's. As a rule, miners could not afford to pay Si-washes \$2 per day, and nearly all had returned who went up this spring. At Douglas, where there is a placer-mine and small stamp mill, there were two or three men working. The stamp mill up the gulch was not at work. Nothing had been heard from Yukon. Among the passengers by the Idaho were two Alaska bears, five months old, who were inclined to grumble because the captain did not keep a cow, and some tame gulls.

A number of miners left Stickeen river this spring to wait at Harrisburg in expectation of hearing news from Yukon. Three men, B. Johnson, C. Monroe and another, left Wrangel last June to prospect a tributary of Liard river, that has not yet been tested. The spot is about 120 miles from any habitation.





NATIONAL EDUCATION ASSEMBLY,

OCEAN GROVE, N. J.,

AUGUST 8th and 9th, 1882,

CONDUCTED BY

REV. J. C. HARTZELL, D. D.

“Education is the Cheap Defense of Nations.”



## FIRST DAY--TUESDAY, AUG. 8.

### *Morning Session :--10 to 12 o'clock.*

BISHOP COX, of New York, will preside and make introductory remarks

- 1.—INTRODUCTORY RELIGIOUS EXERCISES, Conducted by Rev. E. H. STOKES, D.D., President Ocean Grove Association.
- 2.—OPENING ADDRESS, by Hon. JOHN EATON, U. S. Commissioner of Education, Washington, D. C.
- 3.—ADDRESS, by Rev. G. R. CROOKS, D. D., of New Jersey.

### *Afternoon Session :--3 to 5 o'clock.*

EDUCATIONAL CONFERENCE.—Subject:—Our Illiterate Masses.

Dr. H. R. WAITE, Special Educational and Religious Statistician, U. S. Census, will preside.

Illiteracy of United States will be illustrated by maps by Dr. Hartzell.

Short addresses by Gen. RUSLING, of New Jersey; Rev. Dr. L. R. FISKE, of Michigan; Prof. Caldwell, of Tennessee, and Capt. PRATT, of Carlisle, Pa.

### *Evening Session-- 7:45 to 9:45 P. M.*

- 1.—EDUCATION IN UTAH, Rev. T. B. HILTON, B. D. Principal Rocky Mountain Seminary, Utah.
- 2.—EDUCATION IN ALASKA, Rev. SHELDON JACKSON, D.D., Superintendent of the Presbyterian Missions in Rocky Mountains and Alaska.
- 3.—ADDRESS:—Hon. BARNARD PETERS, Editor *Daily Times*, Brooklyn, New York.



SECOND DAY--WEDNESDAY AUG. 9.

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*Morning Session--10 to 12 o'clock.*

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SUBJECT :—Education in the Southern States.

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*ADDRESSES BY THE FOLLOWING:*

REV. M. E. STRIEBY, D.D., New York, of the Congregational Church;  
HON. J. M. GREGORY, L.L.D., Illinois, of the Baptist Church;  
REV. R. H. ALLEN, D.D., Pennsylvania, of the Presbyterian Church;  
REV. J. C. HARTZELL, D.D., Louisiana, of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

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*Afternoon Session, 3 to 4.30 o'Clock.*

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SUBJECT.—The Church and Education.

- 1.—ADDRESS OF BISHOP M. SIMPSON, L.L.D., of Philadelphia.
  - 2.—ADDRESS. by Rev. HENRY A. BUTZ, of New Jersey.
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*Evening Session, 7.45 to 8.45 o'Clock.*

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SUBJECT.—Measures Proposing National Aid to Public Schools now before Congress.

- 1.—ADDRESS, by Hon. H. W. BLAIR, United States Senator from New Hampshire.
  - 2.—ADDRESS, by Hon. W. P. KELLOGG, United States Senator from Louisiana.
  - 3.—CLOSING REMARKS; speeches limited to five minutes.
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Prof. J. R. SWENEY, of Philadelphia, will have in charge the music during the Assembly

# Utica Morning Herald

AND DAILY GAZETTE.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1883.

## HOME MISSIONS.

### Discussion of Missionary Work by Missionary Laborers—The Work in Mexico, Utah and Alaska.

A home missionary convention, under the auspices of the Presbyterian church, commenced in this city yesterday morning, with appropriate services at the First Presbyterian and Westminster churches. At the latter church Rev. Dr. Sheldon Jackson discussed Alaska and its needs. This territory, he said, is as large as that part of the United States lying east of the Mississippi and north of the gulf states. It has the largest river in the country, the highest mountains and volcanic and glacial systems on the borders. Here also are medicinal springs. The country is not only great in phenomena, but also in its material resources it is rich. The revenue derived from the seal fishery amounts to \$317,500 a year, and the fish interest in addition amounts to a million. Besides the fisheries, there are great lumber interests; also coal, iron and copper mines, petroleum, marble quarries, and gold and silver mines. Two mines last year gave \$250,000 in gold dust. But I will pass to the population. The people mostly live along the coast. Along the western coast are eighteen thousand Eskimo for whose spiritual interests no one cares. No one is even planning to give them gospel privileges. But you and I have an interest in these fellow-citizens, and on the Christian church of this country has been laid the responsibility of giving them the gospel. We may never see them here, but you will at the judgment, where they will have a chance to tell us that it was our duty to tell them about Christ. Large amounts are being contributed towards sending money around the world, while a territory in our own country is neglected. It is a responsibility that God devolves upon you. Along the Alaska peninsula, among the Aleutian islands, is a people called the Aleuts. They are now civilized, but still are denied the privilege of learning of God. There are eight or nine thousand of them. Then thro' the central section, along the river Yarkon down to the archipelago, is an Indian population. They are very different from the Indians living in the territories. They live in houses, have plenty of clothing and also to eat, are industrious, saving, and some of them wealthy. They are as able as white men to care for themselves, but they can not secure educational privileges or religious teaching. Their religious belief consists in the power of good and evil spirits. They feel that the good spirit will never do anything wrong; it requires no attention, so they are all the time trying to propitiate the evil spirits, fearing them. In consequence a class of men has arisen who claim power to control these evil spirits. They call themselves medicine men. They never comb or cut their hair, and when they arrive at mature years there are two interesting rites for them to perform. One is the tearing up of a live dog and eating him. The other is the burning of a human corpse, and eating a portion. The larger number of dogs or corpses the better the medicine man. As in other heathen countries the greater burden and cruelty come upon the women. In the northern portion when a woman is considered too old to be useful she is taken out of her house, sometimes by her own son, and killed, and left in the yard to be eaten by dogs. In the northern-central part infanticide prevails to a great extent. A

missionary who had spent 27 years in the Arctic region visited this section once time, and said one of the most harrowing scenes he ever witnessed was the killing of thirteen of these children by their mothers. If the girl child survives this she is compelled to marry a boy or an old man, or is sold in slavery—and slavery with no termination of time. The slave owner fears death fearfully. So, when he is about to die he has one of his female slaves killed in order that she may go ahead and prepare place for him in the spirit world. In northern Alaska is a modified form of widow burning. Cremation prevails here, and when the husband dies, the widow, or widows, are horribly burned. Witchcraft also prevails to some extent. If this condition of things had only existed under the Russian government it would not have been thought so strange, but when the country was bought by the United States a change was looked for. It was thought they would not be allowed, for missionaries would be sent with the light of the gospel. The fact is, Alaska is worse off under the United States than it was under Russia. The latter country gave it a government. The United States has denied this. There are no courts and no laws there, and the people are lawless and unprotected. Russia gave the country schools, and some learned to read and write, but there are no schools there now. Russia gave religious privileges to at least a portion of it, and that church now has nine thousand communicants in southeast Alaska. We have denied them religious privileges. We have no care for the perishing thousands in that northwestern country. But God found other methods—in British America. Here a young Indian was found willing to go and work in Alaska. He was the first missionary there. He first opened a day school with sixty adult pupils, and on Sunday preached three times to large numbers. Is it any wonder that scores then gave their hearts to Christ? The work done was published abroad, and a call was sent out for some one well qualified to go and teach him and assist in his work. Month after month the notice was printed, and no one volunteered. When I went out in 1877, the only one I could get to accompany me was a widow woman named Mrs. A. W. McFarland, and she labored alone there for a long time without any protection. After the Indian died she took entire charge. The people had implicit faith in her, and always resorted to her for solutions of all questions. She drew up the few simple rules that has governed that country since 1877. She has an Indian police force, and has succeeded thus far in keeping out all intoxicating liquors. She has built the McFarland home for the education and care of young girls. A school was established at Sitka, and had an attendance of 243 scholars when it was burned. They are now paying for money with which to build a new one. Missions have also been established in two or three other places, but they are sadly deficient. There is plenty of room and material for work. In conclusion, I wish to make two requests: First, I want you to write to your congressman and senator that you have become interested in Alaska, and you desire very much that they should form some kind of a government for the country. Second, that as you pray for yourselves and your own home and land, you will plead as earnestly for Alaska, that God will stir up the missionary spirits so that they will soon be flocking there. This is on y one corner of your home missionary field. You have the territories, the Mormon field, Mexico, the Indian population of the central plains and the great influx of foreigners. There was never a period when such responsibility was laid upon the Christian church as now. God make us faithful to our country which God has given us.

The annual home missionary collection was then taken up.



# WATERTOWN

## Daily Times

SEPT 21, 1883

### MISSIONARY CONVENTION.

#### LECTURE ON ALASKA LAST EVENING.

The Home Missionary Work—The Need of Religious Education in Our Northern Province—Today's Conference Proceedings.

Last evening the first meeting of the convention of the board of home missionaries of the presbyterian church was held in the Stone-st. church. The congregation was large, and was interested greatly in the work of the missionary board.

There are present at the convention among others, Revs. H. Kendall, D. D., one of the secretaries of the board; Rev. D. J. McMillen, superintendent of the presbyterian missions of Utah; Rev. Mrs. James, of New York city, vice-president of the committee of the Sunday-school missions, and Rev. Sheldon Jackson, D. D., business manager of the Presbyterian Home Missionary, published in New York.

After singing by the choir and a fervent prayer by Rev. Geo. B. Stevens of the First church, Rev. S. A. Hayt introduced the speaker, Rev. Sheldon Jackson, to the congregation. Mr. Jackson has been for the past twenty-five years on the western frontier from the Missouri river westward, and had charge of all that country as superintendent of missions from Mexico to British America, to establish protestantism in Arizona, New Mexico, Colorado, Wyoming, Utah, Montana and Alaska. In 1877 he started schools and missions in that country. He established the Rocky Mountain Presbyterian at Denver ten years ago. This organ is today the journal of the presbyterian church published in New York under the name of the "Presbyterian Home Missionary."

The speaker in his address, which lasted nearly two hours, explained that though there were two departments of missionary work, there was no difference in the quality of the work of a home missionary and a foreign missionary. In 1870 there was a great stimulus given to the missionary work, and it was then there was found a need for teachers as well as ministers, and the result was the foundation of the women's executive committee of home missions, which is a part of the board created by the general assembly. He spoke of the "cent" societies, the sewing societies, and finally of this movement, saying it was not intended for diversion, as the first two were, and made an appeal to the ladies of the church to be more earnest in carrying on the missionary work in their own land and among their own sex. There are women in the

west, he said, who have no more conception of the immortality of their souls than dogs—waking, sleeping, eating, drinking, drudging, dying, and never hearing of circumstances that could lift them up. They call them squaws, and they will tell you that the only good Indian is the dead Indian. And they have souls that are being destroyed by being left alone. He spoke of tribes in the country bordering on the territory of Mexico, and of their religion—half catholicism, and half the religion of the ancient Aztecs. He spoke of their barbarisms and the inflictions of penalties upon themselves in endeavoring to wipe out their sins, hanging themselves for 6, 18 and 24 hours, binding cactus to their feet and walking certain distances, of hanging themselves to crosses, and sometimes dying from sheer exhaustion.

Speaking of Alaska, he said: I would like to have told you of its wonderful river, its great mountain peaks, its wonderful natural phenomena, its great natural resources, the only possession that we have ever bought that has paid its own way; its wonderful fisheries; its great forests of lumber, the great resource for the lumber interests of the future; wonderful coal and iron interests, and the crude petroleum running down its rivers. I would like to have had time to have spoken of its marble quarries; great gold and silver interests and the steamer doubling its trips to carry up the gold miners seeking new fields for wealth. I will turn to the population. The first class are large and physically well-formed, well-developed people, and there are 18,000 of them. They are utterly ignorant that Christ died for them. Along the Alutian islands are the second class. They are civilized, and on their festive occasions wear broadcloths and silks; yet they are without God. They number 9,000. In the central part are the third class called Indians. They reside in great plank houses, the average cost of which is \$2,000 apiece. They live in civilized style when they can get ready-made clothing. They are a religious people. They ascribe success to good spirits and failure to bad spirits; they pay no attention to good spirits and are watching for evil spirits, so that it may be said they are worshippers of evil spirits. There are men among them who claim to control spirits of those dead. In order to obtain control they eat the flesh of dead persons, thinking that they also eat the spirit. As the one who claims to control seventy spirits is greater and more influential than one who claims to control only five, they are all eager to eat the dead men's flesh. The greater degradation comes on the women, as well as the greater cruelty.

The speaker then illustrated the evils that the female sex are obliged to submit to frequently, relating incidents demonstrating clearly their position. He spoke of the first mission in Alaska as founded by four Indian boys from British Columbia, how they refused, to the disgust of their employers, to work on Sunday, and finally established a school. Also of the first woman teacher Mrs. McFarland, who was willing to go to Alaska to teach; of the great demand for religious teaching among the tribes, and of the great progress in the work. He pointed out, also, the great amount of work yet to be done.



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in that country, and called upon the women of the church to help along the work and show more interest in the organization.

To say his lecture was interesting would be positively true. Also that it was highly instructive, and the many in attendance left the church fully appreciating the work of the missionaries at home.

Mr. Sheldon left this morning for Potsdam, where he will speak this evening on the same subject.

#### TODAY'S CONFERENCE.

This morning there was a fair number present at the conference. The work brought before the meeting was in regard to church affairs. This afternoon, as the TIMES go to press, the missionary women are holding a meeting, which is well attended.

## Rocky Mountain Presbyterian.

CINCINNATI, O., JULY, 1879.

### ALASKA.

#### Indignation Meeting Over the Rocky Mountain Presbyterian.

We clip the following from *Our Mission Field*:

It may be interesting to those of our readers who read the ROCKY MOUNTAIN PRESBYTERIAN to hear of an incident in connection with its reception in Alaska. They will remember that the January number was almost entirely taken up with accounts of the religious destitution and fearful moral condition of this Territory. When this paper reached Alaska it raised a storm of indignation among the natives. A public meeting was held to denounce the articles in reference to their country and its condition as utterly false. At this gathering some cooler brain suggested that the paper should be read, paragraph by paragraph, a pause being made between each to give opportunity for discussion. This wise

counsel prevailed, and no objection was found till the conclusion was reached, when one arose and solemnly said, "It is all true." Is not such an acknowledgment, under such circumstances, a hopeful sign? As an awakened conscience is ever the first step toward repentance, may we not believe that the natives of Alaska are getting ready to receive the offers of free grace which the missionaries of the cross carry to them?

### ALASKA.

#### WORK AMONG THE INDIANS.

#### IN PERILS OF WATERS.

BY REV. J. S. GOULD.

I spent a Sabbath at Klawock, where I received a welcome and a cordial hospitality from the employees of the N. P. T. & P. Co., in happy contrast with that of last May. Missionaries have sometimes stopped over Sabbath here, but without holding services. We had meeting with a full house. To accommodate the understanding of all, English, Hydah, Thlinket and Chanook lingoos were called into requisition. The people seemed eager to hear.

The company doing business here does not, I hear, wish mission work done among the people it employs.

Because of duties here we were only able to spend two Sabbaths at Kigan, the fur-sealing camp. The people were there in great numbers; the meetings were satisfactory to them and to us.

On our arrival there we were informed there was a camp of "Cassiar men" near by, who had come to demand tribute for the Indian drowned with Mr. Purdy, who they claimed as some relation of theirs, and they avail themselves of every opportunity and pretext to extort pay. Our people were anxious and perplexed as to how to treat them. I manned a canoe and went to invite them to church; found them sulky and insolent; thought I was there to interfere with their plans; said missionaries two years ago had promised much, but done nothing for them. I did not talk business, and asked them not to, as it was Sunday; told them why I was there; I knew what was best for them, and it was not well for them to dictate to me. My interpreter became too much intimidated to be of any use, so I resorted to Chanook. They moved down to our camp and came to church. We left them in good mood, but a crook of the finger may spring the mine of discord and tumult.

Work was suspended and the store closed the day I spent there. Time is preparing the way, and the hundreds who gather there for summer work are beginning to desire to know. The Hannagas have been the great makers, users and sellers of Hootzinoo. At a great feast at their town last winter, they with their neighboring tribes refrained from their long drunk and escaped its hideous accompaniment. I am told they passed resolutions for the future abstinence. The great temperance movements in the civilized world must be in the air. So we are able to report the first Temperance Convention among the Alaskans. The importance of Klawock is increased by the erection of a new saw-mill, which, in connection with the fishery, will give employment to more people, and for a much greater part of the year, than heretofore.



## THE SECULAR PRESS AND THE ALASKA MISSION.

When we read in the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* a letter from Alaska, criticising severely the missionaries of our Board, we resolved to let it pass unnoticed. But when we saw that the paragraph containing the criticism was quoted by the New York *Times*, and extensively read by supporters of missions and philanthropic enterprises, we thought that it was due to truth and the missionary cause to furnish our readers with the facts as *we know* them to be.

Without impugning the motives of a certain class of travelers and correspondents of the secular press, we are bound to say that we have known some who wrote letters purporting to be facts, when they were only the *statements* of the enemies of the persons or the institutions described. A few years ago it was our pleasure to travel through the Turkish Empire with an agreeable, kind-hearted and intelligent correspondent of one of our leading journals. When at Alexandria we urged him to go with us to see the English and American missionaries and examine their work. He declined, saying that he felt no interest in that species of superstition. We resented the implication that we were the supporter of or even a believer in any kind of superstition, and ceased urging him to accompany us. At Cairo, however, he spent an hour with us at a meeting of Presbytery. Encouraged by this, we invited him to go with us to see Bishop Gobat and Drs. Franklin and Sandrusky, in Jerusalem. He declined, saying that he wished us to understand, once for all, that he had not the slightest respect for men who went to the ends of the earth as missionaries, because they could not make a living at home. We assured him that he was all wrong as to the character of Protestant missionaries. "I will not discuss the matter with you," he remarked, "but will read, with your permission, what I have written about the

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missionaries in Egypt." We bade him proceed. Having obtained the names of the missionaries in Alexandria and Cairo, he described them as "*well-meaning and goodish, but visionary men, whose work was not known, and whose presence on the Nile was of no use.*" We entered our protest against writing thus of men whom he had never seen, and of their work when he had no knowledge of it, and threatened to expose him. As a compromise, he volunteered to go with us to see the three Jerusalem doctors above named, and to hear them preach on the coming Sabbath. After hearing Dr. Franklin in Arabic, German and Spanish, and spending an evening in company with the other missionaries at the house of the late Bishop Gobat, he tore his letter in our sight, and declared that his views of missionaries had completely changed. "Why," he exclaimed, "these men could fill a chair in any college in Europe or America."

In a party of us who stopped to visit the Island of Rhodes, a little later, there was another correspondent of one of our dailies. Nearly all, if not *all*, except the correspondent, went ashore and examined the town, with the ruins of an ancient temple in the suburbs. He was not in a condition to go, by reason of over-indulgence the night before. Still he was anxious to furnish a glowing account of the island and of the ruins especially because they were connected with the history of Free Masonry. Not long after we had the pleasure of reading his letter in the paper. It stated that it was written by an eye-witness, when he was not there, and that the facts were tested on the ground, when they were not *facts at all*, but unreliable inferences drawn by some of the tourists whom he had interrogated on their return to the ship. Of what value are such communications? They are impositions upon the reading community that should be exposed.

We will venture the assertion that the correspondent of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, in his or her letter



on the missionaries of Alaska, did not visit *them*, nor carefully examine, for the sake of truth and honesty, their work. His statements are based on information received from traders, who have always felt that the missionaries interfered with their gain, or from men who do not believe in missionary work at all. We do not allege that he aimed at injuring the mission schools in Alaska, or at making a false representation of the missionaries' character; still he has done both.

What, then, are the real facts? They are found in detail in another editorial. We will simply notice here the allusion to the Board, viz: "The Presbyterian Board has made an unfortunate choice in its agents." This is a grave accusation, involving not only the character of men known to have been beyond reproach before they went to Alaska, but also the ability of a great Mission Board to select proper agents for its work. Did the accuser see those men? Did he hear testimony on both sides? We will venture to say that he did not. But, suppose he did, we have a counter statement from the Rev. R. W. Hill, who has just returned from a thorough examination of our agents in Alaska, and the work done by them. Mr. Hill says, in his published report: "The patience, fidelity, devotion and Christian heroism shown by our missionaries is hardly paralleled in the annals of the Church." Weigh well these words. The missionaries are "*patient*," a grace second to none in the treatment of Indians; "*faithful*," the very quality regarded by business men as essential in a good agent; "*devoted*," the first element of success in a teacher of morals and religion; and "*Christian heroism*," the very thing required in those called to meet all sorts of iniquity and to brave an inhospitable clime. Here we have the statement of a well-known Christian man, whose judgment and practical ability is endorsed by the Synod of Columbia, against that of an unknown corre-

spondent of the *Globe-Democrat* of St. Louis. Can any one be in doubt as to which of the statements is the more likely to be trustworthy?

## ALASKA.

### WORLDLY-MINDED MISSIONARIES.

All readers of missionary intelligence will recall numerous instances in which travelers and irresponsible and often anonymous writers bring sweeping charges against our missionaries and missions in different parts of the world. The *Missionary Herald* and the *Foreign Missionary* have frequently considered themselves called on to notice and correct such statements. It is not surprising that one of our missions and its laborers should be assailed and traduced in like manner. Several friends in different parts of the county have sent us the following slip, purporting to come from the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*. We insert the article below, and then add our own remarks:

At Sitka and along shore the missionaries and the Indians have had great times together, and, through unfortunate choice in its agents, the Presbyterian Board has not accomplished all the good that it might among these peaceful, happy-go-lucky natives. The Rev. Sheldon Jackson came up and organized a mission, and then went East to work up the interest of good people. Boxes of clothing and books came up on every steamer, sent by pious old ladies and good Sunday-school children in the East, and the Indians believed that verily a Providence cared for them (1). The mission buildings burned, and before a new home could be erected the leading missionary took up his talents and ink-bottle and joined partnership with a trader (2). He had prospered beyond all measure in his commercial venture, and though others have taken his place in the soul-saving work, the Indians have now a grain of skepticism among them and fully believe that the boxes of goods and all the articles in his store are things that have been sent for them from the missionary societies of the East (3). Unfortunately, the missionaries will not live at peace with their white neighbors, and the stories of missionary greed and world-



liness that one hears are appalling. The reverend gentleman in charge of one of these stations on this coast calmly said in my presence, that there was a great temptation for the missionaries to relapse into traders, or exercise the dual functions, and that without doubt many had come to the Alaskan field in order that they might make or save money. Although most of the white residents are guarded in their statements concerning mission affairs, enough is heard on all sides to put some of these teachers of Christianity in a sad and doubtful light (4).—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat*.

(1) The sneer at "pious old ladies and good Sunday-school children" is too apparent to need any comment. When a letter opens in that way we have no trouble in detecting the animus of the whole. Our churches and people have paid in cash more than \$20,000 for buildings for Alaska, which the writer forgot (perhaps) to mention, besides paying the salaries of all the missionaries and teachers.

(2) The first missionary sent out by our Board, to whom the writer evidently alludes, was constrained to leave the mission at the end of the first year, for reasons that did not affect his Christian or ministerial standing. But that was two years before the mission buildings were burned.

(3) We venture to say the Indians do not believe anything of the kind. The Alaska Indians have some sense.

The three statements of the writer are so far from the exact truth, and so misleading, that we can readily see how unreliable his whole letter is likely to be. They may help us to understand what he goes on to say both about the white men and the missionaries.

(4) "The missionaries will not live at peace with their white neighbors." "Appalling," think of that! "*appalling* stories of greed and worldliness," "great temptation to relapse," etc.; "many," without doubt *many*, had come to make money," and, finally, they are "in a sad and doubtful light."

The force of all these statements

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may be estimated by the word "*many*" missionaries. We have sent but six men to Alaska as missionaries

—one we have spoken of; one returned on account of ill health, and four remain—and there have been but four for four years past! and not one of them has engaged in any speculation or any secular pursuit whatever.

But now "the white neighbors" who are so "guarded in their statements" about the missionaries. The implication is, that the white residents are very forbearing and considerate, and would gladly live at peace with the missionaries, if they could! This whole picture is preposterous and outrageous! But we will bring no railing accusation against any, and gladly would we believe all that is said of any man that is good. But we should be only too glad if there might be a committee of inquiry and investigation, before which all the missionaries might be tried, and the witnesses should be all the white men in Alaska. We know all the missionaries in Alaska, and we know many of the white men—traders, merchants, collectors of customs, physicians and others—and we are perfectly willing to take their testimony as touching the character and conduct of our missionaries and teachers. We know they would not corroborate the testimony of this anonymous visitor. If they are the good men he represents them, the missionaries would be safe in their hands; if they are bad men—the worst of men—we are perfectly sure they could not, nay, would not, try to impeach their character as Christian men and women earnestly working for the welfare of an ignorant and poor pagan people. We should only rejoice to see such a trial take place.



ng, August 12, 1883.

AMERICAN ownership of Alaska is disgraced by the failure of Congress to provide a government for that Territory. Very little machinery is needed. A Land Office Register, a Justice of the Peace and a few Sheriffs would do. But the great men at Washington are too busy serving their own ends to pay any attention to our Northwestern fellow-citizens. If they had votes it might be different. Within a year or two promising mines have been opened in Alaska. But there is no office for the registration of claims, no authority to make or enforce laws, no protection for life or property save the brute force of the stronger or the common consent of the majority. Vigilance committees are well enough in their way, but miners, seal-hunters and Indians are not exactly the sort of people to whom the foundation of a new commonwealth ought to be wholly relegated.

### LIFE IN ALASKA.

Special Correspondence of the Globe-Democrat.

JUNEAU, ALASKA, July 10.—When we left Fort Wrangell in the early afternoon there lay before us the enchanting trip up Wrangell Narrows, another contracted channel of deep waters, rippling between bold island shores and parallel mountain walls. Besides the clear emerald tide, reflecting every tree and rock, there was the beauty of foaming cataracts leaping down the sides of snow-capped mountains, and the grandeur of great glaciers pushing down through sharp ravines and dropping miniature icebergs into the water. Three glaciers are visible at once on the east side of the Narrows, the larger one extending back some forty miles and measuring four miles across the front, that faces the water and the terminal moraine it has built up before it. The great glacier is known as Patterson Glacier, in honor of the late Carlisle Patterson, of the United States Coast Survey, and is the first in the great line of glaciers that one encounters along the Alaska coast. Under the shadow of a cloud the glacier was a dirty and uneven snow field, but touched by the last light of the sun it was a frozen lake of wonderland, shimmering with silvery lights, and showing a pale, ethereal green and deep pure blue in all the rifts and crevasses in its icy front.

With the appearance of this first glacier and the presence of ice floating in the waters around us, the conversation of all on board took a scientific turn, and facts, fancies and wild theories about glacial origin and action were advanced that would have struck panic to any body of geologists. Being all laymen,

there was no one to expound the mysteries and speak with final authority on any of these frozen and well-established truths, and we floundered about in a sea of suppositions and were lost in a labyrinth of lame conclusions.

By the daylight of another morning, the little cannon that had roused seven echoes at Ft. Wrangell, was making the mountains reverberate about Juneau or Harrisburg, and through rain and clouds we had a first view of this great mining town of Alaska. Preceding our arrival the inhabitants had been enjoying the first clear day in a month, but during our stay the elements made up for that lapse from steady rain. All along the Alaska coast the rainfall, though gauged by inches, is more often spoken of by feet, and Juneau, with its annual rainfall of nine feet, is a sharp rival to Sitka with its eighty-three inches. Lying at the foot of a vertical mountain wall and sheltered in the curve of a pretty inlet, Juneau has the most picturesque situation of any town along the coast, but it was only by glimpses through the tattered edges of the clouds that we saw anything of that wonderful steep mountain with snow-banks and cascades seaming its perpendicular front. Four years ago the red man held this site in undisputed possession, and knew it only by one of their long, inarticulate names. Three years ago the Indians showed the first grains of gold to the officers of the man-of-war "Jamestown," and a little over two years ago the prospectors Juneau and Harris found the certain indications of a rich gold region. The naval officers came down and staked off their claims, Juneau and Harris both had the honor of naming the town, and the news of the Alaska discoveries began to spread among mining and speculative men. Without a land office to register their claims, without a Justice to enforce the laws, and with no assured protection for life or property the owners of Juneau mines have not gone to work with any great earnestness to develop their properties. With everything in such an insecure state they are quite willing that too much attention should not be called to this locality, and are ready to let things stand until the time comes when a territorial government shall be given to Alaska and they can venture upon risking money and mills in the development of mines. In view of this uncertainty and insecurity the most contradictory rumors are heard as to the richness of the mines. Each steamer during the summer months takes down from \$10,000 to \$50,000 in gold dust and nuggets from the placer mines, and the thrifty and successful miners carry down their own hard earnings in the fall in buckskin bags, tin cans and solid lumps of unknown value.

The town of Juneau, or Harrisburg, straggles dejectedly along the beach and scatters itself after a broken, rectangular plan up the ravine that opens to the water front, but although the whole town site is staked over with miners' claims, the real placer mines and the two quartz mills are at the Basin, three miles back from the town. The Basin is a deep hollow among steep and stupendous mountains, and in it some 300 miners are encamped, toiling through the long days of these few summer months that they can remain there. Of the two beasts of burden in Juneau, the horse was employed in hauling freight from the wharf, and the obstinate mule struck a melancholy pose beside an old boat and refused to move. Depending upon such transportation, travel to the mines is rather restricted, and the miners walk back and forth, or employ Indians as carriers. After a contest with the best 200 feet out of the three miles of steep and miry trail that leads to the Basin, several of our explorers be-



came convinced that the mines were not worth going to see. We heard, however, that the miners were not doing much now for the want of water, and it seemed most laughable that in this country of perpetual rain, where the ground is all miry and soaked like a sponge from the great rainfall, that the system of ditches, flumes, pipes and reservoirs should be in its infancy.

When the frosts and snows of winter set in the miners return to town to spend through their summer earnings, and at that inclement season Juneau wears more of the air of a mining town with the fever and delirium of the "boom" in full sweep. In this dripping and discouraging weather we none of us took a wild interest in the great future of these mines, although the tales that we heard of the wealth of the mines on Douglass Island put Ormus and the Ind, Sierra Nevada and Little Pittsburg far in the shade. Douglass Island is a bit of forest primeval that lies opposite the harbor of Juneau, and on this enchanted island there is reported a rich vein of gold quartz 650 feet wide and of unknown depth. San Francisco capitalists own the greater part of this ledge, and Senator Jones, of Nevada, and Senator Tabor, of Colorado, and other mining millionaires are interested in this same fine property. Ownership is rather a doubtful thing as it now stands, since the claims belong to the first and strongest, and miners' quarrels are settled by fists and shotguns, or by appeal to the United States man-of-war at Sitka. Although every steamer brings a handful of prospectors, there has been at no time any such rush of thousands as characterized the craze of the early discoveries in other places. Enough discouraged men try to beat their way back in the fall to show that saddest phase of a miner's life, and there is a damp depression to the town that disappoints one who looks for the wild and untrammelled community of an incipient Leadville.

The miners thus failing us in picturesqueness and thrilling incident, the Indians came in for a full share of attention. One Indian village wanders along the beach below the wharf and another settlement is hidden behind a knoll at the other side of town, and the natives came from these two places and huddled in groups on the wharf. Most of them were barefooted in this cold autumnal rain, but wrapped in blankets and in nearly every case carrying an umbrella. The women and children tripped down in their bare feet, and sat around on the dripping wharf with a recklessness that suggested pneumonia, consumption, rheumatism, and all those kindred ills from which they suffer so severely. Nearly all of the women had their faces blacked, and no one can imagine anything more frightful and sinister on a melancholy day than to be confronted by one of these silent, stealthy figures with the great circles of the whites of the eyes alone visible in the shadow of the blanket. A dozen flimsy reasons are given for this face blacking. One Indian says that the widows and those who have suffered great

sorrow wear the black in token thereof. Another native authority makes it a sign of happiness, while occasionally a giggling dame confesses that it is done to preserve the complexion. Ludicrous as this may seem to the bleached Caucasian and the ladies of rice-powdered and chameled countenances, the matrons of high fashion and the swell damsels of the Thlinket tribes never make a canoe voyage without smearing themselves well with the black dye that they get from a certain wild root of the woods, or with a paste of soot and seal oil. On

sunny and windy days on shore they protect themselves from tan and sunburn by this same inky coating. On feast days and the great occasions, when they wash off the black, their complexions come out as fair and creamy white as the palest of their Japanese cousins across the water, and the women are then seen to be some six shades lighter than the tan-colored and coffee-colored lords of their tribe. The specimen woman at Juneau wore a thin calico dress and a thick blue blanket. Her feet were bare, but she was compensated for that loss of gear by the turkey-red parasol that she poised over her head with all the complacency of a Mount Desert belle. She had blacked her face to the edge of her eyelids and the roots of her hair; she wore the full parure of silver nose-ring, lip-ring and earrings, with five silver bracelets on each wrist and fifteen rings ornamenting her bronze fingers, and a more thoroughly proud and self-satisfied creature never arrayed herself according to the behests of high-fashion. The children pattered around barefooted and wearing but a single short garment, although the weather was as cold and drear as our November. Not one of these poor youngsters even ventured on the croaky cough that belongs to the civilized child that has only put its nose out of doors in such weather. One can easily believe the records and the statements as to the terrible death rate among these people and marvel that any of them ever live beyond their infancy. So few old people are seen among them as to continually cause remark, but by their Spartan system only the strongest can possibly survive the exposure and hardships of such a life. Consumption is the common ailment and carries them away in numbers, yet they have no medicines or remedies of their own, trust only to the incantations and hocus-pocus of their medicine men, and have not the slightest care to protect themselves from exposure. Great epidemics have swept these islands at times, and forty years ago the scourge of small-pox carried off half the natives of Alaska. The tribes have never regained their numbers since that terrible devastation, and since then black measles and other diseases have so reduced their people that another fifty years may see these tribes extinct.

As becomes his importance, "Sitka Jack" has a summer residence at Juneau, as well as at Ft. Wrangell, but instead of finding this potentate at home, his door was locked, and his neighbors said that he had gone up to Chilcat for the salmon fishing. Indian women crouched on the wharf and wandered like shadows about the ship, offering baskets and mats made of the thread-like inner bark of the cedar, and extending arms covered with silver bracelets to the envious gaze of their white sisters. There was no savage modesty or simplicity about the prices they asked, and their first demand was generally twice what they ever succeeded in selling an article for. At one of the traders' stores in town we found a whole museum of Indian curiosities, and revealed in the oddities and strange art works of the people. The round baskets of split cedar, woven so tightly as to be water proof, and ornamented in rude, angular designs in bright colors, are the first choice for souvenirs among tourists. After that the carvings, the miniature totems and canoes, the grotesque masks and dance rattles take the eye. There is, too, the finer work of spoons made from the horns of the mountain sheep and musk ox, and finished with handles carved from whalebone and set with pieces of abalone shell and lucky stones from the head of the codfish. Of furs and skins every store



held a great supply, and when bearskins and squirrel robes had no effect the traders would bring out their treasures of otter, fox and seal, and show the bales of furs that awaited transportation to the South. A robe of gray squirrel two yards square was bought for \$1 50, and sealskins at \$8, silver-fox skins for \$25, and sea-otter skins for \$100, continued the ascending scale of prices. The real entertainment of the day came after we had bought our baskets and spoons and carvings at the traders' stores, and were enjoying a few dry bones in the cabin. Then the Indian women came tapping at the windows with their bracelets, and the keen spirit of the trade having possessed us, we made wonderful bargains with the relenting savages. A tap on the window, or the one word "bracelet," would bring all the ladies to their feet, and the mechanical "how much" that followed became so automatic during the day that when the porter rapped at nights for lights to be put out he was greeted with a "how much" in response. For each bracelet the Indians wailed out a demand for *mox tolla*, \$2 in our tongue. They finally came down to *ict tolla sitcum*, or \$1 50, and rapidly disposed of their treasures. Some lucky purchasers happened upon the unredeemed pledges in the pawn branch of a trader's store, and for *sitcum tolla*, or 50 cents, walked off with flat silver bracelets a quarter of an inch wide, carved in rude designs of oak leaves in scrolls.

Of society, Juneau has very little to offer, and the three white ladies who live there are all too busy to enjoy the cliques and sets that animate choice communities at home. The wife of a trader, the missionary's wife and the wife of a restaurant keeper are all of civilized womanhood the place has to offer, and, except for the monthly mail steamer with its summer tourists, they see nothing of their sisters of the outer world. A few Russian families live here, but as none of them are educated, or speak English, they scarcely count in this social enumeration. At this season Juneau in itself is dull, the miners being all hard at work on their claims, and even the Indians having gone off in great numbers to gather their winter stores of fish. While the salmon are running no Indian wants to stay at home in the village, but no angler can imagine that they need go far to drop the line, when one copper-colored Izaak dropped his halibut hook off the wharf here and pulled up a fish weighing 900 pounds. Being clubbed in the head and hauled up with much help, the monstrous halibut was sold for \$2 50, which statement completes about as remarkable a fish story as one dares to tell, even at this distance.

RUHAMAH.

ning, August 19, 1883.

### LIFE AT SITKA.

Special Correspondence of the Globe-Democrat.

SITKA, ALASKA, July 17.—Nothing could be finer than the picture that opened before us on the shining Sunday morning when the steamship "Idaho" wound her way between the little islands in the harbor and fired a resounding shot point blank against the echoing mountains behind Sitka. The queer and out-of-the-way capital of our latest Territory seemed quite a metropolis after the unbroken wilderness we had been journeying through, and the rambling collection of weather-beaten

and moss-covered buildings that have survived from Russian days, and the Government buildings, in their coats of yellow brown paint, smote us with a sense of urban vastness and importance. The castle frowned from its rocky height, as castles are supposed to do, and the 1,200 inhabitants of the town, more than half of whom are Indians, gave immediate signs of life before the echoes of the cannon had ceased ringing on the air. At a first look it wears the air and dignity of a town with a history, and can reflect upon the brilliant good old days of Russian rule, to which fifteen years of American occupancy have only given more luster by contrast. When Baranoff founded the town of old Sitka, in 1799, the United States knew nothing of this end of the world, and few of its people learned of the Indians murdering the inhabitants and burning the houses in 1802. A new site was chosen for a town, and the first buildings for the settlement of New Archangel were erected in 1804. In 1832 Baron Wrangell moved the capital from the island of Kodiak to Sitka, or New Archangel, and then followed the brilliant Russian regime that closed on the 18th of October, 1868, when the territory was formally transferred to the United States in consideration of the sum of \$7,200,000 in gold. In all the vast territory of 577,390 square miles there were but 30,000 inhabitants, and not one-tenth of them were white. The withdrawal of the Russian Governor and his miniature court, the civil officers, the military garrison, and the naval fleet, left Sitka a deserted village with the grass growing higher and higher in its streets with every year that has gone over its head, until it has now become picturesque in its decay, and melancholy in its ruin and abandonment.

With the most beautiful harbor in the world, the glories of its sea and shore have been unsung, and a bay full of little wooded islands and a circle of mountain peaks that rise straight from the water await the new generation of poets and painters. A deserted castle crowns the rocky headland and looks down upon the scattered town, and one street meanders from the landing-wharf to the square around the church of St. Michael, and then spreads out into a network of branches and by-ways. From the church a main by-way follows the curving bay for two miles down shore, and as a relic of Russian rule this dry and graveled walk is the most appreciated by residents, tourists and exiled officers of our navy. As the one promenade in Alaska it has a unique fame, and after two weeks on shipboard we were properly thankful for the chance of a long walk that did not go over stony beaches, or miry paths sunk deep in the heart of the rank forest growth. A "blarney stone" of mysterious origin and many legends lies beside this pathway at the edge of the town, and many Russian maidens and skeptical strangers have kissed its smooth top.

The castle, the church, the old Government barracks and the Custom House constitute the public buildings and sight-seeing places of Sitka, and a row of howitzers at the foot of the castle steps and before the barracks give a certain air of importance to what presumably stands for the heart of the city. The castle, where the Romanoffs, Manguells, Kupriassoffs, Makstuooffs and other stately Russians held sway, is now untenanted, save by the signal officer, who keeps his whirligigs and instruments in the tower and lives in one of the lower rooms. The castle is built of heavy cedar logs and planks in a way to fit it for a fortress, and with care and occupancy would last for



centuries. No banner hangs from its outer walls or streams from the roof, and the empty rooms, with their deep windows, tall porcelain stoves and quaint brass chandeliers and latches are just the habitations for historical and aristocratic ghosts. Occasionally the officers of the men-of-war get up entertainments in the extemporised theater on the upper floor, and the old drawing-room of the Governors' wives is the scene of all the balls and revels that the high society of Sitka indulges in. Otherwise the ghosts and the rats and the signal officer have it to themselves, and there is the ghost of a beautiful Russian princess who still haunts this deserted castle. Like a well-behaved ghost, the princess comes out at the midnight hour. She wears long, trailing robes of black, and her forehead, her neck and wrists are flashing with diamonds. She wrings her beautiful white hands and wanders, with sorrowful mien, from room to room, and leaves a faint perfume as of wild roses where she passes. Innumerable young officers from the men-of-war have nerved up their spirits and gone to spend a solitary night in the castle, but none have yet held authentic converse with the beautiful spirit and learned the true story of her unresting sorrow. By tradition the lady in black was the daughter of one of the old governors. On her wedding night she disappeared from the ball-room in the midst of the festivities, and after long search was found dead in one of the small drawing-rooms. Being forced to marry against her will, one belief was that she voluntarily took poison, while another version ascribes the deed to an unhappy lover; while, altogether, the tale of this Lucia of the Northwest isles gives just the touch of sentimental interest to the castle of the old Russian governors.

The Greek or Russian Orthodox Church of St. Michael bears the green roof, the bulging spires and the chime of old bells that might distinguish any shrine in Moscow, but in these days of its decadence much of the glory has been stripped from this sanctuary. It was built in 1848, and at its dedication the venerable Veniaminoff, Metropolitan of Moscow, who had for years labored as priest and bishop at Onalaska, sent richest vestments and plate to this church. Since the purchase of Alaska by the United States, the richer and better class of Russians have nearly all left Alaska, and there remain here as worshipers in this church but a few traders and their families, and the emancipated serfs, who were too poor to get away. The bishop has for several years been at San Francisco in charge of the church there, and has made annual visits to the three churches of Onalaska, Kodiak and Sitka. The Russian Government, in its protectorate over the Greek Church, assumes the expense of these churches on the American coast, and \$50,000 are expended annually for their support. With the diminishing congregations it is merely a question of time when the Alaska priests will be recalled, and the field left free for the missionaries to fight it out on. The Sitka church is presided over by Father Mitropolski, an accomplished and interesting man socially, and one devoted to the welfare and interests of the Russian people under his care. Father Mitropolski is from Moscow and has a charming wife and a family of pretty little daughters, who keep life and sunshine in the large, green-roofed house set apart for the priest's residence. On Sunday morning we attended the services in this Greek Church, and yesterday morning when the bells began chiming again we strolled up and found that the proclamation was to be read and a grand Te Deum sung in honor of the coronation of the

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Emperor. Although the ruler of all the Russias donned his coronet weeks ago, the official papers notifying the priest of that event only came up with the mails of our steamer. The usual morning service was elaborated in many ways. The choir of male voices chanted through all the Te Deums appointed for such special occasions, the priest wore his most sumptuous vestments of cloth of gold and cloth of silver, the incense was wafted in clouds through the wreathed and garlanded church, and the kneeling congregation rose one by

one and came forward to kiss the richly jeweled cross that the priest extended towards them. At the close a joyous peal rang out from the six sweet-toned bells in the steeple, and the devout souls went about the church kneeling and crossing themselves before the altars, and kissing the silver and ivory bas relief images of the saints. Having doffed his splendid robes and his purple velvet cap, Father Mitropolski came forth and greeted his visitors, and kindly drew our attention to some of the wonderful pictures at the altars of the two side chapels. There were ancient altar pieces of hammered silver, with the faces and hands of the saints painted on ivory and laid under the silver screen, with crowns and halos set with brilliants and precious stones. Stiff and sweet-faced Madonnas of the Byzantine type, St. Michael, St. Nicholas and the glorious company of apostles and angels were ranged round the altars in panels and niches, and the whole church was decorated with wreaths, festoons, small evergreen trees and streamers of bright ribbons. Bronze gates of fine workmanship led into the inner sanctuary, where woman's foot is not allowed to penetrate, and Father Mitropolski and his assistant brought some of the richest and most ancient of the church treasures out to show us. There were crosses and chalices of silver and gold, a great bishop's cap, covered with pearls, amethysts and brilliants, wonderful embroideries in bullion thread, and rich vestments of old damask and cloth of silver. Yet the choicest of the church plate and treasures have been taken to San Francisco for the Bishop's use, and in 1869 thieves made away with some of the most costly of the gold and jeweled vessels, only a portion of them ever being recovered.

At the old barracks a small detachment of marines represent the power and majesty of this great Government, and across the parade ground are the overgrown ruins of the quarters that sheltered the Russian and United States officers during those better days when Sitka was a military post. The Custom House and Post Office are the scenes of feverish activity during the two or three days that the mail steamer stays here, and indeed all Sitka shuts itself up to read and answer letters for the first few hours after the mail is distributed. The Postmaster enjoys a sinecure during three weeks of each month, and his official duties are secondary anyhow to his absorption in the missionary work, in which field he first came here to labor.

Maj. William Gouverneur Morris, the Collector of Customs, is the highest representative of the civil Government in Alaska, and except for the Treasury regulations and rules there is no real code or enforcement of the law in the Territory. Maj. Morris was for many years Special Treasury Agent on this coast, and by virtue of his long acquaintance with Alaskan affairs he is possessed of a fund of information on Northwestern topics. In his library he has four large scrap-books that contain about all the references to Alaska



made by the leading newspapers in five years. His row of official reports and the standard works of travel give an epitome of all that can be gathered concerning the Alaska Territory. Maj. Morris resides in one end of the old Government quarters, and his charming and handsome wife dispenses a merry hospitality from beside her shining *Samovar*, and cheers Sitka society with cups of delectable orange pekoe tea that a mandarin might envy. One of the few pianos in the Territory makes music in their quaint parlor, and rugs of rare and valuable furs are spread on the floors and couches. While lamenting their fate as exiles, the small circle of Sitka society atones for other things by a gay, merry-go-round of small excitements and out-of-door pleasures that would lack half their fun and zest in a milder and more conventional clime. When private theatricals and dancing parties fail, there are the woodland walks and sylvan streams, a harbor full of lovely islands for boating parties and a wonderful lake back in the mountains where Maj. Morris and some brother anglers caught 403 trout in three hours.

RUHAMAH.

ning, August 21, 1883.

## THE ALASKA INDIANS.

Special Correspondence of the Globe-Democrat.

SITKA, ALASKA, July 17.—The United States man-of-war *Adams*, which has been in Alaska waters for the past year, is the only visible sign of the nation's power for which the Indians have any great respect. They know the efficacy of its guns for silencing Indian troubles, and the unruly people of Kootznahoo received a baptism of fire and shot and shell last November that advanced the nation's importance tenfold in the eyes of all the aborigines. The captain of the man-of-war is the big *Tyee* to their notions, and besides his general duties as protector and preserver of the peace he is called upon as umpire, probate and appellate judge, and arbiter in all vexed questions in the Territory. If the miners of Juneau get to fighting over their claims and shooting around in the wild manner of miners generally, they send for the *Adams* to invoke law and order and punish the offenders. If a smuggler's schooner is heard of as lurking about in the Archipelago with whisky and contraband trading goods, the *Adams* is called upon to teach them the meaning of that law which says that no liquors or intoxicating drinks shall be brought to the Territory; and whatever trouble may arise between the white man and the red man, and the red men altogether, it is the captain of the *Adams*, who has to settle the difficulty. Besides a general police duty about the Territory the captain of the *Adams* exercises a paternal government over the Indians, and the judgment of Solomon has often to be paralleled in deciding the issues of internecine and domestic wars. He has often to put asunder those whom Siwash ceremonies or the missionaries have joined together, to interfere and save the lives of those doomed to torture and death from witchcraft, to prevent the killing of slaves on the occasion of house-warmings and great ceremonies, and to look after the widows' and orphans' shares in the blankets of some great estate. For all these delicate and diplomatic duties Capt. E. C. Merriman, now in command of the *Adams*, is the man most admirably suited for the position, and a kindly heart, a

liberal mind and a true knowledge of human nature and the world assist his firm and impartial judgments. As an exception in all the history of dealings with our Indian tribes, Capt. Merriman keeps his word, and his promises of punishment or reward are carried out with exactness. Undesirable fame and undeserved censure were given him last winter, when a howl rang through the press from Maine to California concerning his shelling of the Indian village of Kootznahoo, opposite the Killisnoo trading post, some sixty miles from Sitka. The docility of the Indians since then, their devotion and obedience to Capt. Merriman, and expressed approval of his action in that case, show that a few hundred editors in the land leaped to wrong conclusions. In Alaska, where the history of that bombardment is still fresh, and the survivors are walking about in paint and nose rings, the whole thing wears a different aspect, and fragments that one remembers of those blazing editorials appear now as most laughable. Every scribe brought in a ringing sentence about the "eternal ice and snows of an arctic winter"—but they don't have arctic winters in this part of Alaska, as a study of the Japan current and the isothermal lines will show, and the temperature being nearly even, the winter thermometer seldom falls as low as in New York. Other errors were bound to creep in where the fires of enthusiasm were kindled with so little information, and to the officers and people at Sitka the newspapers were a source of unending entertainment when the bombardment of Kootznahoo began to reach their columns. Having had a shot at Capt. Merriman myself, I retract all the fierce phrases and epithets applied to him in those unfortunate days when I knew not Alaska. As related on the spot, that Kootznahoo story of the torpedo and the whale is Homeric in its simplicity. Some Indians went in a canoe with the white men employed by the Northwest Trading Company at Killisnoo. While paddling towards a whale, one of the bombs attached to a harpoon exploded and killed an Indian. If it had been a common Indian nothing would ever have been heard of the incident, but when the natives saw their great medicine man laid low they raised an uproar. Going back to first causes, they demanded 200 blankets from the trading company as compensation for their loss. The company naturally ignored this tax levied by the Coroner's jury, and straightway there were signs of war. The Indians made ready to murder all the white men at the Killisnoo post and spare only the agent's wife and her children. As the signs of the coming trouble threatened, and the Indians grew more hostile and turbulent, word was sent for the *Adams*. Capt. Merriman came down, held a pow-wow with the ringleaders and marauders, and to their bold demand for the 200 blankets responded with an order that the Indians should bring him 400 blankets within a week, and forever after keep the peace, or he would shell their village. Mistaking his word for that of a common Indian agent, or a missionary, the red men went their riotous way, and at dusk of a November afternoon the *Adams* anchored outside the reef and sent the shot hurtling through the village. The Indians gathered up their blankets and their stores of winter provisions, and took to the woods, but the bombardment was not so severe but that a few rascally Kootznahoos staid in the village and plundered the abandoned houses. The tribute of blankets was paid, the Kootznahoos humbled themselves before the big *Tyee*, or their "good father," and a more docile, penitent



and industrious community does not exist than these same obstreperous Indians.

No one speaks of the Indians with more interest and kindness than Capt. Merriman, and he is ready on every occasion to testify to their admirable qualities. Under his command several Indians have been enrolled as seamen on the man-of-war, and they have quite distanced the other tars in the hard drudgery that they have put in at the dirtiest work on board. With the Adams at anchor in the harbor the Indian village at Sitka is a peaceful suburb, but in the days before such a protection was assured to the town, the white residents lived in fear of their lives and frequently gathered their families together and fled to the house of the Russian priest for safety. At one time the Indians became so hostile that, as a last resource, the people sent down to Victoria and besought the protection of a British man-of-war, since the United States authorities would not do anything for them. The English ship steamed into the harbor and cast anchor, and the Indians subsided on sight. After the mortifying news reached headquarters that American citizens on their own soil had been forced to implore the protection of the British navy as a last extremity, a small revenue cutter was ordered up to Sitka. When the Indians saw the miniature ship that was to relieve the great man-of-war they chuckled with derision and bided their time. The inhabitants of the town appealed desperately to the British captain not to leave them to certain massacre and destruction, and the officers of the revenue cutter were equally frightened at the prospect of being left there alone. After that humiliating incident the authorities at Washington decreed that one man-of-war should always be detailed for duty in Alaska waters. The Jamestown, the Wachusett and the Adams have so far represented the navy. While Commander Glass was here in command of the Jamestown he made quite a reputation for himself, and in his administration of Indian affairs he displayed a firmness and justice that kept the natives in check. He made the Indians clean up their *rancheria* or village, straighten out the straggling double row of houses along shore, and then he had each house numbered and its occupants counted and recorded. He had a "round-up" of the children one day, and each little red-skin was provided with a tin medal with a number on it, and forthwith made to attend the school instituted by Commander Glass. Aside from this benevolent and paternal work the big *Tyee* of the Jamestown used to terrify the natives with his sudden raids upon the "moon-

shiners" who made the fiery and forbidden *noochinoo* with illicit stills.

Capt. Merriman arrived here with the Adams last October, coming up from South America, where his ship had been one of the fleet representing the United States during the Chili-Peruvian conflict. On his arrival at Sitka, the Wachusett took leave of this Territory and sailed away for the South Pacific. During this year the Adams has played an important part in Alaskan affairs, and on its different cruises has visited all the points along the southern coast and the settlements on the Aleutian Islands. Peace and unwonted order have reigned in the Indian *rancherie* at Sitka; the Indians and miners at Juneau have been protected in their rights and chastised when they deserved it; and crooked traders and distillers of *noochinoo* have had an unfortunate time of it. Some time in this year of grace the officers of the Adams look for relief in the shape of the

ship that has been ordered to Alaska to take charge of things territorial, and the Adams will then proceed to the naval stations of China and Japan. The expected relief ship is none other than the notorious Pinta, the repairing of which has brought such scandal on the Norfolk navy yard. Over \$100,000 were spent in repairs last year, chiefly to the end that Congressman Dezendorf might be defeated and Mahone's man elected in the contest in the Norfolk district. Senator Mahone secured the votes by this liberal expenditure of the public money, but the Government only found a very worthless ship on its hands when the job was done. The board of officers called to survey and report upon the ship when the repairs were completed unhesitatingly condemned it and declared it unseaworthy. In view of this most awkward dilemma, a second survey was called, and a daring officer was found who was willing to peril his life in taking the condemned ship around Cape Horn to San Francisco. To even attempt this hazardous exploit the armament was taken off, and instructions given to supply the ship with guns and murderous accessories at San Francisco, if the vessel ever succeeded in reaching that port. Officers of the merchant marine on this coast are convulsed at this last fiasco in the line of naval architecture, and in view of the \$100,000 worth of repairs, and the alleged speed of six knots an hour without armament, prophecies are rife that the Pinta never sees the Pacific Ocean. The officers of the Adams meanwhile show a pathetic confidence, born of hope, and look forward wistfully to the arrival of the Pinta some happy day this fall.

RUHAMAH.

ring, August 23, 1883.

## SITKA CHARACTERS.

Special Correspondence of the Globe-Democrat.

SITKA, ALASKA, July 18.—After the scattered villages and trading-posts along the shores of the archipelago Sitka came upon us like a vision of metropolitan splendor, and the town full of moss-grown and weather-beaten houses was quite impressive. We wandered continually up and down its winding streets and dilapidated sidewalks, and strolled out the gravelled path that leads down the beach and through the woods to the rippling waters of Indian River, and never wearied of Sitkan scenes. It rained constantly, but none of us minded that, since Alaska rain has a cheerful, steady, all-the-year-round patter that even a stranger gets accustomed to in a little while. Gossamer cloaks and rubber shoes are full dress in Sitka, umbrellas bob contentedly up and down the street, and no one dreams of foregoing any outdoor pleasures for the rain. Hard as it may pour there is not the dampness to be felt that one experiences in other climates, and although we live on shipboard, and keep stateroom windows and doors wide open, neither shoes nor kid gloves have any refractory clamminess about them when it comes to putting them on in the morning. Clothes will dry if hung under a shed or an awning no matter how hard the rain may be falling within a few feet of them, and there are many paradoxes and puzzles about this wonderful climate of Alaska.

The Indians sit contentedly in the rain, and walk around barefooted in a way to send shivers through our civilized bones at sight. With the first gun fired by the ship on Sunday



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morning the aborigines turned out, and they have stood guard on wharf and street without intermission since. Fat and contented matrons, with their faces blackened and their arms and fingers covered with bracelets and rings, have stood complacently along our routes of travel, and offered us pails and baskets of the tempting salmon berries, or lying prone on the wet plank walks have gossiped together concerning each stranger that passed them. Their own part of the town is separated from the white man's by a high stockade, and crossing the old parade ground and passing by the cemetery, where the rank undergrowth of ferns and bushes has far overtopped the grave-stones and palings, we went through the gateway to the aborigines' suburb. This *raucherie*, or "Siwash Town," as the Indian village is called, is quite as interesting for sight-seers as anything along the coast, and the houses, built of rough-hewn cedar logs and planks, are wonderfully neat and clean. The dwellings are strung in a double row along the rocky beach, and a whole fleet of canoes lie high and dry on shore before the houses. The good Commander Glass had all the houses numbered, and accordingly the people of Siwash Town will direct you to their abodes as glibly as any denizen of a great city. Capt. Merriman in his paternal supervision of these Indians has made them drain, level and gravel the ground around their houses, and imposes sanitary regulations upon them that do away with some of the awful odors of dead and far-gone fish, that so stifle one's sense of the picturesque in these villages. "Annahootz," Sitka Jack and other chiefs have pine door plates over their lintels to announce where greatness dwells, but the palace of Siwash Town is the residence of "Mrs. Thorn," a painted cabin with green blinds, and a green railing across the front porch. Mrs. Thorn is a character, a celebrity and a person of great authority among her Siwash neighbors, and wields a greater power and influence among her people than all the war chiefs and medicine men put together. Even savage instincts bow down to wealth, and Mrs. Thorn is the reputed possessor of \$10,000, accumulated by her own energy and shrewdness. We heard of Mrs. Thorn long before we reached Sitka, and realizing her to be such a potentate among her people we were shocked to meet that lady by the roadside Sunday morning, offering to sell bracelets to some of the passengers. As became us envoys from a Christian land we read her a small moral lecture, and severely said that we would buy her bracelets on Monday morning, and Mrs. Thorn then and there invited us to come to her green-galleried chalet in Siwash Town, "next door to No. 17," at any time we pleased. The rainiest morning in all the week we set our dripping umbrella points in that direction, and found the great *Tyee* lady at home. It was raw and chill as a New York November, but Mrs. Thorn strolled about barefooted, wearing a single calico garment and wrapping herself in a white blanket with red and blue stripes across the ends. Her back hair was brushed to satiny smoothness, braided and tied at the end with a coquettish blue ribbon, and her arms were covered with bracelets up to her elbows. She is a plump matron, fat, fair and forty in fact, and her house is a model of neatness and order. Her palatine residence is built after the general plan, the one large room having a raised platform around the sides, and small, cabin-like bed-room in one corner, with glass doors and calico curtains. The square fireplace of stones, in the center of

the main living-room, is about to be done away with, an improved cooking stove having arrived by this steamer for this great lady of *Tyee*. When Mrs. Thorn had reluctantly brought out a dozen pairs or more of silver bracelets to show us, we began to believe that her wealth was really as boundless as her neighbors say. Her arms were covered with silver strips, as if with jointed mail, and there seemed no limit to the riches her dozens of trunks and chests contained. Like all Indians, she puts her faith in blankets, and her house is a magazine of such items of wealth, while deep in her cedar boxes are such trifles of the toilet as velvet dresses and fur robes of wonderful quality. When the steamer left here in June Mrs. Thorn commissioned the captain to buy her a bonnet of the latest style. The gallant skipper muddled himself with millinery all the while he was in Portland, and evolved therefrom a broad-brimmed gray straw hat, faced with dark green velvet and trimmed with a wreath of red poppies and a trailing crimson feather. Mrs. Thorn's face beamed with pleasure at sight of it, but the accompanying bill of \$12 put her economical soul to torture, and it was with mingled pride and regret that she brought out the new bonnet to show it to us. When she set it atop of her broad, plump face and cast down her eyes with a conscious air of becomingness, the scene was worth photographing.

Mrs. Thorn has made her cold thousands by legitimate trade, and each spring and fall she loads up her long canoe and goes off on a great journey through the islands, trading with her people. On her return she trades with the traders of Sitka, and always comes out with a fine profit. Romance once wove its meshes about her, and on one of her journeys Mrs. Thorn bought a handsome young slave at a bargain. The slave was considerably her junior, but in time her fancy overlooked that discrepancy, and after a few sentimental journeys in the long canoe she duly made him Mr. Thorn, thus proving that the human heart beats the same in Siwash Town as in the Grand Duchy of Gerolstein. Mr. Thorn is young and comely, is dutiful and obedient to his wife, and except when the fiery *hoochinoo* upsets him, is a model of that coming man that the suffragists pray for. In consideration of his wife's importance he is one of the delegated policemen of Siwash Town, and makes malefactors answer to him as he has learned to answer to his acting spouse.

The *hoochinoo*, so called from its first being made by the Indians of that tribe, is the great enemy of peace and order among these people. Government orders prevent the importation of whisky, rum and the like, but the ever-vigilant officers can not keep watch of all the illicit stills that the Indians set up in their houses or in lonely spots in the woods. A deserter from a whaling ship once taught the Indians how to distill *hoochinoo*, and the secret of manufacture has never been allowed to die out. An empty oil can, some sections of rubber pipe, or the hollow stems of the long sea onions, furnish a sufficient apparatus, and molasses, sugar and most anything else supply ingre-

dients for the fiery stuff that can be distilled in a short time. The mariners from the man-of-war are always on the look out for *hoochinoo*, and with the first signs of it a raid is made on Siwash Town and the supply destroyed if possible. With the cunning of a savage race the Indians have most wonderful ways and places for concealing the *hoochinoo*, and it takes the keen scent of a detective to find the underground and up-tree hiding places they can devise.



A *pottatch*, or a gift, is a great thing among the Indians, and on the occasion of a house-warming or a great dance some of the noble *Tyees* bankrupt themselves with their lavish distribution of blankets and calico. They cut the blankets and cloth into strips to give away to their guests on such occasions, and the keen revelers trade about until they get enough of one kind of blanket to make for themselves commemorative coats. The last and greatest *pottatch*, of which the old men still love to tell, was one given in the summer of 1877, when several new houses were warmed by dances and revels and gifts. Ben Holladay, Sr., and a gay party of Californians had steamed into the harbor the day before in one of the ships belonging to Holladay's great fleet, and the presence of these guests made the affair even more brilliant. Hundreds of blankets were cut up and yard upon yard of calico were torn into souvenir favors, and the dancing and feasting lasted for more than a day. The Holladay party were the first pleasure travelers to Alaska, and their visit and the great *pottatch* made that year memorable. Last summer the steamer *Dakota* took up a party of eighty excursionists, including Gen. Miles and his regimental band, and the sensation caused thereby made it the one other great event to date by since the American occupation of the Territory.

At Sitka and along shore the missionaries and the Indians have had great times together, and through unfortunate choice in its agents the Presbyterian Board has not accomplished all the good that it might among these peaceful, happy-go-lucky natives. The Rev. Sheldon Jackson came up and organized a mission, and then went East to work up the interest of good people. Boxes of clothing and books came up on every steamer, sent by pious old ladies and good Sunday-school children in the East, and the Indians believed that verily a Providence cared for them. The mission buildings burned, and before a new house could be erected the leading missionary took up his talents and ink bottle and joined partnership with a trader. He has prospered beyond all measure in his commercial venture, and though others have taken his place in the soul-saving work, the Indians have now a grain of skepticism among them, and fully believe that the boxes of goods and all the articles in his store are things that have been sent for them from the missionary societies of the East. Unfortunately the missionaries will not live at peace with their white neighbors, and the stories of missionary greed and worldliness that one hears are appalling. The reverend gentleman in charge of one of these stations on this coast calmly said in my presence, that there was a great temptation for the missionaries to relapse into traders, or exercise the dual functions, and that without doubt many had come to the Alaskan field in order that they might make or save money. Although most of the white residents are guarded in their statements concerning mission affairs, enough is heard on all sides to put some of these teachers of Christianity in a sad and doubtful light.

RUHAMAH.

7, August 26, 1883.

## UNEXPLORED ALASKA.

Special Correspondence of the Globe-Democrat.

SITKA, ALASKA, July 19.—Although we had realized the distance we had traveled to the northward by the increasing length of the

days, we were astonished enough when we reached Sitka to find all of our time-pieces forty-five minutes ahead of the local time. For the first time we became aware of the fact that our course had verged to westward, and we puzzled not a little over that great difference in time between Astoria and Sitka. Although Sitka and Alaska are almost synonymous with north pole to average minds in the temperate zone, a comparison of maps shows that Sitka and St. Petersburg, Russia, are in the same latitude, and the mouth of Chilkat River, the most northerly point that we visited, is on a line with the south coast of Greenland. The extent of this Northwest territory and the vast distances between points are more than bewildering. Alaska itself is equal in area to all of the United States east of the Mississippi River. Counting the Aleutian Chain, the Pribyloff group and the 1,100 islands of the Alexander Archipelago, the total area of the Alaska Islands is 31,265 square miles. The island of Attu, the last of the Aleutian Chain, is as far west of San Francisco as Bangor, Me., is east of it, and the indented coast line of Alaska, measuring over 25,000 miles, is even greater than the whole coast line of the Atlantic and Pacific shores of the United States put together. Southern Alaska, as it is called, comprises the narrow strip of territory that extends southward from Mount St. Elias to Dixon Channel, the boundary line between Alaska and British Columbia. This thirty-mile strip of land, with its outlying islands, is the best known part of the territory, and, with the exception of Ounalaska and the Seal Islands, is the seat of the only white settlements of any consequence or promise. Dense forests clothe the islands and mainland of Southern Alaska and "darken a region half as large as Europe." Although the rocky foundations are only covered with a thin, sandy soil, vegetation flourishes with a rankness that can not be surpassed in the tropics. The close forests of yellow cedar, Sitka and Douglass spruce, Jeffreys pine and balsam fir have never been devastated by fires, and for unnumbered ages only glaciers or avalanches have interfered with the steady processes of nature. The Russians cleared a little ground about their settlements, but later inhabitants have made no efforts in that way, since crops can not be raised with success and there are not enough horses or cattle for any one to direct their attention to grasses that can not be dried in the constant downpour. The stumps of trees will never rot in the ground, and the fallen trunks in the forest form a network like the corners of rail fences, with each log covered with thick mosses and grasses, and bearing a dense growth of rank ferns, bushes and small trees. It is wholly impossible to penetrate the forests without a path first being hewn through the thickly ranged tree trunks, and in the wood paths about Sitka one frequently sees trees two and three feet in diameter, growing over the prostrate forms of pines of even greater dimensions. If you step aside from the path to force your way through the underbrush to reach clusters of crimson and orange salmon-berries, you may suddenly be engulfed, and sink two or ten feet into a pitfall of mossy logs. Only the certainty that there are no snakes or creeping things in Alaska encourages one to venture aside from the narrow and graveled paths that beneficent Russian rulers caused to be made about Sitka. Although there are a few natural clearings at the mouths of the streams, and grassy fields cleared by the toil of the old serfs, no attempt is made to raise or keep cattle, and the milk of the three cows of



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Sitka is sold at 80 cents a quart. Without beef or mutton, the people live on a routine of fish, venison and bear meat, and no quail-eater grows wearier of his daily luxuries than these Alaska citizens do of their regular venison, salmon and halibut in steaks, roasts and curries.

Even the Indians know nothing of the interior of Southern Alaska, and on account of the impenetrable forests not one island has been wholly explored. All travel is done by boats and canoes, and the two sections of the territory are as far apart for a traveler as if on different continents. From Sitka to San Francisco it is some 1,600 miles by direct line, and communication is kept up by the monthly mail steamer Idaho. From Sitka across to Onalaska there is a voyage on the open sea of 800 miles, and the Seal Islands lie hundreds of miles further west of that point. Onalaska and the sealing stations have communication with San Francisco by the steamer belonging to the Alaska Commercial Company, but no direct communication with Sitka or the rest of the Territory. The Collector of Customs at Sitka gets the report from his Onalaska deputy via San Francisco, unless a rare schooner or whaler comes that way, and sailing vessels as a rule give the tortuous channels and unknown reefs of the archipelago a wide berth at all times.

Northern Alaska, or the territory proper, comprises vast areas of unexplored land, where even the adventurous Russian and Hudson Bay Company's traders have never set foot. No surveys of these great steppes, moors and prairies have been made, with the exception of the explorations of the scientific corps sent out by the Western Union Telegraph Company in 1868 to report upon the feasibility of a cable across Behring Straits. Prof. Dall, of the Smithsonian Institute, Prof. Whymper, the great English mountain climber, Rothrock, the botanist, and others accompanied the party. A telegraph line was erected for some hundred miles up the British Columbian coast, and before the party had more than reached the unexplored regions of Alaska they were recalled. The success of the Atlantic cables and the difficulty of maintaining the line through the dense forest regions of the coast decided the company to abandon the undertaking. Prof. Dall made close and careful studies during that time, and the result of his more prolonged stay has been given to the public in a ponderous work entitled "Alaska and Its Resources." Dall's great volume is the only reliable work that can be consulted for reference, but his studies were chiefly ethnological and confined to the region of the Yukon River. Succeeding writers have drawn upon him entirely for their statements, and his book, although published more than twelve years ago, is still the standard work. Prof. Whymper published a book of his travels in Alaska, and it being in a lighter and more discursive vein, is more frequently read than Dall's. Since then Sheldon Jackson, the missionary, has put forth a small illustrated book composed of extracts from Dall and letters from his co-workers in the Alaska field. John Muir, the geologist, visited the glacial region three years ago, and wrote a series of articles concerning them for the San Francisco *Bulletin*, and Special Treasury Agents and Census Commissioners have gathered much interesting matter into their official reports. Discoveries of gold in the Yukon country have turned speculative interest toward that region in late years, but its remoteness and inaccessibility have kept away the army of pros-

pectors who would willingly overrun it. The Schieffelin brothers, who first worked the mines at Tombstone, Arizona, have lately become interested in the Yukon mines, and are now working them. They fitted out their own vessels at San Francisco, and took up miners and mining supplies a year ago, and this spring they sent up another consignment of workmen, mining tools, mill machinery and supplies. From the fact that no definite reports have yet been heard as to the richness of the Schieffelin's mines, the outside world is divided between a certainty of failure or a suspicion of fabulous and shrewdly concealed riches. The Schieffelins have with them steam launches for exploring the Yukon River on prospecting tours, and it is probable that through them something more will be known of that great river, that empties into the sea by five branches, forming a delta more than seventy miles across. The Yukon is al-

ready explored for a length of 2,000 miles, 1,500 of which are navigable for small vessels. Besides the Schieffelin colony, Lieut. Schwatka, of Arctic fame, has started with a small party of men this summer to explore the head waters of the Yukon. The Schwatka party left the mail steamer at the head of Lynn channel in Southern Alaska, going thence in canoes up the Chilkat River to its head, then by portage of twenty-four miles through the forest to a chain of lakes that lead to one of the tributaries of the Yukon. Important results are looked for from the Schwatka explorations, and miners are particularly interested in this last venture of the Arctic hero.

More than for geological surveys and explorations do the people cry for some form of government and the establishment of some definite law and order; for in its present neglected condition Alaska is a territory in name only. The Collector of Customs at Sitka, and his two deputies, are the only civil officers vested with authority, and their jurisdiction only applies to Treasury regulations, as to imports, duties and clearance papers. The people have petitioned for a Governor, for some judicial officers, or to have a recognized delegate in Congress, and nothing has ever come of it. Man-of-war government may have done very well for the few years succeeding the Russian transfer, but within the past five years Alaska has been developing industries and slowly coming into a prominence that demands some protection of law and semblance of order. If a trader is caught selling liquor to the Indians he must be indicted and tried by the Courts at San Francisco. If convicted he may be fined \$500, meanwhile the expense of bringing the accused and all the witnesses from Alaska to San Francisco costs the Government three or four times as much as the fine may amount to. As the United States Attorney once remarked, "They bring a 10 cent Indian down to San Francisco and give him a \$1,000 trial, all for doing the territory a favor by killing the worst white man in it." It is only in extreme cases, however, that prisoners and witnesses are treated to an excursion to San Francisco at Government expense, since the commander of the man-of-war is vested with constabulary and all other kinds of power, and metes out justice by direct and common-sense methods without the rignarole of the law. The discovery of gold at Juneau, and the rapid growth of that mining town, make the want of government all the more felt, and the trouble constantly arising between the miners, and the miners and the Indians, keep the man-of-war at Sitka



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busy maintaining the peace by wholesome examples. Owners of mining property at Juneau cry for a surveyer and a land office more than for a Police Court, since without surveys or titles to their lands they hesitate to put money into works or mills that the first organized band of squatters may demolish or take from them. While this state of perfect lawlessness exists enterprise is checked and operations are slowly conducted, the great capitalists waiting until some protection is assured to property and some form of government is given to this rich and undeveloped country.

RUHAMAH.

ning, August 28, 1888.

## ALASKA SETTLEMENTS.

Special Correspondence of the Globe-Democrat.

KAIGAU, ALASKA, July 23.—When the Idaho left Sitka and really headed for south and the home port, there was a subdued wail on board at the prospect of the long ship picnic coming to a close inside of a fortnight. We variously besought the captain to stay a day longer at anchor in the harbor of Sitka; to head for Yakutat, at the foot of Mount St. Elias; or to go anywhere that would keep us sailing into strange harbors and channels new, and reveling in the scenery of this glorious wilderness. The captain and officers of the Adams had listened quietly to all our boasts and raptures over the great glaciers in Glacier Bay, and then had told us of their cruise to Mount St. Elias, the highest peak on the continent, and to the glacier at its base, which is so far the largest one known in Alaska. Old geographies give the elevation of Mount St. Elias as 17,000 feet above sea level, but the latest charts issued from the United States Hydrographic office and the British Admiralty charts assign 19,500 feet as the true level of that great summit that rises almost straight from the sea. The officers of the Adams visited the great glacier that measures seventy miles across its front, and one of their number, a gifted lieutenant of marines, made a series of most excellent sketches. From Sitka it is a straight run of more than 300 miles to the northward to reach the base of Mt. St. Elias, and, though we sighed for a sight of that giant peak, the Idaho pursued its steady course towards the trading posts to the southward. Our last glimpses of Sitka and its beautiful harbor were dimmed with mist and falling rain, and Mt. Edgecumbe and Vostovian were shrouded in thick clouds.

Curving around the end of Baranoff Island we entered Peril Straits, a narrow, rocky channel, where the tide rushes through in fierce currents and eddies, and where many canoes have come to grief, and where the steamship Eureka was wrecked only four months ago. It is aptly named Peril Straits, and it is a daring and skillful navigator who ventures in among the rocks and ledges of that narrow channel, where every turn of the tide creates fierce rapids. The captain of the Idaho being the most experienced pilot in these waters, and knowing every foot of Peril Strait as landsmen know a city street, no one is concerned when he lets his big steamer go plunging and flying through the rapids; and the captain was calmness itself as he stood on the bridge, with his hands run deep in his great-coat pockets, dropping an occasional "Stab-

bord a bit," "hard a-stabbord," or "Por-r-t your helm," down the trap-door to the man at the wheel. We saw where the Eureka struck the fatal rock, where they beached her and where the crew and salvage corps camped for the three months that elapsed before the ship was raised and taken to San Francisco for repairs. When the wreck of the Eureka became known Oregon and California newspapers rang with protests against men and ships being sent to the dangerous and unsurveyed waters of the Alaska coast, and there was a cry for more coast-survey steamers and better charts.

By picturesque and less perilous channels the ship went sailing between green islands and through still waters until in the late afternoon we threaded a veritable needle's-eye of a passage and fired a resounding gun before the little trading post of Killisnoo. Killisnoo sprang into general fame last winter as being the seat of the Indian troubles. The abandoned village of Kootznahoo, where the bombs burst in air and the spectacular accompaniments of naval warfare were furnished to the rebellious reds by Capt. Merriman, of the Adams, lies in a curving bay on the opposite island. The Northwest Trading Company of Portland, that holds chief commercial sway in this end of the territory, has found the Killisnoo post to be one of its most profitable franchises. The codfish that swarm off this coast in greater numbers than on the Newfoundland banks are converted into the dried codfish of commerce and the cod liver oil of pharmacy, and, therefore, all Killisnoo shore smells to heaven. The long wharf is lined with double rows of slats and racks where the codfish lie drying, and on shore great tanks are filled with the fish slowly absorbing the salt that shall preserve them. The livers of the cod are slowly boiled in great caldrons for three or four hours, and when it has cooled and settled the oil is carefully skimmed off and put up in tins and barrels. A small mountain of boxes containing the dried fish, and bales and bales of deer and bear skins were stowed away in the hold, and then, when the tide had risen at midnight, the Idaho slipped its cables, and started down for the picturesque channels that culminate in the magnificent scenery of Wrangel Narrows.

When we reached Fort Wrangel for the second time the queer old trading place wore a homelike air to us, and as full-flown connoisseurs we picked over the carved work and curios that the traders and Indians offered us for sale. "King Lear," as the chief trader and potentate of the town is known, welcomed us back to his wharf and his comfortable porch as old acquaintances, and knowing that our tastes were now cultivated to a proper point of appreciation, brought forth his great horn spoon, a work of the highest art, and a bit of bric-a-brac that cost its possessor some \$400. Mr. Lear is that famous man who "swears by the great horned spoon," and this elaborately carved spoon, made from the clear, amber-tinted horn of the musk ox, is more than eighteen inches long, with a smooth, graceful bowl that holds at least a pint. This spoon constituted the sole assets of a derelict debtor, who failed Mr. Lear for the sum of \$400, and the jocose trader first paralyzed us by saying that he had a carved spoon that cost \$100. The amateur photographers on shipboard raved at sight of the beautiful carvings and inlaid work on handle and spoon, and rushing for their cameras, photographed it against a background of gay Chilcat blankets. The sun was mild, the air was balmy and the skies as



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blue as fabled Italy during that last summer day at Wrangel, and when we steamed away from King Lear's wharf we all were sure that we would never see so fair a scene again. The coast survey steamer Hassler came smoking around the point of an island just as we were leaving Wrangel, and our captain, who would rather lose his dinner than miss a joke, fairly shook with laughter when he saw the frantic signals of the Hassler, and knew the tempestuous frame of mind its captain was working himself up to. After giving the Hassler sufficient scare and chase, the Idaho slowed up, and the mails that she had been carrying for three months were transferred to the coast survey ship, while the skippers, who are close friends and inveterate jokers, exchanged stiff and conventional greetings, mild sarcasm and dignified repartee from their respective bridges.

By 4 o'clock of the next morning we were at Na Ha Bay, one of the greenest and loveliest little island nooks in Alaska, and famous as the residence of the greatest prevaricator in the territory. This trader and great embroiderer of the truth appeared only as a hirsute man on shore, with the brief glance that I took at him and his picturesque surroundings at that early hour, but later in the day, when the pelting rain had driven us to the cabin, every one had some anecdote to relate of the celebrity of Na Ha Bay, in whose domain we anchored for only an hour. Having represented to people "below"—which word "below" means California and Oregon, as used in Alaska—that he knew the certain road to fortune, this trader of Na Ha Bay was permitted to invest some \$10,000 in a fishery, with no visible results as yet in the way of dried salmon, and this, with other like schemes, has given this Mulberry Sellers his unenvied fame. For salmon fisheries and salmon canneries there exists a perfect craze all along the Pacific coast, and from the Columbia River to Chile at such establishments are projected for every possible place. At the most northern point on our cruise we picked

up a piratical-looking man, in flannel shirt and tucked-up trousers, who had been sent to Alaska "to prospect for salmon," by the owners of one of the large canneries at Astoria, Oregon. This piscatorial prospector had for years been a pilot on the Columbia River, and this fact, together with his buccaneer air, made him quite a character on deck. The "prospecter" was the kindest and best-natured man that ever lived, with a bushy head and beard, and a mild twinkling blue eye. Months of strolling in the mud and moisture of Alaska soil had taught him to roll his trousers well up at the heel, and he continued that cautious habit after he came on board, often pacing the dry and spotted decks of the Idaho with his checked trousers rolled halfway to his knees, and the gay facings of red leather streaking his nether limbs like the insignia of the knightly order of the garter. Confidentially he said to the mate one day, "Did you notice the terrible cold I had when I came up with you? Well, —, it was all because my wife made me wear that — white shirt." The sincerity and earnestness with which he said this sent us accidental listeners flying for a place to laugh it out in, and the "prospecter's" latest remarks passed current in the absence of daily papers and humorous columns.

Thus in its appointed route the Idaho wandered among the islands, touching at infant settlements and trading posts, and anchoring beside Indian villages with *totems* and traditions centuries old. Through foggy nights we

lay at anchor, and as we neared the Queen Charlotte Islands, which form the breakwater against which the warm Japan current first strikes, the fogs were more frequent. On a wet and gloomy evening we anchored off Kaigau, an ancient settlement of the Hydah Indians, and a place of note in the archipelago. The Hydahs are a superior race, skilled in the arts of war and the crafts of peace, and Hydah carvers have wrought matchless *totems*, canoes, bowls, spoons, halibut clubs and hooks from time immemorial. A sullen reef lies as a barrier before their town, and the trading company has sounded the desertion of the old site by building the storehouses on the shores of the opposite islands, where the recently named American Bay offers safe shelter and anchorage. Meanwhile Kaigau has two little curving beaches built round with native houses and guarded by tall and moss-grown *totem* poles, rich with all quaint and heraldic carvings. A semi-circle of more ancient *totems* stand about the shore of the smaller beach, and back in the dense undergrowth rise the carved beasts that stand in emblem over the graves of dead and gone Hydahs. At Kaigau the missionary's wife and sister have lived for two years, and seen but one white woman until our boat-load of them went ashore from the Idaho and embarrassed them with a superfluity. The other white residents of Kaigau are the Russian Count Zuboff and his pretty, black-haired Countess, a couple interesting in themselves and their history, and all the more extraordinary in their being found in this remote end of the world. The Count Zuboff is a man of fascinating address and appearance, polished manners and cultivated tastes, and being exiled for nihilistic tendencies, he chose Alaska to Siberia, and made his way across the friendly chain of islands to "the home of the free and the land of the brave." He married a charming Russian lady at Sitka, and, with the calm of a philosopher's mind and the patience of a patriotic heart, he waits the time when amnesty or anarchy shall permit his return to holy Russia. Adversity and years in the savage wilderness have not robbed these people of their ease and grace of manner, and the handsome Count had all the charm and spirit that must have distinguished him in the gay world of his native capital. The little Countess was unfeignedly glad to see a few fellow creatures, and in the dusk of that dreary, wet night welcomed us to her simple home, and showed us her treasures, from the big blue-eyed baby to a wonderfully painted dance blanket. When we expressed curiosity at the latter, the pretty Russian seized the great piece of fringed and painted deerskin, and wrapping it about her shoulders threw her head back with fine pose, and stood as an animated tableau in the dusk and firelight of her Alaska chalet. "This was a *cultus patch*," she said, with a dainty accent, as she explained the way it came into her possession, and we laughed not a little to learn that that dilettante word *cultus* means "worthless" in the Chinook jargon. Setting aside all traditions of his rank, this Nihilist Count talked business with our captain in a most American manner, and but for the inherent accent and air a listener might have taken him for the most practical of business men, whose whole life had been spent in commercial marts, or as agent for a great trading company.

RUHAMAH.



## INDIAN MURDERERS HANGED IN ALASKA.

HOW AN EASY-GOING JAILER LOST HIS LIFE—THE WORK OF LIQUOR.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 8.—Commander Merri-  
man, commanding the United States ship Adams, re-  
ports to the Navy Department under date of Sitka,  
Alaska, August 14, that he got under way from that port  
on the 28th of July to visit the different Indian villages  
in the Territory. He learned from Juneau that white  
men had been killed by Indians. He therefore aban-  
doned the trip to the south and left Wrangel on August  
3, arriving at Juneau the next day. There he learned  
that on July 18 Richard Rainey, a rum-seller, had been  
brutally clubbed by two Indians known as "Steve" and  
"Charley" Green. "Steve" and an Indian named  
Boxer, who resisted the people, were arrested the next  
day, and on July 20 "Charley" Green was arrested.  
They were put in irons in a temporary jail to await the  
arrival of Commander Merriman. On July 29 they  
were guarded by Mr. Dennis, an easy-going man, who  
allowed them to come out of their cells. He took off the  
irons and went out for a few minutes, leaving the  
Indians without irons and with two revolvers within  
reach. On his return the Indians came out of their cells  
and arrested Mr. Dennis's attention by asking him to  
explain a passage in a Testament, and while he was ex-  
amining it he was shot from behind. The Indians then  
raided a Mr. Grimes attempted to arrest them single-  
handed, but he was shot by "Steve" and struck in the  
back with an axe by Boxer. "Charley" Green and  
Boxer were captured, and after a trial, one by jury and  
the other by mass-meeting, they were hung. Com-  
mander Merriman does not doubt that they deserved  
hanging, but thinks they ought to have been sent to  
Portland for trial by due form of law. He incloses a  
copy of a report from the deputy collector of customs at  
Juneau, giving a detailed account of the trouble, which  
was caused by liquor or beer. Commander Merriman  
intended sending a force of men to Juneau, but did not  
anticipate further trouble. The health of the officers  
and crew of the Adams is reported good.

steamer, sent by pious old ladies and good Sun-  
day-school children in the East, and the Indians  
believed that verily a Providence cared for them.  
The mission buildings burned, and before a new  
home could be erected the leading missionary  
took up his talents and ink bottle and joined  
partnership with a trader. He has prospered  
beyond all measure in his commercial venture;  
and, though others have taken his place in the  
soul-saving work, the Indians have now a grain  
of skepticism among them, and fully believe that  
the boxes of goods and all the articles in his store  
are things that have been sent for them from the  
missionary societies of the East. Unfortunately  
the missionaries will not live at peace with their  
white neighbors, and the stories of missionary  
greed and worldliness that one hears are appall-  
ing. The reverend gentleman in charge of one  
of these stations on this coast calmly said in my  
presence that there was a great temptation for  
the missionaries to relapse into traders or exer-  
cise the dual functions, and that without doubt  
many had come to the Alaskan field in order that  
they might make or save money. Although  
most of the white residents are guarded in their  
statements concerning mission affairs, enough  
is heard on all sides to put some of these teachers  
of Christianity in a sad and doubtful light."

It would be a more decent thing if this  
correspondent would tell it right out instead  
of ostentatiously keeping silence about the  
greed and worldliness of these missionaries.  
Please give us the facts. We want to know  
them. We know enough about them to be  
sure that this correspondent is a stupid  
blunderer.

There have been no "great times" be-  
tween missionaries and Indians, if "great  
times" means quarrels. The Rev. Sheldon  
Jackson did go there and organize the mis-  
sion. That is what he went for; and when  
he was through he came back. He has  
waked up an interest in the mission, as was  
his duty; and books and clothing have been  
sent for the children in the school, which is  
highly commendable. That "leading mis-  
sionary" we remember about. He was  
there one year; and if he did not continue  
in the service it was no fault of his. It was  
for reasons beyond his control. He did not  
leave when the mission building burned,  
but two years before. If he has prospered  
in business we are glad of it; clergymen often  
have a good business faculty. That the  
Indians imagine the goods in his store are  
purloined by him from missionary boxes  
we do not believe. They are not such  
fools.

That "missionaries will not live at peace  
with their white neighbors" is not true;  
but that sometimes they do not may be  
true. Take the case of that missionary  
family, cut off from communications,  
starved almost to death by the trader on  
whom they had to depend for food, and  
who refused to sell them flour because  
the missionary had told his flock how they  
could get a fairer price for their furs.

## The Independent.

251 Broadway, opp. City Hall Park.

NEW YORK, September 13th, 1883.

### MOURNFUL TIDINGS FROM ALASKA.

"MOURNFUL Tidings from Alaska," are go-  
ing the round of the papers, taken from a  
correspondent of the St. Louis *Globe Demo-  
crat*. The aforesaid correspondent weeps  
over the dishonor done to the cause of relig-  
ion by unspiritual missionaries. We know  
a class of correspondents and traders' clerks  
who are always finding something they  
don't like in Protestant missionaries, while  
Catholic missionaries cannot be praised  
enough. We think we know which inter-  
feres most with their pleasures and their  
too profitable trade. Here is the paragraph  
in full:

"At Sitka and along shore the missionaries  
and the Indians have had great times together,  
and through unfortunate choice in its agents the  
Presbyterian Board has not accomplished all the  
good that it might among these peaceful, happy-  
go-lucky natives. The Rev. Sheldon Jackson  
came up and organized a mission, and then went  
East to work up the interest of good people.  
Boxes of clothing and books came up on every



Thanks to the United States Government, a mail route has been established since, and that missionary is independent.

"The stories of missionary greed and worldliness we hear are appalling." "Appalling" is good. Please tell them. We presume they are based on the fact that the missionaries are teaching the Indians self-supporting industry, which does not please everybody. They have taught them to put up salmon for Winter use; and a missionary showed them how to run a raft of firewood down the river, also for Winter use. That is appalling "greed!" One missionary "calmly said" there was a temptation to "relapse into traders." It is to their credit, then, that they have not yielded. "Many had come to the Alaskan field in order that they might make or save money." "Many?" Why there are only four missionaries, and there have been but six in all. It is not they that are put "in a sad and doubtful light" by this precious bit of correspondence. We confess our surprise that so many respectable papers all over the country should give credence and circulation to gossip on the face of it so malicious and false. Tell us, brothers of the secular press, is the presumption against a missionary or in his favor? Is he to be presumed a knave till he is proved an honest man? Is it decent to circulate such sweeping, undiscrediting slanders against such a class of men?

#### The Point Barrow Expedition.

The safe return of the Point Barrow expedition, under Lieutenant Ray, after having accomplished all the objects for which its station was established, is welcome intelligence. Though this expedition was not stationed far within the Arctic Circle its meteorological and other observations promise to be of more practical value to American weather research than those of any other international polar station. Point Barrow is, perhaps, the best point for a lookout that could have been selected upon the great Arctic ice drifts and Arctic weather phenomena which indirectly but powerfully affect the climate of the United States. The immense waves of cold air which enter Manitoba and thence descend over the Mississippi Valley may occasionally be formed in Northern British America, but it is almost certain that many of them come from the Polar Ocean. As continuous records of such phenomena have been kept by Lieutenant Ray, American meteorologists may now hope to discover the laws of the movements of such waves which so frequently dominate the weather over the whole country for long periods, and ignorance of which has hitherto been a chief difficulty in predicting American weather changes. It is therefore to be hoped that the scientific results of Lieutenant Ray's Arctic observations will be speedily and fully published.

#### THE YUKON RIVER REGION.

THE Yukon River in Alaska is the largest American river flowing into the Pacific Ocean. Its length is probably 2,800 miles, and for three-quarters of that distance is navigable for steamers. It cuts through the Rocky Mountains by a narrow, deep and very swift channel, without falls or obstruction, and amidst scenery of surpassing grandeur. The Yukon has five mouths, the intervening delta being seventy miles in breadth. At some points along its lower course it is so wide that one bank cannot be seen from the other. For the first thousand miles it is from one to five miles in width, and in some places, including islands, it is twenty miles from main bank to main bank. Until recently comparatively little has been known of the region traversed by this great river. Lieutenant Schwatka has explored it during the present Summer, and one or two other parties have penetrated into its solitudes. In May, 1882, Edward Scheffellen, the discoverer of the celebrated silver mines near Tombstone, Arizona, left San Francisco with a party of five skilled prospectors, to search for gold on the Yukon River, Alaska Territory. Mr. Scheffellen equipped the party at his own expense, and also had a stern-wheel steamer built, which was conveyed to St. Michaels (lat. 63 degrees north), Norton Sound, on board of the schooner, *H. L. Tiennan*, Captain Lund commanding. The little steamer, appropriately christened the *New Rocket*, is forty four feet long and fifteen beam, having engines of twenty horse power. The party consisted of the five prospectors, Mr. Jacobson, Ethnologist of the Royal Berlin Museum, and Mr. H. D. Wolfe, who had been sent to Alaska by the New York *Herald* to report the particulars of the burning of the *Rodgers*. The *New Rocket*, drawing but two and a half feet, full laden with provisions and tools, started from St. Michaels on the 3d of August, 1882, arriving at Nuklakayet, eight hundred miles up the Yukon, towards the end of September. When a house had been built and the steamer placed in the creek, which served as her resting-place from October until June, the river had begun to freeze over, and soon the *New Rocket* was confined, with the Alaska Commercial Company's trading steamer *Yukon*, for the long Winter of the Arctic regions. We illustrate, from photographs taken last Winter on the Yukon River, and developed by Mr. Edouard, photographer, of San Francisco, some of the features and incidents of this exploration.

The food that is given to the dogs used to draw sleds on the Yukon consists of dried salmon, each animal receiving, when doing no work, a half fish,

about three pounds, per diem. When engaged in pulling the sled, a whole fish is given. Extremely voracious—these dogs partaking of a wolfish nature—the food has to be carefully placed out of reach, otherwise the major portion of a Winter's supply would be consumed in a single night.

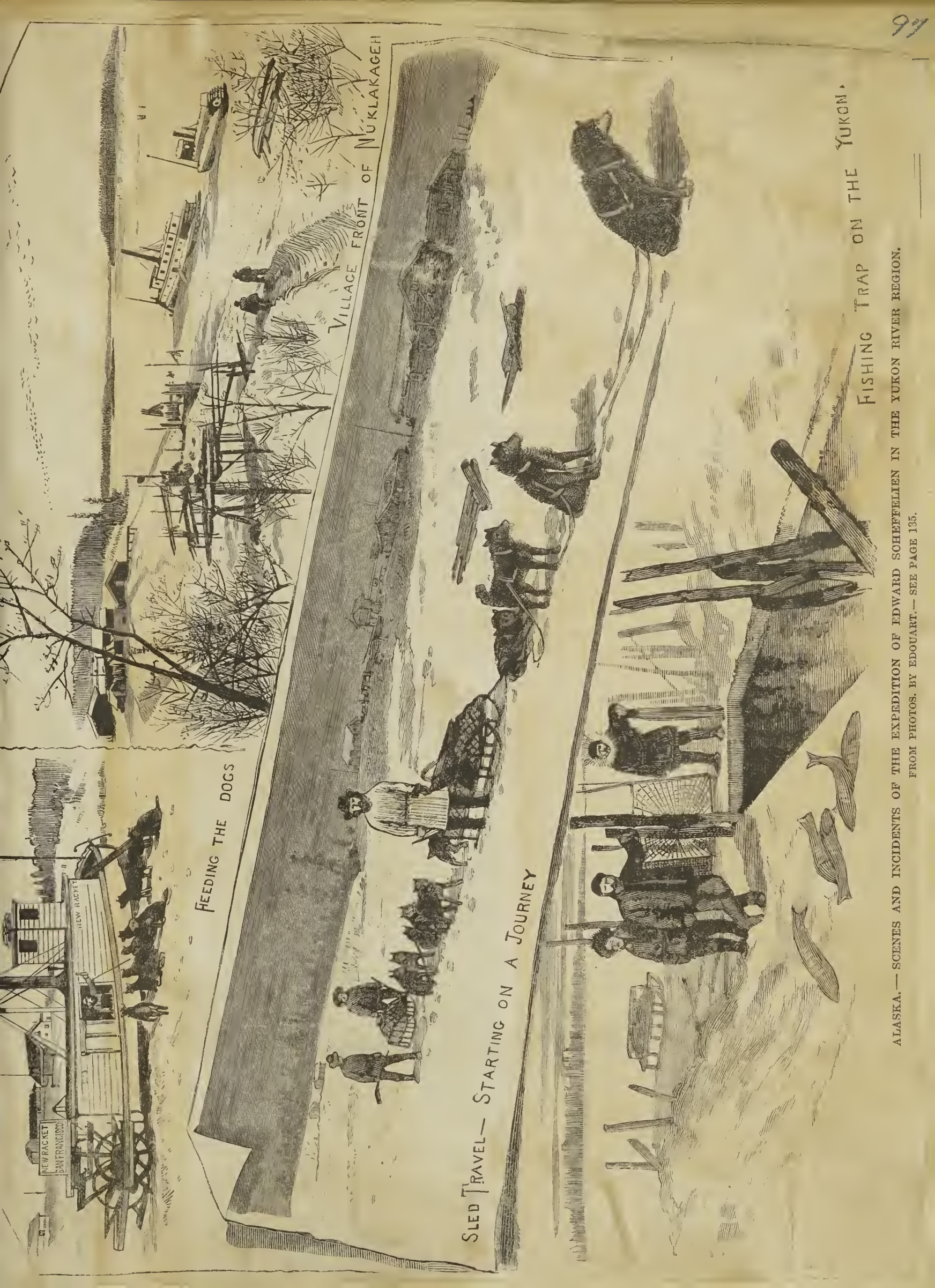
Sled trips of a couple of thousand miles, during the Winter season, from November until April, are quite common among the traders residing on the Yukon. It is expected that all those residing within a radius of a thousand miles from St. Michaels will come to the head station and enjoy their Christmas dinner, the trip serving to break the otherwise monotonous life during the Winter months. The teams generally consist of from five to six dogs, sufficient to draw a sled carrying a thousand pounds at a fair rate of speed. During the Spring months—February, March and April—long travel is the rule, the teams making from fifty to seventy miles a day over the hard, frozen snow. The houses in the background of our illustration, "Off on a Journey," are: the trading post on the right, with an elevated platform for storing fish situated in the centre, while the prospector's house is on the extreme left.

During the Winter the Yukon River is covered with ice some five or six feet thick, and fish traps are then set. Through this covering a hole is cut and poles placed in the water close to the bank, and a trap made from alder branches lowered into the water. All through the Winter months white fish, similar to those found in the Lakes, are caught in these traps and serve as a welcome addition to the bill of fare to which the white traders are accustomed.





FEEDING THE DOGS



VILLAGE FRONT OF NUKLAKAGEH

SLED TRAVEL—STARTING ON A JOURNEY

FISHING TRAP ON THE YUKON.

ALASKA.—SCENES AND INCIDENTS OF THE EXPEDITION OF EDWARD SOEFFELIEN IN THE YUKON RIVER REGION.  
FROM PHOTOS. BY EDOUARD.—SEE PAGE 135.









“ Education is the cheap defence of nations.”

*Edmund Burke.*



SECOND

# National Education Assembly,

—HELD AT—

❖ OCEAN GROVE, NEW JERSEY, ❖

*August 9, 10, 11 and 12, 1883.*

CONDUCTED BY

REV. J. C. HARTZELL, D. D.

The purpose of these Annual Assemblies, is to bring together upon the same platform, prominent representatives of popular education, irrespective of section, church or political party ; to awaken and direct public sentiment in favor of enlarged National, State and Church efforts, for the education and elevation of the illiterate masses of our country.



## First Day, Thursday, August 9th.

MORNING SESSION, 10 A.M.

Governor Pattison of Pennsylvania will preside.

INTRODUCTORY RELIGIOUS EXERCISES, Conducted by REV. E. H. STOKES, D. D., President Ocean Grove Association.

FIRST WORDS, By REV. J. C. HARTZELL, D. D.

REMARKS, By Gov. PATTISON of Pennsylvania.

OPENING ADDRESS, "Education the Measure of Man's Improvement," By HON. JOHN EATON, United States Commissioner of Education.

REPORT OF YEAR'S WORK, of National Education Committee, By PROF. C. C. PAINTER, of Tennessee, Secretary.

AFTERNOON SESSION, 3 P.M.

NATIONAL AID TO COMMON SCHOOLS.

Rev. M. E. Strieby, D.D., Secretary American Missionary Association, will preside.

A PAPER, "National Aid to Popular Education in Europe," By HON. J. P. WICKERHAM, of Pennsylvania.

AN ADDRESS, "Conditions and Prospects of National Aid to Common Schools," By HON. H. W. BLAIR, United States Senator from New Hampshire

DISCUSSION, Led by REV. B. K. PIERCE, D. D., Editor Zion's Herald, Boston, and HON. B. G. NORTHROP, of Connecticut.

EVENING SESSION, 7.45, P.M.

OUR ILLITERATE MASSES.

Rev. Herrick Johnson, D.D., of Chicago, will preside.

A PAPER, By HON. B. PETERS, Editor Times, Brooklyn, N. Y.

A PAPER, "Who and Where are Our Illiterate Masses?" By DR. H. R. WAITE, Special Statistician U. S. Census.

A PAPER, "Stumbling Blocks or Stepping Stones," By ROBERT R. DOHERTY, Esq., Assistant Editor Christian Advocate, New York.

AN ADDRESS, "Dangers of Neglect," By JUDGE A. W. TOURGEE, Author of "Fool's Errand," &c

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## Second Day, Friday, August 10th.

MORNING SESSION, 10 A.M.

THE NEGRO IN AMERICA.

Rev. R. S. Rust, D.D., of Ohio, Secretary Freedmen's Aid Society, will preside.

A PAPER, By REV. W. H. WARD, D. D., Editor Independent, New York

A PAPER, "The Color Line, What is it, and what does it threaten?" By REV. B. T. TANNER, D. D., Editor Christian Recorder, Philadelphia.

A PAPER, REV. J. W. HAMILTON, of Boston.

AN ADDRESS, HON. FREDERICK DOUGLAS, of Washington, D. C.

DISCUSSION, Led by REV. J. C. PRICE, Saulsbury, North Carolina.



AFTERNOON SESSION, 3 P. M.

Rev. H. L. Morehouse, D. D., Secretary American Baptist Home Missionary Society, will preside.

A PAPER, By PROF. S. B. DARNELL, of Florida.

A PAPER, "Relation of Education to Wealth and Morality, Pauperism and Crime," By HON. DEXTER A. HAWKINS, of New York.

AN ADDRESS, "Relation of Education to Moral Character," By REV. C. W. CUSHING, D. D., of Rochester, N. Y.

A PAPER, "Illiteracy among the Whites of the South." By REV. L. B. CALDWELL, PH. D., Tennessee.

AN ADDRESS, "Educational opportunities and duties of the South," By REV. A. D. MAYO, of Boston.

DISCUSSION.

EVENING SESSION, 7.45 P. M.

Public Reception of Missionary Teachers and Preachers,  
who have labored in the South from the  
North since the War.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME, By REV. C. H. FOWLER, L. L. D., of New York.  
RESPONSIVE ADDRESSES.

On behalf of Presbyterians, REV. R. H. ALLEN, D. D., Secretary Presbyterian Freedmen's Committee.

On behalf of Congregationalists, PROF. SALISBURY, Educational Superintendent American Missionary Association.

On behalf of Baptists,—Speaker to be announced.

On behalf of Methodist Episcopal Church, President JOHN BRADEN, D. D., of Tennessee.

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Third Day, Saturday August 11th.

MORNING SESSION, 10 A. M.

THE AMERICAN INDIAN PROBLEM.

General C. B. Fisk, President U. S. Indian Commission  
will preside.

A PAPER, "The Legal Status of the Indian, What it is, what it ought to be, and how to secure it," By HENRY S. PANCOAST, Esq., Philadelphia.

A PAPER, "Practical results of Indian Education," By J. H. HAWORTH, Esq., Supt. U. S. Indian Schools.

AN ADDRESS, "Woman's Work for the Indians," By MRS. A. S. QUINTON, President Woman's National Indian Association.

DISCUSSION, Led by HERBERT WELSH, Esq., of Philadelphia.



### AFTERNOON SESSION, 3 P. M.

#### THE AMERICAN INDIAN PROBLEM, CONTINUED.

A PAPER, "Indian Civilization a Success," By CAPT. PRATT, Principal of Carlisle Training School

AN ADDRESS, "The Indians of Alaska," By REV. SHELDON JACKSON, D. D., Supt. Presbyterian Mission in Alaska.

DISCUSSION.

### EVENING SESSION, 7.45 P. M.

Rev. A. J. Kynett, D. D., of Philadelphia, will preside.

A PAPER, "The Utah Problem," By DR. BRICKNELL, Editor Journal of Education, Boston.

AN ADDRESS, "Christian Effort in Utah," By REV. H. KENDALL, D. D., Secretary Board Presbyterian Home Missions.

AN ADDRESS, REV. J. M. WALDEN, L. L. D., of Ohio.

### Fourth Day, Sunday, August 12th.

9 A. M. EDUCATIONAL LOVE FEAST, Led by REV. I. W. JOYCE, D. D., of Cincinnati.

### MORNING SESSION, 10 A. M.

Bishop W. L. Harris, L. L. D., of New York, will preside.

AN ADDRESS, "Christian Element in Education," By REV. LEMUEL MOSS, D. D., President Indiana State University.

AN ADDRESS, "Christian Education as a factor in our National Life," By GEN. T. J. MORGAN, Principal State Normal School, New York.

### AFTERNOON SESSION, 3 P. M.

General Cyrus Bussey, of New Orleans, will preside.

AN ADDRESS, "American Scholarship," By REV. H. A. BUTZ, D. D., President Drew Theological Seminary.

AN ADDRESS, "Religious Education the Safeguard of our Nation," By REV. J. P. NEWMAN, L. L. D., New York.

### EVENING, CLOSING SESSION, 7.45 P. M.

#### CHRIST THE WORLD'S TEACHER.

Hon. John Eaton, U. S. Commissioner of Education, will preside.

This will be a popular platform meeting. Speeches, limited to ten minutes, by Christian Workers and Educators.

The Music during the Assembly will be under the direction of PROF. WM. J. KILPATRICK, of Philadelphia, Pa.

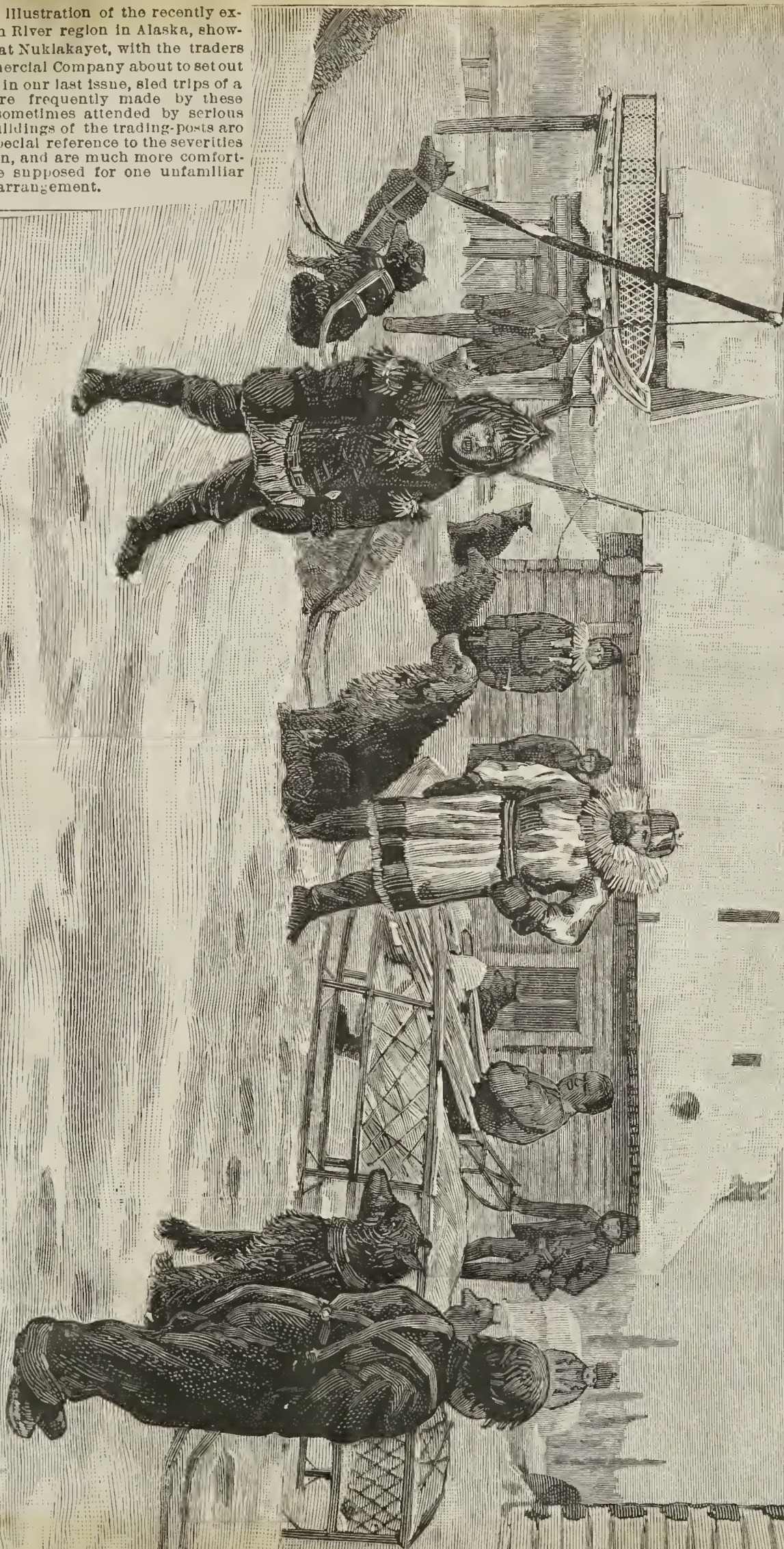
THE CARLISLE INDIAN BRASS BAND, will discourse Patriotic and Sacred Music during part of the Assembly.

### PUBLISHED PROCEEDINGS.

The proceedings of the Association will be published in full. A Committee will be present at each session to receive subscriptions.



WE give another illustration of the recently explored Yukon River region in Alaska, showing a trading-post at Nuklakayet, with the traders of the Alaska Commercial Company about to set out on a trip. As stated in our last issue, sled trips of a thousand miles are frequently made by these traders, and are sometimes attended by serious hardships. The buildings of the trading-posts are constructed with special reference to the severities of the Winter season, and are much more comfortable than would be supposed for one unfamiliar with their interior arrangement.



ALASKA.—A TRADING POST AT NUKLAKAYET, ON THE NEWLY EXPLORED YUKON RIVER.  
 FROM A PHOTO, BY EDOUART. — SEE PAGE 154. Oct 27. 1883.



Among the Alaskans.\*

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

THE missionary is the pioneer of civilization. He is the torch-bearer, penetrating into the dark places of the earth and carrying a heavenly fire. Missionaries have reduced spoken languages to writing, translated the Bible into every tongue, made dictionaries, crystallized floating traditions into literature, and, under God, transformed society and introduced the Christian home where vice and cruel superstition had long reigned. What a roll of honor might be made from the mere cataloguing of missionary names—Judson, Morrison, Burns, Livingston, Moffatt, and how many more are starred with the light that can never decline nor fade.

Having just read with a delight amounting to fascination, the glowing pages in which Mrs. Wright depicts the story of recent missionary work in Alaska, I am tempted to cull some striking features of a very eloquent book for the readers of the INTELLIGENCER.

Alaska, the Russian America of my childhood days, is rich in mineral wealth, possesses inexhaustible supplies of marble, limestone, sulphur, bismuth, fire-clay, and gypsum, has a coast deeply indented and lined with excellent harbors, has immense navigable rivers, lofty mountains, and a healthful climate. The secular papers have prophesied within a few days, that it may turn out a second California, for gold has been discovered, and gold is a magnet which never fails to draw men.

Immense forests extend for miles—poplar, cottonwood, spruce, hemlock, cedar, and fir are here, the poplar growing to such a size that the Indian shapes from its trunk a canoe which can accommodate sixty warriors. Blue grass and other grasses, dotted and sprinkled with flowers, stretch across wide spaces, promising a future dairy-land. I have no space for quotation, but this purchase, ceded in October, 1867, by Russia to the United States, was stigmatized by nearly everybody as Seward's folly. It is now ascertained to have been a rare bargain, evidencing not thrift only, but broad statesmanship, characterized by wise forethought.

The population of this vast territory was ignorant and degraded to the last degree. Mrs. Wright says: "When Alaska was delivered to the United States, the Russian schools and churches were for the most part closed. A few United States soldiers were placed in the former Russian forts; the employées of the Alaska Commercial Company began their work; the Church seemed not to think of Alaska as a part of all the world covered by her divine commission, saw not the thirty thousand dusky forms marching down on death, heard no wail, 'We go down in the dark.' The land was left without law, government, teachers, preachers, schools, or charities."

The Rev. Dr. Sheldon Jackson, a brave and tireless Presbyterian minister, and the most indefatigable of home missionaries, founded a mission in Alaska in 1877. With him, at five days' notice, went Mrs. A. R. McFarland, a lady who had had twenty years of experience in home mission work, and who was wonderfully qualified by nature and grace for the arduous duties on which she entered here. A child of Virginia, trained in an admirable school, married to a missionary, and successively laboring in Illinois, New Mexico, and California, where, in her widowhood, the claims of Alaska were presented to her, this heroic woman did not falter nor hesitate.

"She consented, cheerfully consented, to remain alone on the Alaskan coast, the one missionary in Alaska, representative of the Protestants of the United States."

Probably the Church in the United States never had a greater surprise than when it heard that work in Alaska was fairly begun, and that a cultivated Presbyterian lady was there to begin it.

"What!" was the cry that assailed Dr. Jackson, "did you leave Mrs. McFarland up there alone, among all those heathens, up there in the cold on the edge of winter?"

"Yes," was the reply, "I did, and she has neither books, nor schoolhouse, nor helpers, nor money, nor friends; only a few converted but morally uninstructed Indians, and a great many heathen about her. Now, what will you do for her?"

The sacrifices and hardships endured, the bravery and good judgment shown by Mrs. McFarland in her life at Fort Wrangell, sole protector of down-trodden Indian girls and women, companioned only by her Christian Indian friend and interpreter, Sarah Dickinson, can scarcely be told about in cold type. To read of her life there, and of the lives of the unselfish band of men and women who have followed her, is to have the blood quickened and the conscience pricked.

I long to see this graphic little volume on centric tables, to hear that it is furnishing winter reading around the evening lamp to listening groups. I think its wide circulation would be a great gain to the Church, which indeed follows its Master afar off, when it forgets His last command, and suffers either branch of its mission work to languish.

\*Among the Alaskans. By Julia McNair Wright. Presbyterian Board of Publication.



# THE ADVANCE.

Robert West, Editor.

CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 7, 1884.

## ALASKA.

Now that a bill to establish a territorial government in Alaska has passed the Senate and awaits the action of the House, a new interest will be felt in that far-off country. Alaska is as large as the original thirteen States of the Union, with the great "North-western Territory" added, or as large as all the United States east of the Mississippi river, north of Alabama, Georgia and North Carolina. Its extreme length from east to west is 2,000 miles.

It will be remembered that it was purchased from the Russian Government in 1867, our government paying \$7,200,000 for it. When Secretary Seward was retiring to private life, the question was asked him at a public dinner, what he considered the most important act of his official life. He replied, "the purchase of Alaska. But," he added, "it may take two generations before the purchase is appreciated."

The seal fisheries of Alaska are well known. The Russian American Seal skin Company pay the United States more than one quarter of a million dollars every year, for the privilege of taking 100,000 seal skins. The world is largely supplied by Alaska with seal skins. In addition to the \$262,000 which the Alaska

Company pays the government for this privilege, it pays an annual rental of \$55,000 for the islands.

Though mostly within the Arctic Circle, a large district in Alaska has the same climate as Central Illinois and Kentucky. In that favored part, summer begins in May, and vegetation grows rapidly. Small fruit and ordinary vegetables are raised successfully, while Kentucky blue grass and other grasses are found in abundance.

Reports of the natural scenery in Alaska are attracting attention all over the world. There are the highest mountain peaks on our continent. There are volcanoes, and glaciers, and weird gorges, and great rivers, yet unexplored. It is a great fishing region. The halibut, the cod, salmon, pickerel, trout, all are found there in such quantities as astonish the travelers. Some claim that there are no other such fisheries in the known world. Explorers

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from Captain Cook to the present time have called attention to them.

It is believed that Alaska is the reserved lumber region of the United States. Hon. Wm. H. Seward, after returning from a trip thither, said: "I venture to predict that Alaska will yet become the common ship-building yard for the American continent." It has a million of acres untouched by the hand of man. It is probably rich, also, in precious metals. Coal is found all along the coast. The quantity seems to be unlimited. Petroleum is found floating on the lakes near the Bay Katmoi. Large deposits have been found on Copper River, while pure copper and lead ore and iron have been discovered in various places.

Unfortunately, since the possession of this country by the United States, there has been no organized government, and anarchy has reigned. The bill to establish a territorial government in Alaska should be passed at once, and provision made for the maintenance of schools for the education of the natives.



23 Centre St., N. Y.  
August 1, 1883.

Dear Brother:

The Synodical Committee of Home Missions of the Synod of New York, in connection with the Woman's Synodical Committee and the Board of Home Missions have in contemplation to hold a series of Home Missionary Conventions in your part of the State from Sept. 17 to Oct. 8.

It is proposed with your approval and the concurrence of your people, to have such a convention in your place evening a conference the next A. M. conducted by yourself, of neighboring churches and pastors, a ladies' meeting in the P. M. and a general meeting in the evening.

The speakers for your part of the State will probably be Dr. Sheldon Jackson and one of the Secretaries, Mrs. James, President of the Woman's Executive Committee, Miss Alice Robertson from the Indian Territory and Miss Campbell from Utah.

As our plan embraces a series of daily services, we could not consult you as to whether the days mentioned would be satisfactory or not, we can come only on these days and we hope they will be agreeable to you and that you will give such notices in your congregation and to neighboring pastors and churches as will secure a full attendance.

It will undoubtedly be somewhat burdensome to you but we hope it will be profitable to all the people who gather to hear.

We hope you will suggest a collection at the close simply to cover the travelling expenses of the speakers.

Please send any response to this letter or any suggestions on the subject to the Secretaries of the Board, 23 Centre St. New York.

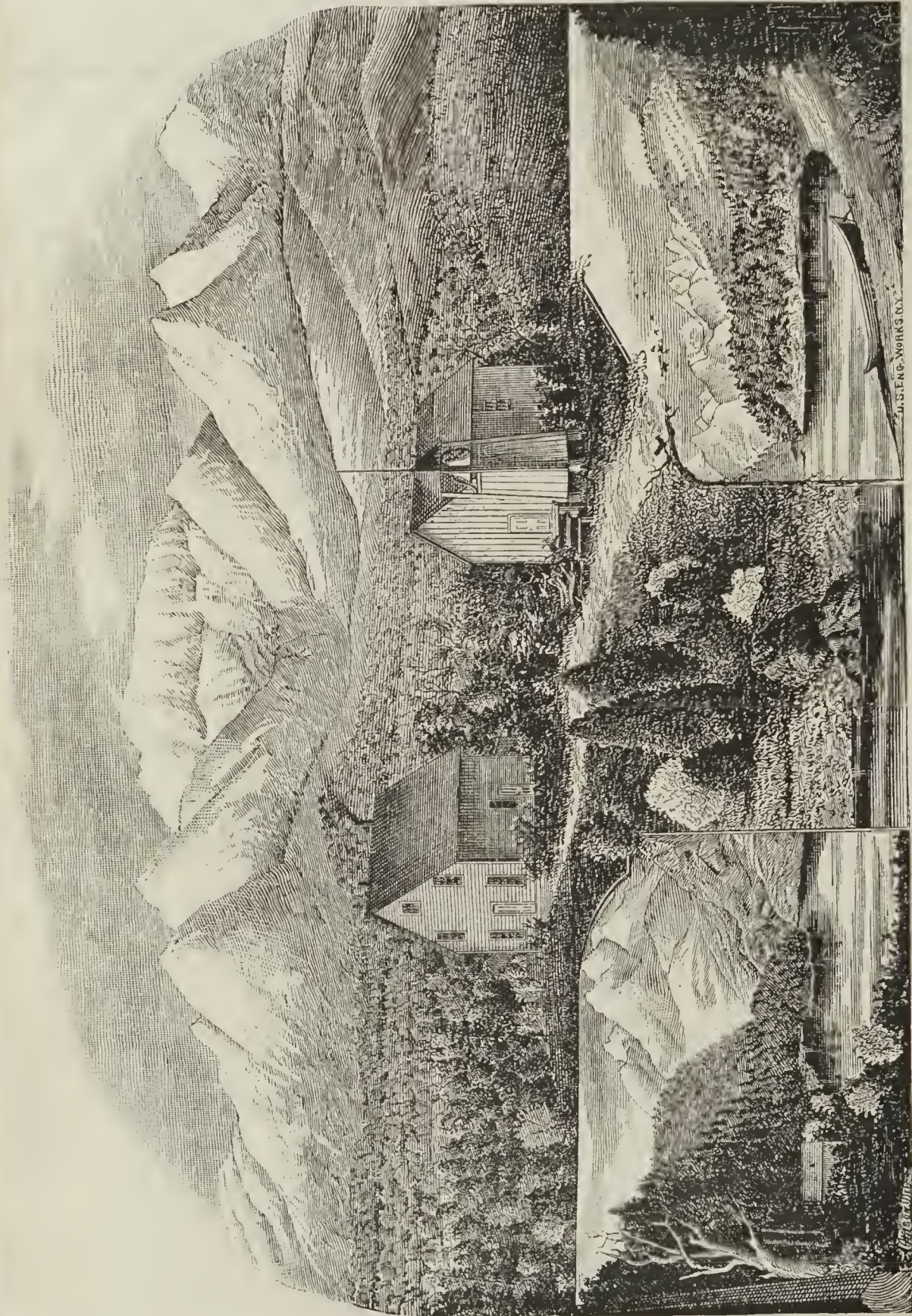
Yours truly,

*W. Phrazer*  
*J. O. B.*



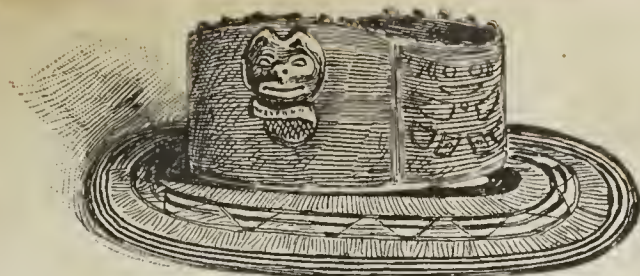






CHILCAT SCHOOLHOUSE AND TEACHER'S RESIDENCE, HAINES, ALASKA.





TOTEM DISH OF CINNAMON BEAR OR HOOTS TRIBE, WITH TABLE MAT OF NATIVE MANUFACTURE.

## The Chilcats of Alaska.

BY REV. SHELDON JACKSON, D. D.

AT the northern end of the Alexander Archipelago, between latitude  $59^{\circ}$  and  $60^{\circ}$ , amid the grandest and wildest scenery on the continent, dwell the Chilcat tribe of Southeastern Alaska. They have three ancient villages on the Chilcat River, the northernmost being Clok-won, containing 65 houses and 558 inhabitants. This village is situated along rapids of the river, and is supplied with an abundance of fresh fish winter and summer. At this village a branch mission station of the Presbyterian Church has been established, and a log-house and schoolroom erected.

A few miles south of Clok-won is Katwatu, with 11 houses and 125 inhabitants.

Twenty miles south of Clok-won at tide-water is Jendestaka, with 16 houses and 171 people. A few miles to the eastward of these villages, along the rapids of the Chilcoot River, is Chilcoot, with 8 houses and 127 inhabitants, and near by the fishing village of Tenany, with 2 houses and 20 people.

Altogether the Chilcats number a thousand souls. They are a well-formed, active, healthy race. They are great traders, being the "middlemen" of their region, carrying the goods of commerce to the interior and exchanging them for furs, which are brought to the coast and in turn exchanged for more merchandise. Their native dress consists of dressed deer-skin, ornamented with fur and sometimes with quill embroidery, and a carved wooden hat.

They are skilful carvers in wood, stone, and metals. Their wands or sticks used in sorcery, their ordinary household dishes and boxes, spoons, canes, the posts that support the roof of their houses, and many other things, are elaborately carved with the emblems of their totems or family clans. The women excel in the weaving from grasses and bark beautiful table mats and baskets of a great variety of shape and size. They are also beautiful sewers. Their favorite position while sewing is seen in the illustration.

They occupy large plank houses about fifty feet square. The entrance is a low door, from which steps descend to the floor. Around the four sides of the room are one and sometimes two platforms, which are used for stowing

away their boxes and goods, and also sleeping. In the illustration the platform on one side is curtained off for a sleeping apartment. The fireplace is in the middle of the room. The smoke from the fire curls around the room and then finds exit out of a hole in the roof for that purpose.

They have among them four distinct tribal families, named respectively the Cinnamon Bear, the Crows, the Wolves, and the Whales. The Crows and Bears constitute the aristocracy. These totems also exist among the neighboring tribes, much as several secret societies may exist in the same college and each of these have chapters in other colleges. A man and woman of the same totem, although no blood relation, cannot marry. The children belong to the same totem as the mother, so that it often happens in war that fathers and sons are on opposite sides. During the summer of 1881 a difficulty arose at Clok-won which presents one phase of the working of these totem clans.

It also illustrates the Indian's idea of justice, an eye for an eye and a life for a life. The account was received from Lieut. J. C. Hawes, U. S. N., who was sent with a party of marines to inquire into the matter, and who, under instructions from Commander Glass, of the man-of-war Wachusett, very kindly brought myself and carpenters from that section after the erection of the mission premises at Haines.

In May one of the Crow totem by the name of Gan-à-hoo procured a barrel of molasses at



CHILCAT MOTHER SEWING, WITH BABE AGAINST THE WALL.

Juneau, and upon his return home gave a feast to the members of his totem. The molasses was changed into an intoxicating drink called hoochinoo, and the whole party got drunk.

Tesokokus, a Whale chief, was invited to join in the debauch, and upon declining was struck by a drunken Crow. Being sober, he took no notice of the insult. His first wife, a Crow, being angry that her husband should refuse the hospitality of her totem, and maddened by liquor, entered a house where a nephew of her husband was drying seaweed. Snatching the seaweed from him, she threw it into the fire.

The young man, noticing that she was drunk, paid no attention to her, except by



asking if she thought that he and his wife were slaves. His quiet demeanor so exasperated her that she abused him to the best of her ability.

Tesokokus' second wife then went with an exaggerated account of the matter to the mother of the first wife, who hurried to the

In the morning Tesokokus concluded to go out and die. In the meantime his Crow wife, who was the cause of all the trouble, had become sober, and determined to stand by her husband unto death. As he went out to die she placed herself between him and her own totem, and called upon them not to shoot un-

til he had descended the front steps to the ground, lest his body should be bruised in falling, which would be a great disgrace. The Crows, angry that she should shield her husband, shot her. Tesokokus and the Whales then retired into his house to allow the Crows to carry off the body of the murdered woman, as after death her body belonged to her totem. An armistice was then ar-



INTERIOR OF CHILCAT MEDICINE MAN'S HOUSE.

house and commenced abusing Tesokokus, accusing him of ill-treating her daughter. This so exasperated him that, seizing a knife, he cut her in the head; then, biting off a piece of the wounded scalp, threw it and her out of doors together. A nephew of the old woman, by the name of Charley, witnessing the assault, went out into the street and stabbed the first three members of the Whale family he met. This brought on a general fight, during which Tesokokus stabbed a young Crow chief to death.

As a Whale had killed a Crow, it now became necessary in accordance with their customs that a Whale of equal rank should be killed. Tesokokus then detailed his nephew to die for the Whale totem.

The young man selected proceeded at once to prepare for death. Dressing in his best clothes, he went out of the house dancing the peculiar death-dance which they use when one dies for glory. The Crows, however, refused to shoot him, and continued to call on Tesokokus to come out of his house and die. This he refused to do. A general firing then commenced between the parties, during which a Crow was wounded. The Crows then again called on Tesokokus to come out and die, that one having died on each side, it might be even and peace be restored. But upon his refusing, the firing was resumed and continued all night, but without serious results, as both parties were in barricaded houses.

ranged until after her cremation.

During the armistice Shateritch, the head chief, returned from a trading expedition into the interior, and at once set about making peace, but in vain.

In the returned party were Sidnootz and



NATIVE CHILCAT DRESS, TOTEM WALKING STICK AND STONE WASHBOWL.



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his sister, members of the Crow totem, who, learning of the death of the Crow chief, joined in the fight. The young woman, willing to die herself if she could only entice Tesokokus out of his house and thus give her friends an opportunity of killing him, came out in front of it and reminded him of an unsettled feud between them, and dared him to come out and shoot her. Tesokokus, then, from behind his barricade, shot her through the heart. Sidnootz, rushing forward to avenge her death, fell wounded. The firing then ceased, that his friends might recover the body and carry it inside.

Tesokokus now signified his intention to die, and came out dancing the death-dance. He was immediately fired at by a number of the Crows and slightly wounded. Dropping to the ground he feigned death. As before, all firing ceased until the body should be removed. Sidnootz came forward to look at his enemy, when Tesokokus suddenly sprang to his feet, seized his gun, and shot Sidnootz through the heart. Then taking a keg of powder with bullets and caps, he ran to the woods and intrenched himself with a few of his followers, determined to sell his life as dearly as possible. Soon another woman was wounded.

When Tesokokus took to the woods, his mother, sister, and uncle, who were left in his house, felt that he was a coward and had disgraced the family by refusing to die. To wipe out this disgrace and save the honor of the family, they determined to offer themselves for sacrifice. Dressing up in their best clothes, the mother, the fatal knife with which the first cutting had been done hanging around her neck as a token that she was giving her life as an equivalent for that of the Crow chief, first went out and was killed. She was im-

mediately followed by the sister, who was also instantly shot. Then the uncle went out in turn and was shot dead. Finally Tesokokus, in endeavoring to reach his house for a fresh supply of ammunition, was several times wounded and finally killed. This made eight killed—four on each side—and ordinarily this would have ended the fight. But Sidnootz and his sister belonged to a higher class and are considered worth more than one life each. Then neither party wanted to count the Crow woman, wife of Tesokokus.

This difficulty was still in progress when Rev. E. S. Millard and myself visited them. It was our hope to have located the principal mission at that village; but, unable to carry the necessary material for the buildings up the shallow river, we built on Portage Bay, and named the new station Haines, after the efficient secretary of the Woman's Executive Committee of Home Missions of the Presbyterian Church. From the mission house fifteen glaciers are visible. As the Chilcats come more and more under the influence of the gospel such bloody scenes will cease.

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Washington News and Gossip.

THURSDAY, June 23.

1893-

THE PRESIDENT To-day appointed James Sheakley, of Greenville, Pa., to be commissioner in and for the district of Alaska, to reside at Wrangel, vice Geo. P. Ihrie, declined.







# ALASKAN SOCIETY

—OF—

## NATURAL HISTORY & ETHNOLOGY

SITKA, ALASKA, September, 1893.

### WILL YOU ANSWER THESE QUESTIONS?

There are certain questions relating to Totemism and Family Descent which can only be settled by carefully questioning the older natives at the different settlements in the region from the Skeena River to Mount St. Elias. This Society has undertaken, through its members, to prosecute this work during the coming winter.

As citizens of the United States, it is a matter of importance that the credit of such work shall not fall to foreigners, as it will, unless forestalled by active work on the part of those Americans who are willing to devote an hour or two to intelligent questioning of the older natives.

Amongst the Tlingits there are two groups or totems—the Wolf and the Raven (wrongly called the Crows). Belonging to these groups are various sub-totems or emblems. As far as collected the list is as follows:

I	II
Wolf Totem. (Kek-wa-tan)	Raven Totem. (Kek-sat-ti)
Bear	Frog
Eagle	Goose
Shark	Beaver
Porpoise	Owl
Puffin	Sea Lion
Whale-Killer	Salmon
Glacier	Dog Fish
	Crow.

Only a few of the above emblems or sub-totems are found at each village or settlement. It is not known to which group or totem the Whale belongs as an emblem. Every Tlingit is born in to one or the other totem, viz: the Wolf or Raven. Children take the mother's totem. A Wolf can only marry into the Raven group. Property descends through the totem, viz: A man's heir is his sister's children,

because her children have the same totem as his own. In other words the bearing of totemism is on marriage and on the inheritance of property. It is not an idle meaningless bit of heathenism, as white people, ignorant of the influence it exercises upon the domestic relations of the uncivilized native, think it is.

A child receives various names at different periods in its life. The final name, which is purely a personal one, is usually taken from an ancestor on the mother's side. Most names, however, have some reference to the emblem to which the owner belongs, and on hearing it the Tlingits know at once to which totem the person belongs. For instance at Wrangell there is a male name Sa-gatw, meaning Voice like a frog. The frog is his emblem and one knows at once that he belongs to the Raven group. Under one roof may be found people belonging to two or more different totems or emblems, and, on the other hand, we may find the same emblem in three or four different houses. For instance at Wrangell there are three houses where the Frogs are found. These are distinguished as follows: the Ky-iks-a-deh, the Kagan-hit-tan (sun house people) and the Ti-hit-tan (bark house people).

The recent census took individual names of natives, and ignored family and other groupings. What is wanted ethnologically is a census of the households, emblems and totems with the native names and their meanings.

To rightly understand the relationship of the natives of the region; to creditably interest ourselves in work which we should not leave to foreigners, and to seize the opportunity while it is ours, the answers to the following questions should be sought and the result forwarded to the Secretary of the ALASKAN SOCIETY OF NA-

TURAL HISTORY AND ETHNOLOGY, at Sitka, Alaska. Persons, living at Howcan, Shakan, Klawak, Kasa-an, Port Chester and in Northern British Columbia, will find the totems and emblems very different from the Tlinkit ones given here, but if they can answer these questions, they settle equally important problems in that region:

I. Give a list in English and native language of the totems and emblems in each village.

II. Give a list of the branches of each emblem in the village; for instance, how they distinguish between the same emblem in different houses. Suppose in the Raven totem and the Beaver emblem, there are three or four families who have the Beaver for an emblem; how are they distinguished by name.

III. Give method of naming children with list of male and female names, illustrating the process.

IV. What are the rules relating to marriage, inheritance of property divorce and inheritance?

V. How is land, or hunting and fishing ground handed down from one generation to another?

VI. What legends are peculiar to each emblem, or what carvings has each emblem the right to use?

VII. In burial what commemorative carvings are erected to honor or distinguish the dead?

VIII. When a strange native, (not a member of the same nation), appears among those who inhabit the section, how is his corresponding totem determined? For instance, in what totem could he marry?

NOTE. It will add very much to the value of all data if Native words are given with their English meanings.

A. P. NIBLACK,  
Lieutenant, U. S. N.

























































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Over Love-Gift - To Alaska Boys & Girls -

Rev. Sheldon Jackson III.

<sup>10</sup>  
Presentation of Offerings for the Alaska Bore.

— PRAYER OF OFFERING. —

Hymn - For Christ's Sake.

— Parting Hymn. —

May the grace of Christ our Saviour,  
And the Father's boundless love,  
With the Holy Spirit's favor,  
Rest upon us from above,

Thus may we abide in union,  
With each other and the Lord,  
And possess, in sweet communion,  
Joys which earth cannot afford.

BENEDICTION.

Distribution of Remembrances for each one



First Passable School

J. W. CORNER MEDICAL & LEARN JOURNAL.

— BALTIMORE. —

CHRISTMAS FESTIVAL

DECEMBER 28, 1882.



Order of Exercises

Antiphon - Praise the Lord, Praise Him

Prayer: . . . by Pastor . . . Rev. J. T. Leitch, III.



